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THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR

1891

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# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1891

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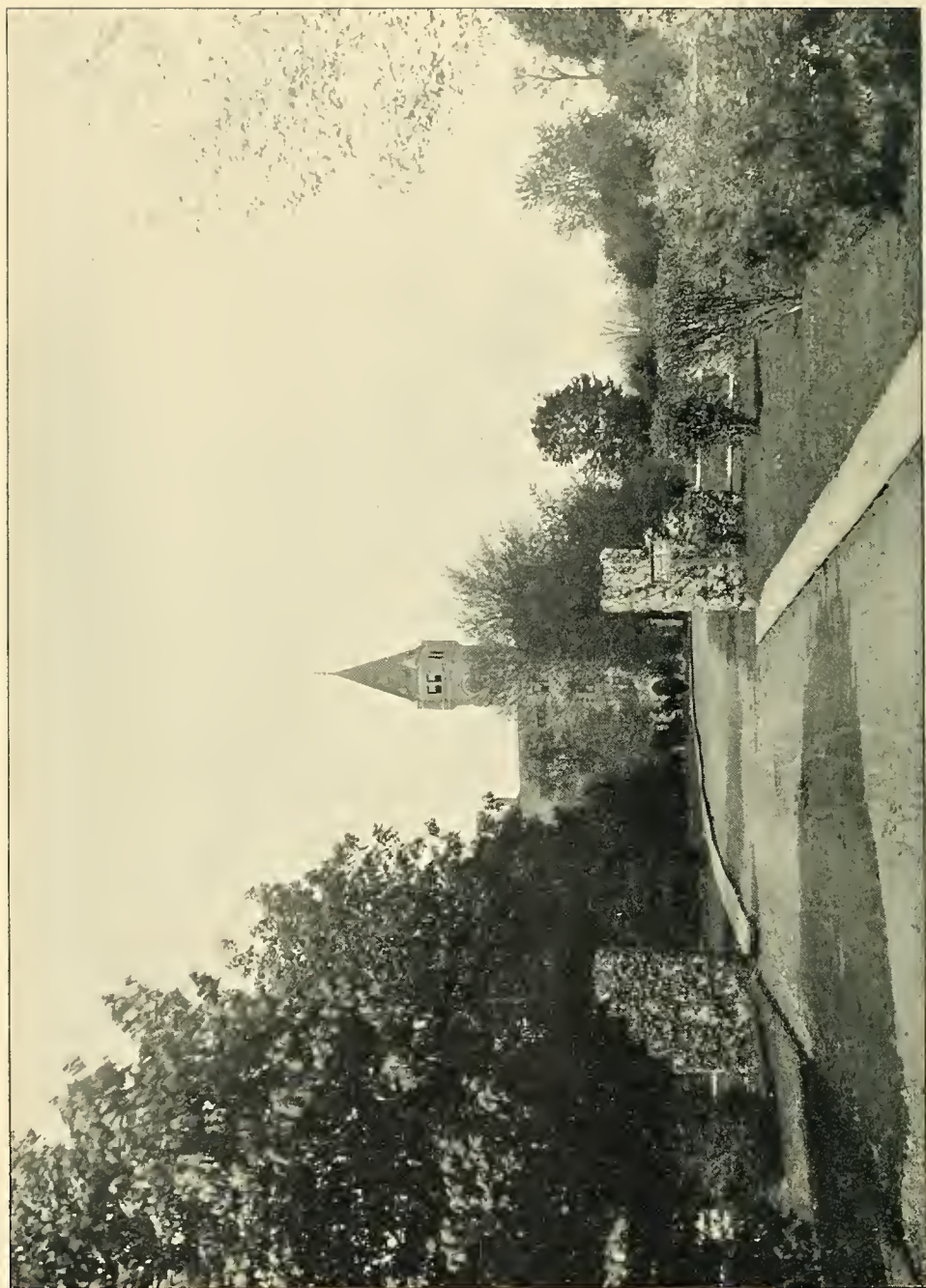
LOUISE SHEFFIELD BROWNELL, '93

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# THE LANTERN

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No. 1

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1891

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## EDITORIAL

IN this, the first manifesto from the students of Bryn Mawr, is a good opportunity to express our ideas as to just what are the characteristics which give individuality to our life. Bryn Mawr has been in many respects an experiment. It was the second college in America to adopt the "group system" in its entirety; the arrangements for the living of the students are based on ideas recently developed; and, most important factor of all in giving the tone to the college, the plan of putting into the hands of the students the power of self-government is here meeting its fairest test. It is this last feature of Bryn Mawr which forces upon the entering freshman a keen sense of her personal responsibility in the college welfare, and before she has been here two weeks, if she is at all thoughtful in the matter, she awakes with rather a horrified start to the consciousness that she herself is a pioneer, with a necessary part to play in these experiments, and that precedent with a "huge P" stands ready to project into futurity any chance or hasty decision for which she or those that she is able to influence may have given their vote.

This, then, is a good time to pause and take stock, as it were, and to ask ourselves whether the capital of enthusiasm and that powerful agency which we call the "college spirit," with which the students of the first year entered, has diminished and lost in value, or whether we still have it to draw on as before. The first keen edge of enthusiasm—the sense of being among the very first, which is the subtlest inspiration—has been lost, of course, but we can honestly affirm, that in our opinion *esprit de corps* is as active a force here now as ever before. Class feeling, pure and simple, has

very little place here; that is one of the advantages of that most estimable of systems, the elective, which levels all ranks to the unavoidable demands of the required courses; and in its stead we can, despite a certain forcible directness of expression and an ardent heat of argument, which is wont to characterize our undergraduate meeting discussions, boast a rare unity of feeling, which underlies even personal prejudice and petty cliquism, and constrains and impels the most thoughtless among us. Unless a student has had the reality of this come home to her, she will never be thoroughly "in the swim" of the life here; she will be in the life but not of it.

To return to the other two experiments which are working themselves out at Bryn Mawr, a full discussion of the group system with its pros and cons would be out of place in any general consideration of the inner life of the students. The question of the group system *vs.* a course of study in lines more or less prescribed, of specialization with its dangers *vs.* a more general culture with its dangers, will probably always be a debated one; and those who prefer the group system in detail, with opportunities for advanced and postgraduate study along chosen lines will, if they go to any college exclusively for women, undoubtedly choose Bryn Mawr. It is evidently the intention of the authorities to emphasize our graduate department; and the presence of a body of graduate students, so long as it does not dwarf into insignificance the undergraduate department, as is the case at the Johns Hopkins, where the latter was an afterthought, has very little effect on the undergraduate life. When the graduates are from our own college, their influence, felt as a body of conservative opinion, is markedly beneficial.

Although we cannot boast the attractions of Holloway College, England, which beside a study and bedroom for each girl, is said to furnish a larger sitting-room and a kitchen for every six, with the added luxury of an insane asylum on the opposite hill for the overworked, built by the same thoughtful benefactor, yet in every other respect the arrangements for our comfortable living have been made with the utmost care and good judgment. We cannot emphasize too strongly the advantages of this orderliness and fitness. There is no crowding—our rooms are of good size, airy and well heated, and we of these earlier years enjoy a pleasure which will, alas! pass away in time, of living in rooms whose paint and woodwork

have not yet lost their pristine freshness. The garrulous visitor whose comment on Taylor Hall was the one word "Majestic!" may not voice the opinion of the multitude, but although we do not claim architectural perfection for our buildings, they are thoroughly and carefully planned and well adapted to the purposes to which they are put. The charming irregularity of the odd turns and angles and bay windows of our new building, Denbigh Hall, will ensure its marked popularity. It is a very pretty two-story building, the whole western end taken up by the dining room, or hall you might call it—a room of fine proportions, panelled half way up to the ceiling in dark-stained wood, with a big carved stone fireplace at one end, and at the other, long narrow windows that face the sunset. The rooms at Denbigh are very attractive, especially certain bow-windowed suits looking out on the campus, where in the spring you can lie on your divan and divide your attention between the sunset and an exciting tennis match; and each room has a large closet. The weight of this last statement need not be impressed upon you. Ever since the corner stone of this new building was laid last year with due ceremony by the graduating class, we have watched with interest its progress to completion, and have in consequence, a keen sense of its many good points.

Our physical well-being, then, is carefully looked out for, and we have given into our hands the conditions for a happy and thoroughly healthful life. The world of Bryn Mawr is a busy world, and the general disposition of the students makes for earnest and careful work. There is no thoughtful provision made for laggards, and unless a student conform in a greater or less degree to the requirements of the college standard, she will speedily find out the advisability of a timely retreat, which she may cover as she pleases. As to the quality of the material offered by the successive classes, opinions may differ; each class has its good and its poor students, and the conspicuous excellence of one class may, rather unjustly, serve to damn with faint praise the students of the following year. The danger with us comes not so much from standards lowered, as from a scheme of work so engrossing and, in a sense, so special as to leave little time for outside reading and interest in outside matters; but before we criticise the plan on which our work is arranged, it would be well for us to consider whether the fault



does not lie, for the most part, with ourselves. However, we can count among us a goodly number of students who, while they maintain a high standard of work, are yet in no sense dregs, but who put the most into, and consequently get the most out of, the whole other side of their college life.

This general "busyness," and the difficulty, lessening as our numbers grow larger, of division of labor, in the matter of our entertainments, has limited us somewhat. During the winter, before the days lengthen and tennis or a lounge under the cherry trees becomes the order of the hours between half past four and dinner, those on hospitable thoughts intent, expend their originality in the giving of "teas." We may be said to be rather addicted to "teas"—"teas" of all sorts, from the social brew at five o'clock, or when work is over for the evening, when you come in chilly from gymnasium or constitutional, or from studying in the library, to find the kettle steaming away over the alcohol lamp, and your particular corner of the divan heaped with pillows awaiting you, and three or four of your "trusty chums," as Corporal Mulvaney would say, in various comfortable attitudes on the floor, or the window-seat, or the long, soft-cushioned steamer chair, to the most formal of "teas," where salted almonds and other insignia of an advanced civilization take the place of crackers and jam and olives, the Spartan fare, which was all that the most noted of hostesses could offer her guests during the early years of the college. With advancing years there has undoubtedly crept in a certain unwonted luxury, and this is especially noticeable in the gradual complication of the pantry paraphernalia. During the first years of the college tea-making was almost a lost art. We have all heard of the student, far-famed for her hospitality, who was discovered making tea with water just as it came bubbling, but in no sense boiling, from the faucet. Now no room is complete without its dainty tea-table, and the coffee-pot and the chafing-dish have not been slow in making their appearance. More or less formality on the more important occasions is, in our opinion, by no means a bad thing; there is always a danger of our growing slipshod in minor points of etiquette, a habit of putting one's elbows on the table when they should be in position, but there is no fear of a college "tea" ever losing its individuality. A very pleasant custom has grown up of giving "teas" early in the year for the freshmen. In such comfortable



fashion they become acquainted with the students, gain their first knowledge of characteristic college ways, and are often introduced to the storehouse of time-honored jokes, through the medium of some memorabilia book.

This leads us to speak of one of the few customs which Bryn Mawr's six years of life have served to ordain, the entertainment given as a welcome by the sophomores, at which lanterns are solemnly presented to the freshmen. The lantern was never formally chosen as the symbol of the college, but the idea gradually took shape, as such ideas do. Their presentation at the first sophomore entertainment, in 1886, when the freshmen were put through a rather unkind drop quiz as to their opinions on various far-reaching and far-fetched subjects, brought with it simply the suggestion of a light given to the freshmen to guide their steps in the strange paths, a proffer of sympathy and help from the more experienced to the wholly untried; but when this annual presentation of the lantern became an established custom, the lantern took its place as the college symbol. The oral examination we have discontinued, but we always accompany the gift of the lantern by words of advice, and the ceremonies of presentation have been very ingenious and interesting. In 1887 the freshmen were called up in groups, according to the various departments, scientific, classical, etc., and addressed in appropriate verse, delivered by one of the class, in the borrowed splendor of a red gown and hood faced with yellow, while the rest of the class acted as a Greek chorus. The following year an imposing figure of marked mythological characteristics, exact significance not known save to the initiated, performed the ceremony of presentation to the accompaniment of soft chanting; while in 1889 the very ingenious device was adopted of making the freshmen pass under a yoke of books piled high on a base of dictionaries and ponderous tomes. The entertainments, of which these solemnities have been the close, have been quite as clever and well-managed. One year a delightful rendition of *Alice in Wonderland* was given; again, Tennyson's *Princess* was rendered with the greatest success, and the sophomores of this year have "done themselves proud" by an adaptation which they called "*Siegfried up to date*," in which Brynhildr seeks for and, finding, releases from his bonds of parchment and red tape, her Siegfried,

*i. e.*, her degree, against all the obstacles put in her way and even against the incredulity of the councils of the gods, *i. e.*, the body facultative. It is also usual for the freshmen to give an entertainment in return, of a less pretentious character. This year it fell on Hallowe'en, and they worked in the traditions of the night with great effect.

The students are very clever in getting up entertainments, many of which are impromptu affairs, thought of in the afternoon and put through the same evening, with great success. The necessary rehearsing, arranging of costumes, etc., is genuine recreation, especially during the chill grey days of February and March, after the mid-year examinations, when work is a burden less omnipresent than usual, and a course of gymnasium work, hurried walks in the early dark of the short winter afternoons, and even a plethora of "teas" become slightly monotonous.

There is but one other genuinely endorsed custom at Bryn Mawr, *i. e.*, the wearing of the cap and gown. This is now accepted quite as a matter of course by the students, and has, moreover, received official sanction. The present year will record the first appearance on Commencement Day of the distinctive caps, gowns and hoods worn by the *alumnæ*, graduate students, fellows and holders of special degrees, who will take their place in the general procession with the trustees, faculty and undergraduates. The entertainments characteristic of our commencement week are yet to be determined. There is, of course, the class supper, and the *alumnæ* dinner, which falls this year on the evening of Commencement Day, and thus embraces the newly-made *alumnæ*. As was done last year, a general reception will be given by the seniors, and arrangements are being made by the juniors for a breakfast to be given to the seniors by all the resident students. How far this latter festivity will become a matter of precedent will be determined by the future number of the students, but last year it met with the utmost success. It was held in the gymnasium, which was decorated with boughs and mottoes of more or less serious application, such as: "Famished people must be slowly nursed, and fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst." The tables were arranged in a hollow square, with seats on each side, and at the upper end of the room sat the master of toasts, who presided with great dignity. Everything was toasted, from the

sublime to the sublimely ridiculous, and the speeches, if not all brilliantly witty, did quite as well as if they had been. The pleasantest thing about it was the sense of our all being together once during the year, and it is the advantage of this feeling which would, in our opinion, constitute its claims to becoming a custom.

The establishment of customs demands the most careful consideration, and we are content to make haste very slowly in the matter. These first years have already seen a good many changes. Mistakes have been made and mistakes have been rectified, but what we, as students, need to feel with all possible keenness is that, whatever other forces may be at work to make or mar the future of Bryn Mawr, we yet have a strong power for good or ill put into our hands, and it behooves us to look to it that we make the best use of it. That Bryn Mawr has great possibilities will not be denied, but we have yet to earn the right to say that these possibilities have been realized.

#### AN AMERICAN POET

PEOPLE of late years have been discussing the question whether America has produced a poet—a poet, that is, who may be grouped with the twelve greater poets of English literature. Poetic value is so various and imponderable a thing that it is hardly possible to demonstrate the relative rank of poets—of those poets whose rank is seriously in dispute—to the satisfaction of any one that chances to disagree with us. But we may ascertain, in a loose approximate way, to what class a poet belongs. In the history of philosophy a distinction is made between the men who remould ideas, and those who diffuse and familiarize them. It seems to me that the same distinction may be made, and made profitably, between poets. The writers of literature may be grouped in two classes: the one including those that are prized and beloved for their intimate associations with the interests or the traditions of those immediately around them, and those also that are deemed great because they interpret, and bring close to human life, great and unfamiliar ideas, of which they are not themselves the primal source; the other including all those who,

whether they share or not the attributes of the first class, introduce into their work something altogether new and characteristic, an element of thought or feeling which before them had no existence, yet which needs as little as do the beautiful things of nature any formal recommendation to convince us of its worth.

It is only spirits of this second order, who offer us a glimpse of a "new heavens and a new earth," through the glass of their own mind, and whose words, in spite of their novelty, still have what Matthew Arnold has called the "characters of poetic truth," the stamp of an "inevitable beauty," that add, in any true sense, to the domains of literature. The permanence and dignity of such an addition will depend upon its breadth of application, its intensity, or its charm; but whatever its position within the limits of literature, it cannot be thrust altogether without the bounds by any comparison with greater things.

To my own mind there are among our American men of letters, no longer living, only three writers, characterized in any considerable degree by such originaive quality. These are Hawthorne, Emerson and Poe, all of them men with a distinctly ideal and poetic conception of life, which, however, the first two expressed, for the most part, only in prose. Hawthorne, I think, wrote no poetry; Emerson's poetry is merely the intensification of his prose—separated from it by rhythm and by a greater degree of mysticism, but hardly at all by difference of substance, or by the presence of such a unifying and formative art as properly belongs to poetry.

The last of the three, however, in so far as he belongs to literature at all, is thoroughly and entirely a poet. I know that the bulk of his prose exceeds that of his poetry; but just as Emerson's poetry may be regarded as part of his prose, so also much of Poe's prose belongs, both in matter and in manner of treatment, with his poetry. I mean such prose as the "prose-poem," "Eureka," or those rhythmical, though not metrical, embodiments of pure beauty and emotion (that better deserve the title of "prose-poem") "The Island of the Fay," and "The Valley of the Many-colored Grass;" or even those fanciful studies of color and contrast of which the "Masque of the Red Death," the "Cask of Amontillado" and the "Fall of the House of Usher" are examples.

Of the rest of Poe's non-metrical writings, the group of what may be called the clever stories, including "Hans Pfaal" and the "Gold-bug," and the analytical disquisitions of M. Dupin, is the expression of a fanciful ingenuity which, though certainly characteristic of one side of Poe, yet has itself little in common with any true element of literature. There are other stories that lie between these two extremes of poetic and logical prose: the most remarkable are, of course, those tales of gloom and madness which, like the "Black Cat," and the "Tell-tale Heart," set forth a conception, almost poetic through its strangeness and intensity of horror, in matter of fact prose. Even in these stories, however, the logical and the poetic elements are never fused to produce that distinct manner, uniting judgment with insight—in a word, that attitude of intelligence, characteristic of pure prose. In accordance, therefore, with my personal opinion, that only the poetic mood in Poe deserves serious consideration in connection with literature, I shall treat him as purely and pre-eminently a poet.

Though I shall try to show that he has a rightful place among the writers of English poetry, I must not be understood to reckon him a great poet. The trite and careless metaphor which applies to certain poets the epithet "great" seems not without significance: a man should be of vast proportions, should exhibit a spirit literally far-reaching, a mind that mounts above our ordinary thoughts or embraces a prospect wider than that to which our common life is limited, before he can rightly receive that title. All those that are by general consent styled great poets touch in some way the note of universality. Besides their native and peculiar power of origination, they manifest a personal passion whose intensity cannot be limited to a single self, but must pierce and move others; a broad or a subtle apprehension of meanings in the familiar aspect of the world; a deliberate and laborious art which strives to create new beauty only by following the laws of the highest beauty that it already knows.

I have distinguished the several qualities of this universality of the great poets; but no one of these qualities can reach its full development where the others are wanting. Especially is art dependent upon the rest; it can never be great art when it reveals selfish and trivial affections, or is built upon a superficial conception of the world it deals with. It must be



noble, like the emotions we love and approve in others and in ourselves; and in the gathering and arranging of its materials it must work, like the laws which govern life itself, for a "helpful and passionate harmony."

The subject of the present study held an entirely opposite view of the nature of poetry, and depended, in his efforts to attain her loftiest heights, upon perfection of art alone.

"I would define, in brief," he says, "the Poetry of words as the Rhythmical Creation of Beauty. Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the intellect or with the conscience it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally, it has no concern whatever either with Duty or with Truth;" and again, "He must be blind indeed, who does not perceive the radical differences between the truthful and the poetic modes of inculcation. He must be theory-mad beyond redemption, who, in spite of these differences, shall still persist in attempting to reconcile the obstinate oils and waters of Poetry and Truth."

Elsewhere in the same essay, "The Poetic Principle," Poe shows plainly that he has confounded truth with that logical demonstration, and that unclothed fact, which in matters of human experience tell only half a story.

"The demands of Truth are severe. \* \* \* We must be simple, precise, terse. We must be cool, calm, unimpassioned. In a word, we must be in that mood which, as nearly as possible, is the exact converse of the poetical."

He inveighs against the New England poets for their "heresy of the Didactic." "It has been assumed," he declares, "tacitly and avowedly, directly and indirectly, that the ultimate object of all Poetry is Truth. Every poem, it is said, should inculcate a moral; and by this moral is the poetical merit of the work to be adjudged."

Doubtless Poe is right in his condemnation of "the Didactic," but there is a finer truth than the unimpassioned accuracy of which he speaks.

"In the highest as in the lowliest literature then," writes Walter Pater in his Essay on "Style," "the one indispensable beauty is, after all, truth; truth to bare fact here, as to a sense of fact there, diverted somewhat from men's ordinary sense of it; truth here as accuracy, truth there as expression, that finest and most intimate form of truth, the '*vrai véritable*.'"



This finer truth, the transcript not of mere fact, but of fact in its infinite variety, as modified by human preference, in "all its infinitely varied forms," is almost as rare in Poe's poetry as didactic accuracy. It would be easy to prove its presence in all the great works of poetic literature, and so to make evident the inadequate foundation of his theory, were such inadequacy not already manifested, not only in the narrowness of his own poetic range, but even in the effects of that narrowness and poverty upon the quality of his art itself.

I have made greatness in the poetic creation of pure beauty depend upon truth of thought, and depth of feeling. The relation of earnest feeling to Poe's fundamental doctrine may be gathered from his careful distinction between the "Poetic Sentiment,"—the "pleasurable elevation or excitement of the soul," and "Passion," the excitement of the heart. His poems accordingly, in spite of their lyrical form, are strangely wanting in deep emotion. Even when we catch a note of personal pain or happiness it is hardly intense enough to convince us of its sincerity. Although the poet's short life was full of extraordinary passions, vehement hatreds, sudden and abject repentances, there is no echo of such experience in his verse.

In this question of passion, also, I shall presently seek to establish from Poe's own poems that his theory was imperfect, and that his art had discarded one of the essential elements of greatness; yet I shall try at the same time to show him no less a genuine poet because he is in no sense a great one.

In order to include all the manifestations of Poe's poetic quality, I shall begin with the "Poems Written in Youth"—dated probably before 1821, at about his sixteenth year. Crude and shapeless though they are, they yet breathe a power far more direct and sustained than do his maturer works. They betray also a single powerful influence, that of Shelley. In the longest poem of the little volume, "Al Aaraaf," we meet with continual slight reminders of "Alastor" and "Queen Mab;" there are several curiously small resemblances to Shelley's earliest poem—in the visionary and unsubstantial theme; in the general form, which alternates recitative with lyrical measures; in the human maiden's name, Ianthe, and in the references to Grecian art, particularly the last, which describes the Idea of Beauty:

Falling in wreathes through many a startled star,  
 Like women's hair 'mid pearls, until afar,  
 It lit on hills Achaian, and there dwelt.

Conspicuous, too, in both poems is a naïve boldness in grappling with weighty themes, but the similarity nowhere extends to their purpose and inspiration; "Al Aaraaf" is rich by virtue of its unrestrained enthusiasm for love and loveliness; "Queen Mab" is tedious and prosaic through its generous and laborious struggle to reach the indisputable and the good. It was only later that Shelley devoted himself seriously to beauty and love—and at all times his conception of them differed greatly from Poe's. In temperament the American poet was nearer akin to Byron or to the Elizabethan, Marlowe. There is more sympathy between their note of "Titanic Revolt," and the tone of Poe's boyish treatment of Marlowe's own theme, in "Tamerlane," than anywhere exists between Poe's thought and Shelley's. "Tamerlane," is indeed written in the metre of "Rosalind and Helen," though with a different arrangement of rhymes, and continually recalls certain of the familiar cadences of Shelley's poem:

"The flush on her bright cheek, to me  
 Seemed to become a queenly throne  
 Too well that I should let it be,  
 Light in the wilderness alone."

But ever and again occurs an accent of personal desire utterly remote in its hard precision, and restless, narrow intensity from the passionate generosity of the author of "Prometheus Unbound."

"Hath not the same fierce heirdom given  
 Rome to the Cæsar—this to me:  
 The heritage of a kingly mind  
 And a proud spirit which hath striven  
 Triumphant with human kind?"

The last half dozen short poems published with "Al Aaraaf" show so many of the characteristics of certain classes of Poe's maturer poems that I shall not consider them apart from these.

So far we have considered the two longer pieces of Poe's youth only as the 'prentice work of a future master; have they besides anything of value

for itself? We see in them, of course, a continual effort at expression and description, availing itself now of the style of Shelley, again of that of Byron or Moore, and again of that of Keats. Such reproduction of a familiar tone is necessarily the fashion of young writers, but in the present case the effort seems to me often to pass beyond imitation, and to create with something of that mastery of the factors of language, of the individual qualities of words, the "latent imagery" and "colour, light and shade" of speech by which the great artist produces an exactly adequate, yet infinitely suggestive expression of his idea. Poe is most successful, to my mind, in the lines at the beginning of *Al Aaraaf*:

"O nothing earthly, save the thrill  
Of melody in woodland rill—  
Or (music of the passion-hearted)  
Joy's voice so peacefully departed  
That, like the murmur in the shell,  
Its echo dwelleth and will dwell."

And in those others from the same poem:

"And on my eyelids—O the heavy light!  
How drowsily it weighed them into night!"

Beautiful, too, is the fancy of the "honied dew—deliriously sweet," that dropped from heaven,

"And fell on gardens of the unforgiven  
In Trebizond—and on a sunny flower,  
So like its own above that, to this hour,  
It still remaineth, torturing the bee  
With madness and unwonted reverie."

And three passages in *Tamerlane*—a description—

"The mingled strife  
And tumult of the head-long air,"

the close of the almost morbidly sad lament for youth—

"Boyhood is a summer sun  
Whose waning is the dreariest one—  
For all we live to know is known—  
And all we seek to keep hath flown.  
Let life then, as the day-flower fall  
With the noonday beauty, which is all."

And the metaphor at the end of the poem :

“ How was it that Ambition crept,  
Unseen, amid the revels there,  
Till growing bold, he laughed and leapt  
In the tangles of Love's very hair?”

These instances, beside their artistic beauty of form and colors, possess a substance of fine and idealized truth ; they embody with delicate and emotional insight each its own portion of “ the manifold forms and sounds and colors, and sentiments ” that minister to man's delight. Poe, however, was not content with such embodiment ; “ this mere repetition,” he says, “ is not poetry. He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm, or with however vivid a truth of description, of the sights and sounds \* \* \* and sentiments, which greet him in common with all mankind—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. \* \* \* We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs.” I do not mean that Poe himself thought such felicitous descriptions as I have just quoted failures in his purpose of realizing beauty ; but that he came to deem their method inadequate, and in his later work, to strive after beauty in another fashion. That fashion is indicated by the sentence that follows upon the one just quoted, in “ The Poetic Principle : ” “ We struggle by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of time, to attain a portion of that loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone.”

This statement, as it stands, contains an unquestioned principle of poetic creation. In true poetry, as in all other art, there must always exist, in combination with the beauty already evident in the world, a new and intangible quality, the reflection, as it were, caused by the passage of the perception through the artist's soul. For by the poet or painter's “ transcript of his sense of fact, rather than of the fact, as being preferable, pleasanter, more beautiful to him,” we are brought into sympathetic contact with that emotion of delight for the sake of which we seek for beauty.

There are other senses in which the power of combination may be counted an important element of poetry, in grouping according to harmony or contrast, of the large outlines and delicate details of its external mate-

rial; or in closely uniting two remote but related ideas, passing simply, as does Marlowe's salutation of Helen:

" Was this the face that launched a thousand ships  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

over a multitude of half-suggested links.

The first and spiritual combination, however, is the only one essential to prove a poet's "divine title." Mere sight stops with the single object, and the name that classifies it—with the "primrose on the river's brim," in short. The "vision and the faculty divine" involves a sense of inherent connection between the ultimate nature of the seer and that of the world he sees. It may be known by its ability so to deal with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new and intimate sense, of them and of our relations with them, by that interpretative power which Matthew Arnold affirms to be one of the highest powers of poetry.

From Poe's practice, however, I think we must believe the word combination, like the word truth to have had for him a peculiar signification. As he held truth to mean only bare fact, and banished her from poetry, he missed the primary condition of that art which depends for deep effect upon its exquisite conformity to the reality of what it interprets. This theory of combination, consequently, feels no subordination to verity and law; prefers, in fact, as we find from the poems of his manhood, to follow arbitrary and capricious fancy, rather than reverent and observant imagination.

It produces, for the most part, romantic, meaningless fictions like "Lenore," "Eulalie," the "Bridal Ballad," and pre-eminently the "Raven," badly and artificially constructed so that every detail may heighten the single impression of an affecting situation; mystical embodiments of the allegorical and supernatural, like "Dream-land" and "Ulalume;" suggestions of personal experience, such as "Annie," "Annabel Lee," "To Helen."

The poems I have mentioned are mere examples of Poe's general method of work, but they were chosen as also plainly illustrating the dangers and defects of that method. Substance of thought and substance of feeling are alike wanting in them; furthermore, with no external criterion of the fitting and harmonious, there is nothing to prevent the intrusion of such high-sounding but ill-timed expressions as

"The scoriac rivers that roll  
 Their sulphurous currents down by a  
 In the ultimate climes of the pole."

Or again of trivial and inadequate words and phrases like :

"The lolling lily,"

or

"Two sweet scintillant Venuses."

Even where we find, as in "Annie" and "Annabel Lee," an actual chain of feelings and of ideas, the finish and elaboration of the unusual metres detract from the tone of sincerity and serious passion that befits their subjects; and where the form is less complex, as in the short elegy, "To One in Paradise," there are still frequent parentheses and exclamations which interrupt the flow of the verse and mar the dignity of direct and passionate utterance.

Of course, beside the faults of which the poems mentioned above are flagrant examples, they contain scattered manifestations of the power of delicate or magical reproduction of beauty, felicitous renderings of actual sight or sound, like the—

"Silken, sad, uncertain  
 Rustling of each purple curtain,"

or the more spiritual and imaginative passage in "To Helen :"

"From out  
 A full-orb'd moon, that like thine own soul soaring,  
 Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,  
 There fell a silver, silken veil of light,  
 With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,  
 Upon the upturned faces of a thousand  
 Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,  
 Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tip-toe;"

or the picture of the dead Lenore :

"The life upon her yellow hair,  
 But not within her eyes,  
 The life still there upon her hair  
 The death upon her eyes."



Such instances as these, however, of living and discerning imagination are rare in the poems I have cited; the main agent in their composition, as in the composition of many more of their author's poems, is the arbitrary fancy. And in thus following fancy, who has, says Coleridge, "no other counters to play with, but fixities and definitives," and therefore is unable to unify and idealize her materials, Poe incurs the penalty of those who, devoured by a passion for beauty, choose dead and petrified, rather than living and animated beauty. Not only has the bulk of his work no "logical, architectural place in the great structure of human life," but it misses the joy that properly accompanies the perfect beauty of earthly things. Compare what Matthew Arnold says of the interpretative power of poetry: "We feel ourselves to be in contact with the essential nature of objects without us, to be no longer bewildered and oppressed by them, and this feeling calms and satisfies us as no other can," with Poe's experience of a "petulant and impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp, now, wholly here on earth, at once and forever, those divine and rapturous joys, of which through the poem, or through the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses." Not that beauty does not awaken an exquisite sorrow—a sorrow more keen as the beauty is greater; but in the great poets it brings also an exultant and exquisite joy. There are notes of intense melancholy in Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth—intenser than any in Poe, yet there is in them no gloom like his, and there is in all his poems no clear soaring gladness, like that which found its best human expression in the "Skylark." In "Israfel" there is a thrill of ecstatic intoxication, a sort of Bacchic intoxication, but this is not joy; this wild ecstasy brings no satisfaction; its keenest note is a note of pain, of human discontent with life:

"Yes, Heaven is thine; but this  
Is a world of sweets and sour;  
Our flowers are merely—flowers,  
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss  
Is the sunshine of ours."

If we change our attitude now to consider in what respect Poe's works may yet be called successful, in what way he especially shows that individual poetic quality which I have claimed for him, the poems which like "Israfel"

echo at all the tone of general human experience and suffering may be grouped together, as also free from most of his recurring faults. They are unique in literature, their finest qualities are peculiarly their own, and it is by their beauty that their poet's name will live, if it is to live at all. Slightest among them, but almost flawless in its fanciful, half-serious form, is the little song "Eldorado." Most beautiful seems to me the "Haunted Palace," in spite of its allegory. It has the lightest, clearest atmosphere of all Poe's poems; the form has the rounded perfection in which Poe sometimes approaches Keats; word is added to word, now intensifying by contrast, again rendering an object with exquisite verity. As in "Israfel," one phrase of absolute fitness follows upon another, from first to last.

There is a like architectonic quality, with far more horror and gloom, in the other allegory, "The Conqueror Worm." Here the bitterness and agony are so deepened as to seem rather effective than real:

"Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
Mutter and mumble low,  
And hither and thither fly—  
Mere puppets they, who come and go  
At bidding of vast formless things  
That shift the scenery to and fro,  
Flapping from out their condor wings,  
Invisible Woe!"

The contempt for man, and insistence on the miserable side of human life, to the exclusion of any other side, is too narrow to be wholly sincere. The real despair of the soul, when it sees only earthly and transitory happiness and beauty, is that of the broken sentences of the bare, unornamented—"Dream Within a Dream:"

"Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?"

I have noticed Shelley's influence on Poe's early poetry, and have tried to show how Poe's pursuit of beauty differed from his model's by a disregard of truth, and so of joyfulness. Some of the later poems show

the same influence in their subject, or their general manner. They fall into two distinct classes, the first including all the occasional, personal poems, of the type seen in Shelley's "On a Faded Violet," "Goodnight," "Love's Philosophy," "I Fear thy Kisses," and various other "Lines to ———." I do not include among Poe's occasional poems the acrostics and puzzles which he was fond of writing to his friends. The poems of Poe's which bear to Shelley's a general likeness of form and attitude are entitled, "To One in Paradise," "To F——s S. O-d," "To———," and, last and most perfect, "To F———." They have that melancholy tone of self-depreciation, of a distant reverence rather than a direct passion, of a certain hopelessness before the face of life, and that tendency to repose upon words, and bring about unexpected conclusions, which are the most conspicuous characteristics of the examples I have taken from Shelley's poems; but they have also a depth and fullness of expression and color that Shelley rarely attained. An example of this quality is the musical last stanza of "To F———:":

"And thus thy memory is to me  
Like some enchanted far-off isle  
In some tumultuous sea—  
Some ocean throbbing far and free  
With storms—but where meanwhile  
Serenest skies continually  
Just o'er that one bright island smile."

I have left to the last the other group of poems on which Shelley's influence was apparently strong, because in them, in spite of almost direct imitation, are best shown what I think the most characteristic and original qualities of Poe's genius. The poems are only three, "The Valley of Unrest," "The City in the Sea," and "The Sleeper," all written in the seven-syllabled metre of the "Lines written among the Euganean Hills." It is in the second that we can trace particular resemblances; the very idea of the fallen and sea-sunken city of the dead, a city, too, essentially evil in its nature, occurs first in Shelley's description of Venice:

"Column, tower, and dome and spire,  
Shine like obelisks of fire,

Pointing with inconstant motion  
From the altar of dark ocean.

\* \* \* \*

"Sun-girt city! Thou hast been  
Ocean's child, and then his queen :  
Now is come a darker day,  
And thou soon must be his prey,  
A less drear ruin than than now.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* among the waves

Wilt thou be when the sea-mew  
Flies, as once before it flew,  
O'er thine isles depopulate,  
And all is in its ancient state,  
Save where many a palace-gate  
With green sea-flowers over-grown  
Like a rock of ocean's arm,  
Topples o'er the abandoned sea  
As the tides change sullenly."

I will not quote from "The City in the Sea" any parallels of conception and expression; the similarity makes itself felt rather in the whole picture, and in the ideas wrought into it, than in any single line, and only the whole poem would be sufficient for a comparison. But in this poem, as in the others that can be compared with Shelley's for rhythm and expression, there is a difference of impulse and movement. Shelley's lines, for the most part, are buoyant, and move onward with a free, swift movement; Poe's are laden with unutterable mystery and with a burden of rich detail. Every word has its full value, and sinks into the ear and mind slowly and separately, itself, and not the line, being often the unit of the music; while the line is a falling chain of harmonies. An example is the beginning of "The City of the Sea:"

"Lo! Death hath reared himself a throne  
In a strange city, lying alone  
Far down within the dim West,  
Where the good and the bad,  
And the worst and the best,  
Have gone to their eternal rest."

In the other two poems we find a like mastery of rhythm and expression, and the same likenesses and differences between the model and the new form founded upon it, but not always the same mastery of subject. "The Sleeper" is less mystical than the other two, but is full of magical passages—the description of moonlight :

" I stand beneath the mystic moon,  
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,  
Exhales from out her golden rim,  
And softly dripping drop by drop,  
Upon the quiet mountain-top,  
Steals drowsily and musically  
Into the universal valley."

and of the wind :

" The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,  
Flit through my chamber in and out."

It contains also the prayer for sleep—a calmer, more severe and solemn piece of writing than is to be found, I think, anywhere else in Poe, yet full of his peculiar weight and depth of indefinable mystery ; and it ends with an unusual touch of imagination in the strong human contrast of past and present—the maiden laid in the vault—

" Against whose portal she hath thrown,  
In childhood, many an idle stone ;  
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin !  
It was the dead who groaned within."

I have treated all but my last poem, and cannot yet find words to define the individual influence which rises to its height in the final group. In spite of their fanciful framework, these poems are full of imagination. It would seem that the supernatural had been so long the native food of Poe's mind that it had become real to him, and could be described or indicated with greater vividness and more intense feeling than could natural things. Certainly the world that we see through his mind is as strange as it is beautiful, and yet because we find it beautiful we must receive it, in spite of its strangeness, as a part, and an integral part, of that wider world which includes not only all things, but also all thoughts and feelings about

these things. The most perfect picture of this dream-world, built of the elements of our own, magically and remotely reproduced, is the third poem of this final group. I simply add the greater part of it with no further comment.

"Once it smiled a silent dell  
Where the people did not dwell:  
They had gone unto the wars,  
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,  
Nightly, from their azure towers,  
To keep watch above the flowers,  
In the midst of which all day,  
The red sunlight lazily lay.  
Now, each visitor shall confess  
The sad valley's restlessness.  
Nothing there is motionless—  
Nothing save the airs that brood  
Over the magic solitude.  
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees  
That palpitate like the chill seas  
Around the misty Hebrides!  
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven  
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven,  
Uneasily, from morn to even,  
Over the violets there that lie  
In myriad types of the human eye."

*Mabel Parker Clark, '89.*

## A SKETCH

MORNING.

The quiet hour pondereth storms;  
The boughs are lifted, slow with sleep;  
Half-noted, to the northward creep  
Pale clouds, that grow to sombre forms.

LATER.

A tremor falling down the air,  
Yet never sound or touch of rain;  
Blue distance deepening through the plain;  
The urgent crickets everywhere.



AFTERNOON.

Strong as winds that rouse the tree ;  
Sweet as call of hidden thrush,  
Swift as drops that break the hush,  
With them comes the thought of thee.

*M. P. C., '89.*

## AN HOUR IN THE LIFE OF BARBESIEUR LOUVOIS

BARBESIEUR LOUVOIS was seated in his cabinet looking over the title-deeds of the Bonaletta estates. All the long morning he had been busy at his desk prolonging the pleasant task. People came and went in the old chateau, but its master never heeded; the sun shone brightly on the stiff French garden, where the marble figures and the water of the fountains sparkled in the light, and the glossy, close-clipped box-hedges shed their fragrance all about—of this, too, Barbesieur Louvois realized nothing. A fierce storm might be raging for aught he knew, as he eagerly scanned his papers and tossed them aside. Then he would take them up again for the sheer delight of once more enjoying to the full the sense that the broad acres they represented were now in very truth his own.

For years François Louvois, father of Barbesieur Louvois had been the bitter foe of the Countess de Soissons and all her house. Comte François Michel Louvois, Minister to France, never forgot nor forgave the ridicule which this fair lady had poured upon him, when he, young and poor, but rising by his own cleverness and the king's favor from the bourgeoisie, dared to ask her hand in marriage. That laugh of thoughtless, girlish vanity, Olympia Mancini would have given her choicest possession to recall years after, when she had fallen from favor at court and the cruel man of power persecuted her beyond bounds.

This charming countess, beset by misfortune on every side, but still beautiful and ambitious, turned in her extremity to sorcery for assistance, and daily dabbled in charms, love philters, and conjurations of all kinds.

Long ago Catharine de Medici, in the generosity of her soul, had set the fashion of making her friends delicately perfumed presents which they seldom survived to enjoy. It was she who sent to the Prince of Porcia a flask of fine Italian oil for his night-lamp, which oil in burning emitted

a faint, sweet smell. By the time the flask was emptied, the Prince had gone the way of all flesh.

To "La Voisin," the famous sorceress of the time of the great Louis, had descended many of Catharine's secrets for disposing of inconvenient friends. "La Voisin," in consequence, died on the rack, but left a scandal about the court to the effect that the Countess de Soissons was her pupil and the purchaser of her precious recipes. The Countess was known to have a predilection for the study of chemistry, but her rank and influence prevented suspicion from penetrating too far. Surely she was not at fault because a few of her acquaintances chanced to die, since such, sooner or later, is the fate of all. Even Louvois, who had demanded that her palace should be searched, discovered nothing but an innocent laboratory wherein its mistress made experiments in cosmetics.

Louvois dared to go no farther than this, and in future his attacks and those of Barbesieur Louvois, who had inherited his father's hatred of the Soisson family, were directed against Eugène of Savoy, the favorite son of the Countess. Eugène of Savoy had horsewhipped Barbesieur Louvois in public for mobbing his mother's palace. A few months later Louvois had succeeded in carrying off Laura Bonaletta, whom Prince Eugène was to marry. Louvois, without a thought of yielding, had watched Laura Bonaletta die, and to-day, as he held her property in his hands, he was exulting over the defeat of Prince Eugène, helpless under this last blow.

Hours had passed and Louvois was still absorbed in the papers. Once he had been interrupted by a servant who brought him a most delicious peach. Now again he entered with a note, which Louvois was about to cast impatiently aside, when he recognized the writing of the Countess of Soissons. Had the Countess also yielded, was she, in her turn, to acknowledge herself foiled and make this day the most triumphant of his life? Louvois hastily broke the seal and read:

*To Monsieur le Comte Barbesieur Louvois:*

I promised you to avenge my son. Some time since your servant brought you a fine peach, and if you have eaten it—it will be very slow in its effects—you have only four hours longer to live.

(Signed)

OLYMPIA MANCINI.

Hotel \_\_\_\_\_

September 19, 1731.

Barbesieur Louvois fell back in his chair half dazed and unable to realize the full meaning of the letter. A moment ago and his life had been as usual, more satisfying than ever on this day of victory—and now! He looked around the room. Nothing was changed; the frail, tall-stemmed glass dishes stood in the same places on the polished cabinets of ivory and ebony; the tapestry moved with the breeze that blew in through the open window; the figures of the Watteau panels in the walls danced as gaily as ever; and yet into all these familiar things had come a strangeness which made him shrink from them and not like to see or think of them. Mechanically he looked again at the note which still lay crumpled in his hand. Hours to live! Of course it is to live—he, Louvois, die? It is absurd. Sometime it will come! Yes, but that is far away, not now! Involuntarily he blinds his eyes to the “four,” then going back he reads it over again, “only four hours more to live.” How the words burned! They mean that he must die. Death, what a word in the mouth of Barbesieur Louvois, the gay man of the world, the polished courtier, buried deep in intrigue and politics;—death, he does not even understand its meaning. Beyond the present everything is a wondrous blank to him, farther than this life he cannot reach.

A little clock ticks ominously on its shelf. Louvois turns suddenly. Is it true that every minute brings the awful four hours nearer their end? Can they come to an end? he wonders stupidly. Half his mind seems shut away from him and dull; perhaps he does not allow himself to use it.

The clock sounds the half hour. He must, he will stop it, and he crushes the gilded bauble beneath his feet. An expression of relief crosses his face. That awful measuring off of his life is stopped. And still the time is passing. He must die in four hours—three hours and a half now. Already he feels fainter and weaker. He cannot die, he will not; and he starts from his chair in despair, trying to grasp madly at time, the air, anything, so that he shall lose no more of his life. But it is going on, slipping away every instant. He knows that the end of those four hours is coming fast upon him, and he grows sick at the thought. His mouth and throat are parched and dry, his hands clutch feverishly at the arms of the chair, and his whole body trembles and shakes with fear beyond his control. He shrinks away

into a corner to escape the light. If he could only sleep or forget in any way this thing which stares at him from all sides, which will not allow him an instant's peace. His strength and manliness utterly forsake him, and his head falls on his hands. He sobs like a child until, exhausted by himself and his own terrors, he grows quieter.

He counts the priceless Rococo lamps that hang from the ceiling; one, two, three, there should have been five, three was far too small a number for the sum of money he paid. He must have been shamefully cheated. The number must be made good, he would send to-morrow to that Jew who sold them to him and insist upon it. Then the recollection of the four hours left him to live comes over him. He smiles a little—he will scarcely think of spending this time in remonstrance with a tardy merchant.

What is this death that troubles him? He cannot tell at all, it is too unfamiliar to him; he has seldom allowed himself to think of it. It has been easy in his light, worldly life to pass over deeper things, to sneer at the hypocrisy of religion, or at best to regard it as only suited to monks and women. But now, when he is left to himself in his extremity, he has nothing to depend on—no one to help him. He dimly remembers that when he was a boy, the old Abbé, his tutor, had taught him that there was another life after this, better and happier in every way. If only the good man were here now to reassure him, to promise him that it should be so. Many men believe this, he knows, and why cannot he, too, feel sure and satisfied? That he should die now! The bitterness of it all comes over him again. In despair he sinks back to wait and try not to think.

The distant chiming of the convent bells sounds in his ears. Barbesieur Louvois has one hour less to live. Yet stay—as he raises his head wearily and turns his eyes heavy with pain, toward his desk, what is it he sees there amid the confusion of papers? A peach, a most excellent peach, which he had quite forgotten to eat.

*Lucy Martin Donnelly, 93.*

## A NOCTURNE OF CHOPIN

HE walks through the forest. The stars shine brokenly through the pine branches, and the pine needles crisp under his feet. Far away a keen wind is blowing; he hears it, but he heeds it not. For he thinks of his beloved: the odorous darkness is filled with her; the stars are her love-lit eyes; the soft murmur of the wind among the pines is the rustle of her dress as she comes to meet him with outstretched arms; he feels her warm arms about his neck. He is thinking of his beloved; why does he shiver? The far-away wind is drawing nearer; the trees begin to stir and to moan low through the night. Walk quickly, O lover; thy beloved awaits thee, and the night-wind is chill. Perhaps even now she stands at the open door, shading her eyes with her hand and looking out into the darkness for thee. Perhaps she is with the dancers, dancing until even the musicians pause to watch her; and the lights shine upon her loveliness. But here the stars shine. Hasten, O lover, for with her are warmth and beauty, and music and passion and delight, and all that the heart finds fair.

Here the wind rises loud, and the branches toss and strain. They groan in the darkness, and the sound of their leaves is like the sound of a distant sea, and the wail of the wind is like the last cry of the swimmer sinking through the cold water. Why do the pines shudder? What mystery is hidden in the night? He goes on, he comes to an open glade in the midst of the trees. Here the shadow is less heavy; but what is that dark spot yonder? The blood sinks cold to his heart, the wind hurries by with a shriek. Hasten, O lover! Has she not adorned herself to please thee and put on all her jewels, and is she not even now counting the hours when thou comest? He has reached the dark spot; it is an open grave, and beside it stands a catafalque, draped with black, and on the catafalque lies she whom he loves, pale, and cold, and still forever. And the stars shine down.

*Emma Stansbury Wins, '94.*



## MOODS

## I.

One muffled in a mantle crying "Hail!"  
Came to my door with gifts for all desire:  
Sceptre of power brought and song's sweet lyre,  
Passion's strong wine, and wisdom's keys, and mail  
Of stern endurance, pleasure's roses frail,  
Laughter and tears and Shame's Medea-attire,  
Sea-water of anguish and love's crown of fire—  
These in one hand—in one, Death's silver flail.

The sombre voice behind the veil said "Choose."  
Then I—"Not Death, though life be bought with pain,  
And power be bought with pain, and love's delight  
With bitter anguish, or if I must lose  
All else that makes life sweet, strength shall remain  
To bear my burden even unto the night."

## II.

Weary of Day, with all its noise and glare,  
I fain would see swift Night descend on Noon.  
Staggering blindly onward, half in swoon,  
While the hot sun beats through the burning air,  
Fame is a bitter cheat, that once seemed fair,  
Truth is a broken reed, Love an old tune  
That's heard about the streets in dusty noon,  
Heaven a forgotten dream, and Life—Despair.

God cannot hear, for he is far away,  
And sweeter sleep than all things sung or said,  
And I am weary of all things that be.  
Too tired to love, too tired even to pray,—  
Oh, let me only sleep, while o'er my head  
Murmur the billows of eternity.

## III.

O Lord of Life and Death and Love, come Thou,  
According to thy promise, to my heart!  
Nor let thine awful Presence thence depart,  
Nor let thy life through my life cease to flow,



As sap through branches when they bud and blow  
Runs from the vine through every smallest part—  
O come, thou Heavenly Love, and fill my heart,  
Nor ever from thy presence let me go.

So, like the oil-fed fire that Bunyan saw,  
I shall shine ever brighter, though the flood  
Of all earth's sin and sorrow upon me pour—  
Like the mid-calm within the whirlwind's awe  
That Science tells us of; so, one with God,  
In the storm's heart at rest forevermore.

### A PET OF THE POETS AT THE COURT OF ELIZABETH

PRETTINESS, as contrasted with beauty, rules the Alexandrian period of Greek literature: a certain dainty completeness of detail takes the place of the truth and grandeur of general effect that characterize an earlier period, and, though charmingly picturesque, the poems of this period are marred by an excessive conventionality. The artistic sense was cultivated at the expense of imagination, and the poets strove to present definite pictures, carefully wrought and exquisitely finished, to be sure, yet lacking greatness of conception and breadth of execution.

Prominent among the poems of this time were those that told of the tricks and devices of the god of love, who is no longer the mighty lord of men, the son of Zeus, unconquered in fight, to whom the splendid choruses of Sophocles and Euripides were sung, but the "pretty wag," with "lovely hair but impudent brow," who, though bereft of his eyes, has "his idle head full of laughing toys," and is ever ready, with his tiny hands, to let fly the arrow, "feather'd with flame, arm'd with a golden head," or to play the knave and trick unwary mortals, or, again, "wing'd like a bird, to flit, now here, now there, upon men and women and nestle in their inmost hearts."

These stories of the mischievous god, in which the Greek poets gave concrete expression to their woes in love, were great favorites with the early English lyrists. For, widely as the age of Elizabeth differs from the

Alexandrian period in general tendencies, it does not seem strange that in the sixteenth century, a time when poetry was the fashion and gallantry a profession, these Cupid poems should be chosen as models by the song-writers, many of whom were scholars, steeped in classical literature, and were, at the same time, courtiers, whose pleasure it was to dally with love and sing the praises of the ladies that chanced to charm their fancy. Naturally, then, they were tempted to clothe in classic garb their rather fanciful love-making, and to make their own these delightful, if somewhat extravagant, conceits of the Alexandrians.

Very often the later poet merely translated, but would occasionally embody in his adaptation something of his own individuality.

"The Wounded Cupid," as it is termed by Herrick, seems to have been a prime favorite with the Elizabethans. Of this there were two Greek forms, one an idyl attributed to Theocritus, the other, which is the version followed by most of the imitators, is the Anacreontic,

<i>Ἔρωες ποτ' ἐν ῥόδοιςιν</i>	<i>ὦλωλα κάποθυήσχω·</i>
<i>κοιμωμένην μέλιτταν</i>	<i>ὄφεις μ' ἔτυψε μικρός</i>
<i>οὐκ εἶδεν, ἀλλ' ἔτρωθη</i>	<i>πτερωτός, ὅν καλοῦσιν</i>
<i>τὸν δάκτυλον· παταγθεῖς</i>	<i>μέλιτταν οἱ γεωργοί.</i>
<i>τὰς χεῖρας ὠλόλυξεν·</i>	<i>ἂ δ' εἶπεν· εἰ τὸ κέντρον</i>
<i>δραμὸν δὲ καὶ πετασθεῖς</i>	<i>πονεῖ τὸ τὰς μελίττας,</i>
<i>πρὸς τὴν καλὴν Κυθήρην</i>	<i>πόσον δοκεῖς πονοῦσιν,</i>
<i>ὦλωλα, μάτερ, εἶπεν,</i>	<i>Ἔρωες, ὅσους σὺ βάλλεις;</i>

This is prettily rendered by Herrick in his song, "The Wounded Cupid:"

Cupid as he lay among  
Roses, chanced to be stung,  
Whereupon, in anger flying  
To his mother, said, thus crying:  
"Help! O help! your boy's a-dying."  
"And why my pretty lad?" said she.  
Then blubbing, replied he,  
"A winged snake has bitten me,  
Which country people call a bee."

At which she smiled, then with her hair  
 And kisses, drying up his tears,  
 "Alas !" said she, " my wag, if this  
 Such a pernicious torment is,  
 Come, tell me then how great's the smart  
 Of those thou woundest with thy dart ! "

In a set of Madrigals published early in the seventeenth century, there is the following imitation of this poem :—

Cupid in a bed of roses  
 Sleeping, chanced to be stung  
 Of a bee that lay among  
 The flowers where he himself reposes ;  
 And thus to his mother weeping  
 Told that he his wound did take  
 Of a little winged snake,  
 As he lay securely sleeping.  
 Cytherea smiling said  
 That " if so great sorrow spring  
 From a silly bee's weak sting  
 As should make thee thus dismay'd,  
 What anguish feel they, think'st thou, and what pain,  
 Whom thy empoison'd arrows cause complain ? "

Thomas Lodge weaves this story into the *Barginet of Antimachus* in this manner :—

There sat a lovely lady gay,  
 His mother as I guessed :  
 That set the lad upon her knee,  
 And trimmed his bow, and taught him flee,  
 And mickle love profess'd.  
 Oft from her lap at sundry hours,  
 He leapt and gathered summer flowers,  
 Both violets and roses :  
 But see the chance that followed fast,  
 As he the pomp of pride doth waste,  
 Before that he supposes,  
 A bee, that harboured hard thereby,  
 Did sting his hand, and made him cry,  
 " Oh, mother I am wounded ! "

Fair Venus that beheld her son,  
 Cry'd out, "Alas ! I am undone,"  
 And thereupon she swoounded.  
 " My little lad," the Goddess said,  
 " Who hath my Cupid so dismay'd ? "  
 He answered, " Gentle mother,  
 The honey-worker in the hive  
 My grief and mischief doth contrive,  
 Alas it is no other."  
 She kist the lad : now mark the chance,  
 And straight she fell into a trance,  
 And crying, thus concluded :  
 " Ah ! wanton boy, like to the bee,  
 Thou with a kiss hath wounded me,  
 And hapless Love included.  
 A little bee doth thee affright  
 But ah ! my wounds are full of spright ;  
 And cannot be recured."

Toward the close of these lines occurs the comparison of love to a bee, so beautifully elaborated in *Rosalind's Madrigal*, beginning :—

Love in my bosom, like a bee,  
 Doth suck his sweet :  
 Now with his wings he plays with me,  
 Now with his feet.  
 Within mine eyes he makes his rest ;  
 His bed amidst my tender breast ;  
 My kisses are his daily feast ;  
 And yet he robs me of my rest.  
 Ah, wanton, will ye ?

With which might be compared Herrick's lines :—

Love in a shower of blossoms came  
 Down, and half-drown'd me with the same ;  
 The blooms that fell were white and red.  
 But with such sweets commingled,  
 As whether, this I cannot tell,  
 My sight was pleased more, or my smell ;  
 But true it was, as I rolled there,  
 Without a thought of hurt or fear,

Love turned himself into a bee,  
 And with his javelin wounded me,  
 From which mishap this use I make —  
 Where most sweets are, there lies a snake ;  
 Kisses and favours are sweet things,  
 But those have thorns and these have stings.

Much the same idea is to be found in the Greek poem :

Ὑπέφθορς πλέκων ποθ' ἐρήμον  
 ἐν ταῖς ῥόδοις Ἦρωτα  
 καὶ τῶν πετρεῶν κατασγῶν  
 ἐΐσι πιπτεῖ εἰς τὸν αἶνον·  
 λαβὼν δ' ἔπινον ἀντάν,  
 καὶ νῦν ἔσθω μελῶν μου  
 πετρῶσι γαργαλίξει.

Translated thus by Herrick :

As lately I, a garland bound  
 'Mongst roses I there Cupid found ;  
 I took him, put him in my cup,  
 And drunk with wine, I drank him up.  
 Hence then it is, that my poor breast  
 Could never since find any rest.

There are many other Elizabethan songs, telling of Cupid's pranks and of the various guises assumed by him, several of which may be traced back to Alexandrian originals.

In Thomas Forde's *Love's Labyrinth* is found this quaint little poem :—

Cupid all his arts did prove  
 To invite my heart to love ;  
 But I always did delay  
 His mild summons to obey,  
 Being deaf to all his charms,  
 Straight the god assumes his arms ;  
 With his bow and quiver he

Takes the field to duel me,  
 Armed like Achilles, I  
 With my shield alone defy  
 His bold challenge, as he cast  
 His golden darts, I as fast  
 Caught his arrows in my shield  
 Till I make him leave the field.  
 Fretting and disarmed then  
 The angry god returns again  
 All in flames; 'stead of a dart  
 Throws himself into my heart  
 Useless I my shield require  
 When the fort is all on fire,  
 I in vain the field did win  
 Now the enemy's within,  
 Thus betray'd, at last I cry,  
 " Love thqu hast the victory."

This is a translation of another Anacreontic :

θέλω θέλω φιλέησαι.	ἐμαρνάμην Ἐρωτι.
ἔπειθ' Ἐρωσ φιλεῖν με,	ἔβαλλ', ἐγὼ δ' ἔφειγον.
ἐγὼ δ' ἔχων νόημα	ὥς δ' οὐκ ἔτ' εἶχ' οὔστους,
ἄβουλον οὐκ ἐπέσθην.	ἤσχαλλεν· εἴθ' ἐαυτόν
ὁ δ' ἐνθὺν τόξον ἄρας	ἀφῆκεν εἰς βέλεμνον,
καὶ χροσέην φαρπέτην	μέσος δὲ καρδίης μεν
μάχη με προῦκαλεῖτο.	ἔδυνε, καί μ' ἔλυσεν·
κάγ' ὡ λαβὼν ἐπ' ὤμων	μάτην δ' ἔχω βοεῖν·
θώρηχ' ὅπως Ἀχιλλεύς,	τί γὰρ βάλλω μιν ἔξω,
καὶ δοῦρα καὶ βοεῖν	μάχης ἔσω μ' ἐχούσης ;

Especially numerous are the imitations of another of this group of poems :

Μεσονυχτίοις ποθ' ὦραις,	τότ' Ἐρωσ ἐπισταθείς μεν
στρέψεθ' ἡμίλ' Ἀρκτος ἥδη	θυρέων ἔκοπ' ὀχῆας.
κατὰ χεῖρα τὴν Βωότου,	τίς, ἔφην, θύρας ἀράσσει ;
μερόπων δὲ φῶλα πάντα	κατὰ μεν σχίζεις ὠκείρους,
κέετ' αὖ κόπῳ δαμέντα,	ὁ δ' Ἐρωσ ἀνοίγει, φησὶν·



βρῆφος εἰμί, μὴ φόβησαι  
 βρῆχομαι δὲ κατέλκωνον  
 κατὰ νόστα πεπλόνημαι.  
 ἐλέησα τᾶντ' ἀκούσας,  
 ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺς λόχων ἄψας  
 ἀνέφρα, καὶ βρῆφος μὲν  
 ἐσοῦν φέρωντα τόξον  
 πετέρυγας τε καὶ φαρμάκην,  
 παρὰ δ' ἱστίην καθίστα,  
 παλάμαις τε χεῖρας ἀνταῶ  
 ἀνέβαλον, ἐκ δὲ χρίτης

ἀπὲς ἡλίκον ὕγρον ὕδωρ.  
 ὁ δ' ἐπεὶ κρύος μεθήκεν.  
 φέρει, φησὶ, περικύκλιν  
 τόδ' ἐτόξον, εἴ τι μοι γόνυ  
 βλάπτεται βροχέϊσα νεύρη.  
 τανύει δὲ καὶ με τύπτει  
 μέσον ἥπαρ, ὥσπερ ὀϊστῶν  
 ἀνὰ δ' ἀλλεῖται χαλκῶον,  
 ξένος δ', εἶπε, συγχάριθ'!  
 χέμας ἀβλαβὲς μὲν ἤμιν,  
 σὸν δὲ κυρδίην πονήσεις.

Most nearly like the original is a poem, given in *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody* and attributed to the writer, who signed himself A. W., but whose full name is still a mystery:—

Of late, what time the bear turn'd round  
 At midnight in her wonted way,  
 And men of all sorts slept full sound,  
 O'ercome with labour of the day :

The God of Love came to my door,  
 And took the ring, and knocks it hard :  
 " Who's there," quoth I, " that knocks so sore ?  
 You break my sleep, my dreams are marred."

" A little boy, forsooth," quoth he,  
 " Dung-wet with rain this moonless night."  
 With that methought it pitied me :  
 I op'd the door, and candle light.

And straight a little boy I spied ;  
 A winged boy with shafts and bow ;  
 I took him to the fire-side,  
 And set him down to warm him so.

His little hands in mine I strain,  
 To rub and warm them therewithal ;  
 Out of his locks I crush the rain,  
 From which the drops apace down fall.

At last, when he was waxen warm,  
 "Now let me try my bow," quoth he ;  
 "I fear my string hath caught some harm,  
 And wet, will prove too slack for me."

He said ; and bent his bow, and shot ;  
 And wightly hit me on the heart :  
 The wound was sore ; and raging hot,  
 The heat like fury reeks my smart.

"Mine host," quoth he, "my string lies well,"  
 And laugh'd so, that he leap'd again :  
 "Look to your wound for fear it swell,  
 Your heart may hap to feel the pain."

One of the prettiest versions is that of Robert Greene :—

Cupid abroad, was lated in the night ;  
 His wings were wet with ranging in the rain :  
 Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,  
 To dry his plumes : I heard the boy complain ;  
 I op'd the door, and granted his desire ;  
 I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Prying more narrow by the fire's flame,  
 I spy'd his quiver hanging at his back :  
 Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,  
 I would have gone for fear of further wrack.  
 But what I fear'd, did me, poor wretch, betide,  
 For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, and I began to start ;  
 A pleasing wound, but that it was too high :  
 His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugar'd smart ;  
 Away he flew, for now his wings were dry ;  
 But left the arrow sticking in my breast,  
 There sore I grieve, I welcom'd such a guest.

Herrick also has made a charming translation of it in his *Cheat of Cupid ; or, the Ungentle Guest* :—

One silent night of late,  
 When every creature rested,  
 Came one unto my gate,  
 And knocking, me molested.

"Who's that," said I, "beats there  
And troubles thus the sleepy?"  
"Cast off," said he, "all fear,  
And let not locks thus keep ye.  
"For I a boy am, who  
By moonless nights have swerved;  
And all with showers wet through,  
And e'en with cold half starv'd."  
I pitiful arose,  
And soon a taper lighted;  
And did myself disclose  
Unto the lad benighted.  
I saw he had a bow,  
And wings too, which did shiver;  
And looking down below,  
I spied he had a quiver.  
I to my chimney shine  
Brought him as love professes,  
And chafed his hands with mine,  
And dried his dropping tresses.  
But when he felt him warm'd  
"Let's try this bow of ours  
And string if they be harmed,"  
Said he, "with these late showers."  
Forthwith his bow he bent,  
And wedded string and arrow,  
And struck me that it went  
Quite through my heart and marrow.  
Then laughing loud, he flew  
Away, and thus said flying,  
"Adieu, mine host, adieu,  
I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

The same poem doubtless suggested to him the song :

Love like a beggar, came to me,  
With hose and doublet torn,  
His shirt bedangling from his knee,  
With hat and shoes outworn.

He ask'd an alms; I gave him bread,  
 And meat too for his need,  
 Of which when he had fully fed,  
 He wished me all good-speed.

Away he went, but as he turned,  
 In faith I know not how,  
 He touch'd me so as that I burn,  
 And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames and fires obscure  
 Then crept into my heart,  
 And though I saw no bow, I'm sure  
 His finger was the dart.

Although the two following poems vary considerably from the original, certain lines plainly show that the authors were following the Greek model; one a sonnet from Lady Wroth's *Urania* :

Late in the forest I did Cupid see,  
 Cold wet and crying, he had lost his way;  
 And being blind was farther like to stray :  
 Which sight a kind compassion bred in me.  
 I gently took and dried him while that he,  
     Poor child complain'd he starved was with stay  
 And pined for want of his accustomed prey ;

For none in that wild place his host would be,  
 I glad was of his finding, thinking sure  
 This service should my freedom still procure ;  
 And to my breast I took him then unharm'd,  
 Carrying him safe unto a myrtle bower ;  
 But in the way he made me feel his power,  
 Burning my heart, who had him kindly warmed.

Also Michael Drayton's lines :

Love banished Heaven, in earth was held in scorn  
 Wandering abroad in need and beggary :  
 And wanting friends, tho' of a goddess born,

Yet craved the alms of such as passed by :  
 I like a man devout and charitable,  
 Clothed the naked, lodged the wandering guest  
 With what might make the miserable blest ;  
 But, this ungrateful, for my good desert,  
 Enticed my thoughts against me to conspire,  
 Who gave consent to steal away my heart,  
 And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.  
 Well, well my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,  
 No marvel then if charity grow cold.

The poems already quoted are the most interesting of this class of songs and will abundantly show the method of the closer imitators of the Greek lyrics.

I cannot, however, close without giving illustrations, from two well-known poets, of a freer manner of adaptation.

Ben Jonson in his "Hue and Cry after Cupid" takes scattered lines from Moschus' first idyl, as for instance :

κακαὶ φρένες, ἄδὴν ἀλλήματα  
 οὐ γὰρ ἴσον νοεῖ καὶ φθέγγεται· ὥς μέλει φωνά,

And :

κῆν ποτίδης κλαίωντα, φυλάσσεο μή σε πλανήσῃ.  
 κῆν γελίῃ, τὸ νῦν ἔλκε. καὶ ἦν ἐθέγγῃ σε φιλήσας,  
 φεῦγε· κακὸν τὸ φίλημα, τὰ χεῖλεα φάρμακον ἐντὶ  
 ἦν δὲ λέγγῃ, λάβῃ τε ταῦτα, χαρίζομαι ὅσσά μοι ὀπλὰ.  
 μή τὸ θέγγῃς πλάνα δῶρα· τὰ γὰρ πορὶ πάντα βέβηπται.

Which he combines in the following stanza :

Trust him not his words though sweet,  
 Seldom with his heart do meet.  
 All his practice is deceit;  
 Every gift is but a bait;  
 Not a kiss but poison bears;  
 And most treason in his tears.

Spenser, on the other hand, while following his models rather closely, gives to the whole a homely English coloring.

I quote in conclusion his translation of the fourth idyl of Bion :

It was upon a holiday,  
 When shepherdes groomes have leave to playe,  
     I cast to go a shooting.  
 Long wandring up and downe the land,  
 With bowes and bolts in either hand,  
     For birds in bushes tooting,  
 At length within an Yvie todde,  
 (There shrouded was the little god)  
     I heard a busie bustling.  
 I bent my bow against the bush,  
 Listening if anything did rushe,  
     But then heard no more rustling.  
 Then peeping close into the thicke,  
 Might see the moving of some quicke,  
     Whose shape appeared not ;  
 But were it faerie, feend or snake,  
 My courage earnd it to awake,  
     And manfully thereat shotte,  
 With that sprang forth a naked swayne  
 With spotted wings, like Peacock's trayne,  
     And laughing lope to a tree ;  
 His gylden quiver at his backe,  
 And silver bowe, which was but slacke,  
     Which lightly he bent at me ;  
 That seeing, I levelde againe  
 And shotte at him with might and maine,  
     As thicke as that it hailed.  
 So long I shott, that al was spent ;  
 The pumie stones I hastily bent  
     And threwe ; but nought availed :  
 He was so nimble and so wight,  
 From bough to bough he lepped light,  
     And of the pumies latched.  
 Therewith affrayd I ranne away ;  
 But he that erst seemed but to play,  
     A shafte in earnest snatched,  
 And hit me running in the heele :  
 For then I little smart did feele,  
     But soone it sore increased ;



And now it ranckleth more and more  
And inwardly it festreth me,  
Ne wote I how to cease it.

The truly rustic coloring of Spenser's imitation is foreign to the distinctive character of the original, and introduces into the picture a provinciality which mars the harmony of tone.

The other translators, although in many cases they dealt freely with the original and varied from it in many ways, did not attempt to give any local atmosphere to the scene, or to reconcile the Greek myths to English ideas. They seemed to feel that they were toying with Greek mythology in much the same way as were the Alexandrians themselves; and that, like them, they were using it merely for purposes of decoration.

In the hands of these triflers in verse, the Cupid poems became only another form of the fantastic extravagance displayed in the literature of the day. They were conscious that this fanciful imagery was eminently suited to deck verses intended to please, not the people, but the dainty ladies and gay lords of a splendid court whose chief delights were gorgeous pageants and elaborate masques, and who desired richness of ornament above all other things.

These songs, so full of airy lightness and grace, retaining as they do so much of the spirit of their Greek models, have little originality, and can lay no claim to greatness; but they captivate our fancy by much the same charm as that of the carven fan once swayed by a spoiled beauty of the court, and adorned with its "loves in a riot of light, roses and vaporous blue."

*Marian Mac Intosh, '90.*

## LUMBAGIANA

*"Mens insana in corpore insano."*

WHY am I cross? The weather is beautiful and the holidays are nearly here, yet there is no doubt about it. I am very cross. Unless you are personally acquainted with me, you cannot imagine the shock of surprise caused by this discovery. I endeavor to find a reason for the phenomenon.

Yes, it must be so! I am tired out, completely run down. My head aches and there are slight but incomprehensible pains in my shoulder-blades.

Dear me! This pain gets worse and worse. I think I must be very much worn out and cut a few classes. No improvement. I have my essay postponed and notice as a result a slight feeling of exhilaration. By this time the holidays have arrived and as the cheerfulness continues I resolve to take a great risk and go to a concert.

Alas! The enemy (as yet nameless) has followed me even here, and I give up in despair, go to bed and send for the doctor. Oh dear! When will he come to tell me what this fiendish pain is? Ah, at last! He comes; a resolute young man with rather penetrating eyes, who smiles a little and tells me that I have Lumbago.

Lumbago! The ailment of an octogenarian, and I not yet twenty. Really I have to laugh. But my physician persists, so it must be true! Lumbago! Well, well!

Charming treatment they give for this sort of thing! Rubbings externally, and internally the most disagreeably chalky of powders,—powders that won't consent to be swallowed properly, but insist upon flying up to inspect one's brains and, once there, getting into a wild state of excitement.

Easter Sunday comes and I do not go to church. That old saying about an ill wind grows truer to me every day, for I am almost always content with my lot. The inevitable conclusion is that I am "nobody." Ah well! Another person, illustrious for his wisdom, took that name upon him, so why should not I? Everyone is complaining of the weather,

whereas it makes me feel better to know that when I cannot go out of doors no one can do so with comfort. Resignation is a beautiful thing!

I really feel much better. Hope springs up in my breast, but it is not eternal at all. I go out for a walk only to retire once more to my couch of woe. Lumbago, I find, is not only a weather prophet but a sort of physical conscience.

Holidays are over at last and the students are at work again. It is too provoking! Everyone knows all about lumbago and does not feel at all interested in my extraordinary symptoms. Or if my caller pro tem. has not had it, one of her aged relatives has suffered and told her all about it. I feel quite like the hero of Mr. Stockton's "House of Martha."

Another irritating thing is the way they all laugh. Now, aside from its name, lumbago is not such a tremendous joke. The name, moreover, when you say it two or three times, softly and tenderly, without thinking of the meaning, has a musical Castilian sound that is quite thrilling. Don Lumbago would certainly sound quite as well as Don Alonzo or Don Diego.

The mornings now are not very exciting. They are chiefly spent in lying on my back, staring at the walls and trying to guess who it is coming down the plank-walk. Every hour some one goes past the door with horribly squeaky boots and I wonder whether any article thrown through the transom would hit her or not. It is impossible to read with any comfort. Either I cannot understand what I read, or I contract a violent headache from the great mental effort required. This is explained to me by an intellectual sophomore. (Pray excuse the apparent tautology.) It seems that the nerves of the spine end in the nerve centre, the medulla, which is situated at the base of the brain. Therefore any pain in the back must necessarily affect the working of the brain. Beautiful theory! Certainly quite true in my case.

It is amusing, while I am lying here, to listen to what is going on in the corridor. One of my neighbors sings. She has a style truly her own, taught neither by the German nor the Italian method. Her favorite airs are "Yankee Doodle" and "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," but occasionally she launches out into some others which I could not venture to name.

Then one always knows when a story is being told. It is usually something like this: "Um-m-m-m-hum-shum." "No!" "Um-um-shum-um-thum-m-smum-hum-m." Suppressed giggles. "Umum-num-mumshumum-humm-umum." "Really?" "Umhm-mum num krumdmumhum-Hum-um!" Shrieks of laughter. A door opens and closes and deep silence ensues.

"Don Lumbago" is certainly appropriate, for one grows to think of him in quite a personal light. He must be commander of a large army as far as I can judge. It is interesting, though painful, to notice his manœuvring. He has his headquarters, in which he spends most of the time. Early in the afternoon a scout is sent out to reconnoitre. He comes back to report and two or three others start off in different directions. There is a short skirmish on my left side, the scouts race back to headquarters and then the entire army sets out in all directions, laying waste with fire and sword. This is dreadful! I must have the doctor again.

Surely there is a sort of aristocracy in illnesses. If I am connected with a Spanish grandee I must have a new coat of arms. Let me see. How shall I compose it? Ah! I have it. A doctor, quartered, argent, would do very well. For the crest I will have a lumbago, gules, rampant and, as a motto, "Quid ago?"

The doctor is coming, and of course I feel much better. I shall not have a respectable pain left when he arrives and he will naturally think I am trying to make a mountain of a mole hill. It was so bad before, too. How vexing! Heavens! here it is again. The gory battle field has changed to a ball-room and they are having the gayest time possible. Now how *can* I keep my temper while the doctor is here and put on my usual charming smile?

My treatment is changed slightly. I am now rubbed with a sort of yellow ointment that makes me feel as if I were sliced and buttered, and in place of the powders some appetizing green and yellow pills are administered to me as a tonic. Variety is always agreeable! How long I can bear up under this kind of thing is unknown. Luckily my thoughtful friends try to amuse me. Two charming jumping-jacks have been presented to me. One of them has lumbago and the other has the mumps in one cheek

and sciatica in the opposite leg. Dear little things! We are a sympathetic trio.

A great source of entertainment is the conversations that go on in the hall near my door. Here is a specimen :

A. "Good evening."

B. "Good evening. How is your family?"

A. (calmly) "Oh, they are all dead."

B. "Are they indeed? When did they die?"

A. "Night before last."

B. "I am very sorry."

A. "So am I." (a pause) "You know I kept them in a bottle."

I am slightly bewildered until I learn that A. is an enthusiastic biologist, interested in the study of tadpoles.

It is surprising how things go wrong when I am unable to do anything to set them right. "Cursed spite" indeed, as Hamlet so justly remarked. None of my possessions is in its proper place when somebody else has to find it. And as for cups, innumerable cups have been broken—certainly three. Then to see some one try to make chocolate for me causes me an immense amount of suffering. I do not mean to be ungrateful, but it certainly is enough to make a saint nervous. One benevolent friend tried it the other night. First the alcohol went all over the floor (a thing against which we have been particularly warned), then the milk boiled over, and last of all the chocolate itself spilled and my spoon went into the cup, handle first. Wasn't that enough to justify a moderate degree of wrath? Yet I did not fly into a rage at all, but mildly reprov'd her and encouraged her to make another cup. My disposition is certainly lovable and sweet!

I am the most unfortunate of beings. My ill-health seems to have been condensing itself all this winter and now that it is once let loose, springs up with full force like a Jack-in-the-box. My eyes have given out!

"Ye see, O friends,  
How many evils have enclosed me round."

*S. E. Throop, '94.*

## A SONG

I would I were a merman,  
And in the deep sea furrows  
I'd ambush me, to lurk beneath  
The mists of falling foam ;—  
And there I'd watch and listen,  
A many long to-morrows,  
To meet my dearest sailing  
Alone, afar from home.

I would I were the seagull,  
And with my grey cloud-brothers  
I'd lift my piercing wing to flight  
And lose familiar lands ;—  
Amid the bent white canvas,  
I'd swoop not fearing others  
And search,—where sat my dearest  
To greet me with her hands.

Fain were I sky and ocean,  
To spread her fit adorning ;—  
The waves should toss glad music,—  
And from sun-haunted climes,  
The winds should blow white blossoms  
And buds as red as morning,  
And showering soft my dearest,  
Wake me her laughter chimes.

*M. P. C., 89'.*



## ALTERNATION—A STORY

THE Skorrow sisters were coming home from church. When they came to the gate they stopped, or rather, Liddy stopped. Liddy was always ahead, not because she was the taller, and, as one might think, would always take the lead, but because Dorcas, who, though the shorter, was the stronger in every way, always put Liddy before her as a mother does her child in a crowd that she may watch over her.

So Liddy stopped, and waited for Dorcas, and as she came up laid her hands on the gate-post, saying: "Seems someway's if it never rested me so much to look at this brown house as it used to to see the white one. There's something so kind o' restful in a white house with green blinds. Now don't you think so, Dorcas?"

Before replying Dorcas meditated, as thoughtfully as though she had not heard the same question, or one of its few variations—the Skorrow sisters did not have many forms of expression for the same thought—every Sunday for the last sixteen months, and did not expect to hear it every Sunday of the coming winter. Then she said: "Well, I don' know but what on a hot day in summer it does look cool and nice! But then it's got to be a pretty hot day; and this time of the year the brown is more becoming to the golden-rod and the bit of color in the trees. It's just so right on through the fall, the more color in the trees the better the brown house looks, and it certainly is a sight cheerier in the winter when everything is covered with snow."

Liddy opened the gate, and they went in the yard, up the path leading to the front door. They always went in the front door Sundays—it was part of the state they considered due the day, just as going to church in their best clothes, and sitting in the parlor in the afternoon, reading—and sleeping sometimes.

The house was brown, even to the shutters, which were closed above and open below, and the paper window-shades were brown with a yellow-flowered border. Hugging close to the house on two sides was a bank of golden-rod, just feathering into bloom. Liddy paused again to look at it glowing in the warm September sunlight.

"Well, you know," she returned, "We don't have golden-rod when the house is white—and I think the phlox is a dreadful pretty contrast against the white. And in winter, too, I think the white house, with snow all around and icicles hanging from the eaves, looks so pure and peaceful-like."

Dorcas made no reply. She was bending over to get the key from its hiding-place under the steps. It was Liddy's turn to complain, and she was willing to allow her the little comfort of the last word.

They went into the parlor, and Liddy entered the little bed-room adjoining, to take off her things, while Dorcas began struggling with the catch of the small-paned window; at last, in answer to efforts which made her red in the face, the window went up, and she drew from the corner a green wire screen.

"I don't see," she said, as she fitted in the screen, turning her head so that Liddy might hear her, "I don't see why they always make screens green—I declare I've a good notion to paint these brown. I wonder't I never thought of it before. I can do it just as well's not."

"Don't seem's though 'twould hardly pay now, so late in the season," answered Liddy, appearing in the door. She was unpinning her bonnet-strings, and, as she spoke, smoothed them out, by rolling them softly over her fingers.

Liddy was large and tall, fair and sweet of face, with gray showing in her soft, light brown hair; Dorcas was shorter and more compact in form, with a dash of warm red in her cheeks and her hair was untouched by gray. There was a quick energy, too, in Dorcas, that showed itself in her answer to Liddy: "Don't care if it is late—I'm going to do it to-morrow; we always have the screens in through September anyways, and maybe October. I *do* like to see things match."

By this time Dorcas' own bonnet-strings were smoothed out; they were brown, and Liddy's were black, matching their silk dresses which were now being carefully hung away. This done, the sisters put on gingham, Liddy's black-and-white, with a narrow white frilling at neck and sleeves; Dorcas' brown-and-white, with a rolling collar turned over a brown tie. Never, by any chance, did these sisters wear the same colors.

"Dorcas, did I tell you what Mis' Clymer said to Abigail Nutt's mother about us? I know I didn't tell you, for it was the day Brother Harvey's little Ned hurt his foot that Abigail told me, and when you came back I was so taken up with what you was telling about Neddy I never thought to tell you."

Liddy was putting out their Sunday luncheon, and Dorcas was busy making the fire for tea. She did not answer Liddy till they were seated at the table, then, as she poured the tea, she asked: "Well, what *did* Mis' Clymer say?"

Liddy helped herself to a spoonful of preserves. "She said she should think the Skorrow girls 'd paint their house like a checker-board in brown and white squares—then they'd both be satisfied't the same time and 't would be more economical than painting their house over every other Spring." Dorcas took a mouthful of bread and butter, and then a drink of tea. "I don't see as Mis' Clymer has any call to worry about the cost, long's she don't have it to pay. I wouldn't let the house go more than two years anyway without painting. Father never did. I can't remember but once; that was the time Harry was sick. But the Skorrows always was master-hands for painting," she added, meditatively.

The meal went on in silence. The warm air floated in through open doors and windows, bearing a spicy fragrance from the mint along the edge of the creek that ran through the orchard. Outside there was a drowsy hum of insects, and leaves and grasses moved lazily in the breeze. A blue haze lay on the hills, and soft white clouds floated in the pale blue sky.

Liddy, who sat facing the window, watched a bird fly over the orchard, over the open field on the other side of the road, over the row of elms beyond, then soar into the air in ever widening circles till it darted from sight over the brow of a hill.

She turned with a sudden start to her sister: "Do you know, Dorcas, I've been thinking 'twould look kind o' pretty—them checker-board squares."

Dorcas was picking the crumbs carefully out of her lap. "Land sakes! Liddy, are you crazy?"

"Why of course, Dorcas, I never meant for the outside of the house—I like white too well for that—but I kind o' thought for a wall-paper, or an apron—don't you think, Dorcas?"

Liddy's remarks were always tentative, they lacked the decision that characterized Dorcas' speech. Nevertheless Liddy had a quiet insistence in having her own way, to which Dorcas had often been forced to yield notably in the matter of painting the house.

During the lifetime of their father the house had been an uncompromisingly bright and glaring yellow. Deacon Skorrow's hobby was "keepin' things well painted up," so the house never lost the pristine freshness of hue, which was an eyesore to the two girls.

It was very natural then that when their father died, the question of repainting the house should arise, after a decent lapse of time. But, to the dismay of both, the sisters found this question hard to settle. Dorcas wanted the house painted brown, Liddy white, and peace came only with a compromise. The Skorrow's house had always been repainted every other spring, and the only change was that now it alternated from brown to white, from white to brown. Fortunately the house was small, and the sisters well-to-do, so they could carry out their whim if they chose.

So, for twenty years, every other spring the aspect of the Skorrow's house had been changed. Even the flowers in the yard varied with the hue of the house. Liddy wanted banks of purple and white phlox under the windows, sweet pease, mignonnette and pansies running wild in the garden, bunches of sweet clover by the gate, and white hollyhocks nodding over the fence. But when the house put on Dorcas' colors, the paler flowers had to give way; daffodils crowded out fair lilies-of-the-valley, and when autumn came the golden-rod put out its yellow plumes unhindered, and the garden was one mass of closely-ranked, brilliantly-blooming dahlias.

Neighbors had stared, laughed, and a few daring spirits had even ventured to expostulate at first, but as time went on they became accustomed to the change, and the sisters now seldom heard such remarks as Mrs. Clymer's.

Monday morning Dorcas kept her word, and before night the screens were as brown as the rest of the house.

Winter was early that year and unusually severe. It cost Dorcas a sigh to bring in her dahlia bulbs, for she knew that next year they must be planted in the lower part of the garden, behind the house, thus giving a place for Liddy's flowers.

During the early part of the winter Liddy began to refuse to go out, alleging the unusual storminess as her excuse. Dorcas accepted this for some time, but, as spring drew near, she could no longer be blind to the fact that Liddy was steadily growing weaker.

"There ain't really anything serious the matter," said Dorcas to a neighbor who had called her to the door one fair afternoon in March, "nothing serious,—she's just worn out by this long, cold winter. She'll be all right as soon as she gets a whiff of spring flowers." Dorcas hurried in again; she never left Liddy alone now if she could avoid it.

Liddy was sitting by the window, looking out. The sky was spotless, a faint golden glow lay on the hills; down by the creek the willows were growing pink. Dorcas passed back and forth, busy with household duties. Now and then her eyes rested on Liddy with a sharp questioning—a new alarm was in them. Suddenly she went to Liddy's side: "Is there anything I can get for you?" Liddy raised her soft blue eyes and said: "Do you suppose the crocuses are out?" Dorcas went into the yard, a strange throbbing at her heart and choking in her throat. She eagerly threw herself on her knees and tore away the brown leaves from the crocus bed. She found two buds, pale lilac-tinted, with faint gold lines, and took them to Liddy. Then another sharp, alarmed look—"Liddy, I'm going for the doctor!" Dorcas went into the bed-room, and came out with bonnet and shawl. She looked at Liddy, and ran to her with a little cry, then sank on her knees by her side. It was too late for a doctor.

It was May; the air was filled with the humming of bees and singing of birds. The odor of apple-blossoms came through the open door where Dorcas was sitting. Dorcas thought she could detect a breath from the lilies-of-the-valley planted thickly in the garden. A shadow fell across the doorway and Dorcas looked up. Israel Dobbs stood there—a thin-faced man, with bewildered expression and half-frightened air. "I s'pose you wont be paintin' the house this Spring, Miss Skorrow?"



"Well, I'd like to know what right you've got to be supposing anything about my affairs, Israel Dobbs. Do you think that because my poor sister is dead an' gone that I'm going to cheat her out of her turn at the house. I ain't quite so mean as *that* yet, and I don't think you need complain, Israel Dobbs, when you get as much for scraping the brown paint off as for putting the white on."

"Oh, I wa'n't complainin', Miss Skorrow,"—Israel was edging back as he spoke,—“an' if you want it done, I'll come Monday and begin,” and he fled like a frightened deer.

For the next two years, Dorcas Skorrow lived alone in the white house, carefully tending the flowers her sister had loved.

The soft, white clouds flitted across the sky, thickened and grew dark. Winter came, and then the spring with its sad memories for Dorcas. Another summer and winter passed, and once more, with mingled hope and fear, Israel Dobbs sought the Skorrow house.

This time Dorcas was sitting on her doorstep watching the western sky, which was ablaze with the sunset.

"I heard Mis' Clymer say probably you'd always have the house white now—you'd got used to it, and you took so much comfort carryin' the white flowers to Miss Liddy's grave."

Dorcas turned a slow, stern look on poor Israel. "Hasn't the Skorrow house been repainted every other spring since you can remember?" "Yes, yes, it has," assented Israel. "Hasn't its color been changed every other spring for the last twenty-two years?" "That's true," said Israel, perplexedly rubbing his hair over his forehead.

"Do you know any good reason why it shouldn't be painted *this* spring?" "No, indeed, I don't," affirmed Israel, as though this conviction had been forced upon him by a profound process of reasoning.

"Well, then, Israel Dobbs, you may come to-morrow and begin painting, if you want to. If you don't want to, you needn't come." Israel slunk back, rubbing his thin jaw with his left hand, not daring to look up.

Dorcas stood up and looked around. "Well said! Folks must think Liddy and me were pretty mean-spirited! The poor child couldn't rest in her grave if she thought I was making a foolish martyr of myself. There's justice to be done to the living, as well as to the dead."

*Elva Lee, '93.*



## IN THE ICE-QUEEN'S PALACE

IT was night in the forest. The stars twinkled keenly in the frosty sky, and the snow-crust gave back the light in faint gleams, obscured by the interlacing shadows of the branches. No movement of life disturbed those vast and silent aisles. A few rein-deer huddled together in sheltered hollows, dreaming of the green summer; the streams, in their ice-locked prisons, seemed too profoundly asleep to dream at all; the very air seemed congealed.

A young man was walking quickly along the path that led through the forest. He had bared his head, and now drank in long draughts of icy air, like wine. He strode on without pausing, even where, beside a turn in the path, a crooked old hemlock, sheeted in ice, stood like the ghost of a frozen witch. When he had rounded this turn he saw a distant light, which presently resolved itself into a stately building, whose towers and domes and fretted spires stood out in pale relief against the sky. Drawing nearer, he saw that it was built of massy blocks of ice. Light flashed from its windows like long red streamers that dance in the northern sky of a winter's night. Strains of weird music came faintly to his ears. But light and music seemed only to intensify the cold white silence without. The young man ascended the steps, chiselled out of snow so hard that it rang under his feet like marble, and knocked at the door. It flew open, and he found himself at the foot of a broad stair, which wound upward into invisible spaces. As he ascended its stately sweep, through half-opened doors he caught glimpses of spacious rooms, or of a confusion of figures, eddying and whirling to the strains of a wild sweet waltz;—a waltz that he seemed to have heard in some half-forgotten dream: and the dancers seemed to waver and melt into each other like the clouds that hang about Snehåttan.

The stairs led him at last to the arched entrance of a lofty hall. Floor and walls and ceiling, even the throne, which stood at the upper end of the room, were of crystal ice, against which the light was shivered into a thousand glittering fragments; so that the air, which congealed the traveler's breath in little drops upon his beard, was filled with all the color and radiance of flame.

On the throne sat a beautiful young woman. Her eyes had the clear, bluish-green shine of hollows in a glacier; her hair was of the color of lustrous wheat straws gleaming through the frost; and her cheeks were just tinged with the faint color that dyes the snow under a winter sunset. Her robe was soft and fleecy as the snow-flakes, and whenever she moved the light played over it in a thousand changing scintillations.

Seeing the young man hesitate on the threshold, she beckoned him to approach. The attendants, who looked as if they had been made of the snow-dust that hangs over a falling avalanche, made room for him to advance; but it seemed to him that, as he passed, behind his back derisive glances and mocking smiles were flying about, though if he had turned suddenly, he would have seen nothing but the gravest courtesy.

"You have heard that on Christmas Eve, I grant to such mortals as are bold enough to visit me, a single wish," said the Queen, when at last he stood before her. "Are you so fortunate as to know what is your dearest desire? Be sure that you make no mistake, for the gift is irrevocable."

"My wish is a simple one," answered the suitor. "I have been wronged and the wrong festers within me. I have loved, and I have been betrayed. She who could deceive the friend of her childhood, who could be false to her vows and to herself, is unworthy either love or hate. Let me forget her,—it is all I ask."

"I cannot give you forgetfulness," said the Queen gravely, "there is no such thing as forgetting in this world. In another, if there be another world, they may perhaps forget; though I question if that ancient tale of the river of Lethe be anything but a fable. At all events, it flows not through my dominions. I can give you indifference if you desire it. You may leave me, if you choose, caring no more for this sweetheart of yours than for any bit of paper that the wind blows about the streets. But remember, you can never again feel for her anything but indifference, nor can you receive another into your heart to take her place. Think before you decide."

"Anything!" cried the young man fiercely, "anything to be rid of this ceaseless burning! I would tear her out of my heart if I must tear my heart out with her!"

The Ice-Queen bent and touched her cold lips to his, and his passion vanished like a dream, when the dreamer awakes in the bright morning.

\* \* \*

When the revolving year again made pause at Christmas Eve, the same traveler was striding again over the path through the frost-stilled forest, toward the Ice-Queen's palace. Again its doors flew open before him, and he mounted the winding stair and stood before the throne.

"If you have come to ask the withdrawal of my gift," said the Queen, "I cannot grant your request. Remember, I warned you, that once conferred, it was irrevocable."

"On the contrary," answered the petitioner, "I ask you not to withdraw, but to extend it. I ask you to take away all personal attachments from my heart. I wish to love only mankind. I am full of plans, of glorious hopes for the advancement of my race. But the drains of individual affection hold me back. How can I share the burdens of the world, when I am weighted with the burden of care for my friends? How can I strengthen the sorrowing, when I myself am faint with the suffering inseparable from love? I wish to be free from these petty restraints. I wish to devote myself wholly to the welfare of humanity."

"It is a noble aim," said the Queen, and bending kissed his cheek, and her kiss was like the soft face of a snow-flake.

And the young man went forth into the ice-bound forest.

\* \* \*

Again on Christmas Eve the former lover—now neither lover nor young—appeared in that glittering presence-chamber.

"You are hard to satisfy," said the Queen, smiling, and her smile was like the cold white radiance of the stars. "Have you not succeeded in your plans for the elevation of humanity?"

"Indifferently," he replied, "I have done something, perhaps; by no means as much as I had hoped. But I no longer care for success. I have seen so much of the folly, the littleness, and the ingratitude of men, that their approval and even their admiration have lost their value for me. I cannot hope to make any appreciable increase in the slow advance of

centuries ; that is a hope which belongs only to the first freshness of youth. But the dust of conflict and the glare of life have blinded me to that divine presence of which all that exists was once to me a revelation. I believe that God is infinitely higher, infinitely more worthy of devotion than man. Therefore I have resolved to devote myself henceforth wholly to Him."

"I cannot help you there," said the Queen. "I can only take away, I cannot give you love."

"Nor do I ask it," he replied. "But the old habit of the anxiety for the welfare of men still clings to me, and hinders the concentration of my soul on God. I wish to be freed from this encumbrance, and to spend the remainder of my life in contemplation and adoration of the Supreme, unchecked by any lower attachment."

"So be it," answered the Queen. As she touched his forehead with her lips, he experienced a momentary chill, and a sensation of faintness and giddiness, as if his heart had shivered. It passed instantly away, however, and he turned and went out into the night.

\* \* \*

The faint sweet notes of the Christmas bells were dying away, as the traveler once more entered the forest. But this time, as he stood before the Queen, she said nothing, only looked at him with her inscrutable smile. He still acknowledged failure.

"I have not drawn nearer to God," he said. "I have sought Him diligently and I cannot find Him. I am weary of the search ; weary alike of society and solitude, of useless activity and inward struggle ; weary of life itself. I ask only for peace. Take away the last remnant of feeling, make me insensible to pain, and this shall be my last request."

"It is useless," answered the Queen. "When the desire was formed in your soul to expel the love of God, it had already ceased to dwell there. But if its ghost still haunts you with uneasy whisperings of doubt, I will exorcise it."

So saying she laid her cold fingers softly over his heart. Their chill influence penetrated his frame with a slowly creeping languor, he felt himself sinking down upon the steps of the throne, and in the last dreamy

moments of consciousness fancied he heard a sound of multitudinous laughter, sweet and shrill as the tinkle of falling icicles.

The next morning a peasant, crossing the open space in the forest, found the body of an old man, lying across a great stone in the midst of it, half covered with snow.

*Emma Stansbury Wines, '94.*

## DAY

BY BURNE-JONES.

*("Awake, arise, from Death to Death.")*

Not swift advancing through unclouded skies,  
Nor girt about with blinding noon-day glare,  
But pausing on the shadowed threshold bare;  
Pale with a sense of heaven-born mysteries,  
Traces of dreams half-vanished in thine eyes,  
Such anguish on thy lips that thou might'st wear  
A martyr's glory round about thine hair,—  
Thou standest between two eternities.

Forth from the terrors and the throes of night,  
From which we vainly sought deliverance,  
To life,—but life seen dim as in a trance,  
Sorrow in all its length, and breadth, and height,  
And grievous joy and anguish of delight,—  
"From Death to Death" thou biddest us advance.

*L. S. B. '93.*

## NIGHT

BY BURNE-JONES.

Dark-haired, resting her hand upon life's door  
She stands, her head bowed down, so passionless;  
Fullest expression of earth's quietness  
She seems as though she were forevermore,  
As her dark garments stilly sweep the floor.  
Upon her face sleep leaves his sure impress  
Touching her form and hands with mild caress;  
She but half hears the spent waves' muffled roar.  
Yet what still thoughts are hidden in thy breast  
We dimm'd souls may not know nor ever might.  
Dost thou grow weary of thy fateful rest,  
Thy sweet passivity, and long for flight  
From thine own everlastingness, O Night,  
All-shadowing, belov'd and ever blest?

*L. M. D. '93.*

## THE USES OF COSTUME IN FICTION

EVERY diligent and open-minded reader of novels will find, after the lapse of years spent largely in his favorite pursuit, that he has set up standards of his own for estimating whether this book or that is to his liking, or, in other words—such is the human self-confidence—whether it is a good book. These private standards form silently and imperceptibly beneath the conventional ones forced on the man by the theorists of the magazines. He may live and die professing a belief that pessimistic psychology is the proper business of the novelist, and yet read Trollope rather than Bourget when he wishes to be entertained, because, though he does not suspect it himself, what he really asks of a novel is that it shall contain a certain number of offers of marriage. Some people base their opinion of a work of fiction on the degree of euphony and fitness displayed in the names of the characters, and feel as strongly as Mr. Shandy would that to give a hero a bad name is to hang him. It is well known that there comes with advancing years a conviction that to be good for anything a novel must end happily, and I have known even young persons who held the same opinion. Readers of this way of thinking will turn to the last page by way of beginning a book, and if that discloses the hero and heroine, the heroine's father and the hero's aunt, the footman and the lady's-maid bowing in pairs as the curtain falls, well and good. Such people would bestow their own daughters on Sir Willoughby Patterne rather than leave him unmated to the end.

These whimsical judgments ride at large across the hedges and ditches that divide the "schools," and gather together a bizarre company of authors, hardly on speaking terms with each other, and amazed to find they have a trait in common. The test that I have found most serviceable in this way, a very obvious one and probably used more or less by all novel-readers, is the author's ability to handle costume. This is one of the few themes in literature for which we are very little if at all indebted to the ancients. They drew generally only the most elementary distinctions in dress, such as



between Greek and barbarian, threadbare and splendid, clean and dirty. In those days a man still regarded his clothing as something only accidentally related to himself; he consciously wore it primarily for protection against the weather, and by no means thought of it as an inalienable part of his appearance. In fact a man and his clothes were as loosely joined in consciousness as a pedestrian Englishman and his umbrella are to-day; as a matter of experience generally seen together, but easily conceivable apart. Nowadays of course half a dozen causes have combined to put the matter on a different footing altogether. Costume is as inevitable as nose and mouth. I have heard biologists say that top-hats and crinoline are the result of a flattering conviction that extension of our clothes is extension of ourselves. However that may be, our clothes are part of us as we figure in our friends' imaginations, and so inexplicably intertwined with human experience, character, and emotion, that they are unavoidably conspicuous in novels.

For the purposes of a brief survey of the different uses to which this engine has been put, it will not be worth while to go back of Scott. Fielding has hardly advanced upon Chaucer in his treatment of it. A doctor, a beau, a fine lady, the wife of a country squire, each has an identifying costume, and a pink ribbon begins to be the sign of a pretty girl, but here Fielding's art ends. But in Scott we find at once the full-blown modern treatment in all its forms. His most usual method is of course the historical. His erudition is too much for him, and his delight in the facts quenches the novelist. He is invaluable if the reader is preparing for a fancy-dress ball, but in the meantime the story waits. This tendency of his, this unwarrantable attempt to foist information on the novel-reader, has been made a bitter reproach against Scott and all other writers who exhibit it. It has been so fiercely theorized against by writers and readers alike, that one feels he has been made a fool of when he finds the same sin rampant in the novels of the arch-theorist of them all. Scott no more sacrifices story-telling to archaeology when he says that a woman had on her head "an old-fashioned bonnet called a bongrace," than Howells does in describing the weariful loop whereby the heroine of "A Woman's Reason" was forever catching up the train of her gown. Each is historically correct (I suppose); but each is an

impertinence in a novel. This false use of costume is particularly abundant in novels whose scene is laid in places sufficiently remote to suggest the introduction of the garb of irrelevant peasantry. I think the mediocre writer is more apt to take up with this method than with any other, unless it be the allegorical, which I shall deal with later.

But all instances of the historical treatment are not equally offensive. It is more acceptable the more nearly it approaches the scenic, which is one of the most important legitimate uses of costume. By the scenic method I mean the gift a good novelist has of setting before the eye a picture—or rather a stage-scene, for there is motion—of a transaction, with the chief actors vivid and round, and the background full and striking if the occasion calls for it, yet always subordinated to the real business of the moment. This shifting background of minor characters is the difficult part of the scenic method, and it is here that the inferior workman falls into the historic. But the scenic includes every mention of costume introduced solely for the sake of a picture, whether it be a soldier's scarlet coat and pipe-clayed belt, a jewel on a woman's neck, or a child's torn pinafore. As one would expect, it is more abundant and successful among French novelists than among Anglo-Saxons. Dumas, Daudet, and De Maupassant invariably show us precisely how the thing looked. Scott often achieved the true scenic effect, Thackeray and Hardy constantly, Meredith sometimes, Trollope seldom. The dress of Thackeray's men and women, whether historic or contemporary, is brought home to the reader without offending him. His mind is not distracted from the adventures and passions of the gentleman whose wig and knee-buckles, or whose lavender gloves and varnished boots are set before him as indispensable parts of the *mise-en-scène*.

But the chief use to which the true novelist will put costume is that to which he will put all his other material, the translation of character. In real life we do not hesitate an instant to reason from dress to character. A man may learn to command his eye. The tell-tale mouth, which they say none can ever bring into submission, may be hidden. But in the clothing the man's nature is written from head to toe, his pet meanness, his pet vanity, his ignorance of the world or contempt of it or slavery to it, his good sense, his artistic gift, and the elusive quality that makes him a

gentleman. Further than this his clothing does not inform us. The novelist who would have us think a man a murderer because he wears a fustian cap, has wandered into allegory. But up to this point clothing is an infallible guide. I have read of at least one philosopher who asserts man's most expressive feature to be his spectacles. We need not go as far as this, but we must admit that it is in the perception of what costume has to tell, and the instant presentation of it as valuable, in fact indispensable to the reader, that the sound novelist shows himself.

A good deal of discredit has been brought on this means of delineating character by the indiscretions of such novelists as Ouida and, to a certain extent, Rider Haggard, in whose hands it has deteriorated to mere millinery. In "Idalia" and "Cleopatra" the costume is related to the story much as sport is in Hawley Smart's books, not quite so legitimately as nautical matters are in Clark Russell's. It cannot be classed under the head of historic, for in most cases it is, I imagine, purely ideal. This false use of costume has done much to give the impression that its chief business in a book is to enhance feminine beauty. Of course this is a very important part of its duties, but it is not a greater part in books than in real life. It is true that when we are introduced to the heroine we are generally told, among other personal details, whether she is well or ill dressed, but as much as that is done for the hero. It is when we come to the old barrister, with his cravat always awry, or the low villain, with his hob-nailed boots, or the housekeeper, with black silk dress and snowy cap, or the club-waiter, who looks like a clergyman, in a word, to the people whose character is more important than their personal beauty, that the novelist bestirs himself to give us a clear image, a notion how they looked, with an implication that to look thus-and-thus a man must be inwardly so-and-so. I am inclined to say, in fact, that it is in the costume of his hero and heroine, if they be young and beautiful, that the second-rate artist chiefly betrays the weakness of his grasp. He generally can do no more than enumerate the articles of the modish dress of the moment, with the added assurance that in point of "fit" the garments left nothing to be desired. A costume treated after this manner is as much at the mercy of fashion as a full-length photograph; both will be merely grotesque in five years' time.

Compare with one of these descriptions that passage which presents to the reader the most beautiful woman in literature, wrapped in the glory of her incomparable charm. I mean, of course, the passage in which Beatrix, grown to womanhood, bursts on the dazzled sight of Henry Esmond as she comes down the staircase of Walcote House. No sight could be more vivid. Even Du Maurier's charming version fails to visualize the picture that springs up in the reader's mind. Thackeray tells us that she wore a scarlet ribbon, and that the light from the candle she carried fell on this, and on the whitest neck in the world. The rest of his description deals with her person only, and by the simple yet great device of putting it in Esmond's mouth we learn not only the details of her beauty, but also its effect on human pulses. However, our knowledge would have ended here, we should have had no idea whether this beautiful young creature was a saint or a coquette; in short, we should not from the outset have known Beatrix Esmond, if her candid younger brother had not been permitted further to describe her costume.

"So she came holding her dress with one fair, rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.

'She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes,' says my lord, still laughing. 'Oh, my fine mistress! is this the way you set your cap at the captain? \* \* \* Right foot forward, toe turned out, so; now drop the curtsy, and show the red stockings, Trix. They've silver clocks, Harry. The Dowager sent 'em. She went to put 'em on!' cries my lord."

Nothing else could have performed the literary functions of these shoes and stockings. Let the ingenious reader try to hit upon another device that shall so simply set forth the girl's arch coquetry and daintiness, and he will perceive that this one was due to genius. The scarlet ribbon is merely scenic, but the shoes and stockings are evidently something quite different. For the purposes of my own criticism I have called the method they exhibit the sentimental, but I cannot recommend the same. Perhaps "dramatic" would be better.

There are, as far as I know, only three heroines in fiction, the actuality of whose personal charm deserves to be compared with Beatrix Esmond's, and each of them is indebted to her biographer for just, illumi-

nating and delicate traits of costume. If one does but recall the facts he will at once acknowledge how much of his interest in these ladies is based on his knowledge of Anna Karénina's ball costume, of the muslin gown that made Clara Middleton look like a summer morning, and of the black velvet fillet that bound the fateful locks of unhappy Eustacia Vye.

This is what a good novelist will do for a beautiful woman. Now let us turn to an author in whose stories women, beautiful or otherwise, have curiously little to do, and see whether costume has been omitted along with them. In "The Pavilion on the Links," a short story containing all the excellencies of its kind, there are two bits of sentimental or dramatic costume which show the highest art in that they produce a strong effect with the least possible machinery. There is a heroine in the story, a very lovely one, but except for the statement that on one occasion she carried an umbrella (and even the umbrella tells a story), we hear nothing of her clothes. But the good understanding come to by Frank Cassilis and Clara Huddleston in their first interview, described by Cassilis himself in a very beautiful and moving way, is founded on the fact that he wears an Egyptian scarf around his waist. The admirable way in which this scarf first does its scenic work by helping to set Cassilis before us in seventeen words, and by introducing a touch of vivid colour into a landscape of sand and sea, and then produces its sentimental effect on the reader through Clara, so that he knows more both of Clara and Cassilis than he could have done without it, shows the power of the instrument in the hands of a capable person.

The second piece of costume in this story shows the same simplicity of method, but its aim and effect are as different as possible. When Cassilis goes into the village to look at the newspapers in order to allay Clara's Italian panic, he is unpleasantly struck by meeting an Italian laborer in the tavern. When he goes into the street he sees three men in earnest conversation. "One of them was my recent companion in the tavern parlor; the other two, by their handsome, sallow features and soft hats, should evidently belong to the same race." So far the hats are merely scenic, a careless, vivid touch, in the interests of *evépreia* and nothing else. But as Cassilis walks back to his seaside camp, he follows a series of footprints which, as they near the sea, turn off towards the quicksands and disappear on the



boundary of Graden Floe. "There, whoever he was, the miserable man had perished." Cassilis stands horror-struck awhile. "I remember wondering how long the tragedy had taken, and whether his screams had been audible at the pavilion. And then, making a strong resolution, I was about to tear myself away, when a fiercer gust than usual fell upon this quarter of the beach, and I saw, now whirling high in air, now skimming lightly across the surface of the sands, a soft black felt hat, somewhat conical in shape, such as I had remarked already on the heads of the Italians."

It is hardly necessary to point out that now it is clear why the hats were made part of the appearance of the Italians. This one whirling in the air shocks the reader as much as it did Cassilis by the human reality it gives to the tragedy. Innuendo can no further go.

Mr. Stevenson is always as high-principled as this in his use of costume, and his virtue is invariably rewarded. Alan Breck's blue coat with the gold buttons rounds out his personality for us without any pretentious analysis. We learn to know him as we somehow make shift to know our fellow-men without the aid of a psychological novelist. The blind man Pen's green patch, Mr. Arrow's earrings, and the ingenious clothing of the maroon, all help the story on. They make no nearer approach to the unselected and meaningless detail of the so-called realists on the one hand, than to allegory on the other.

Now by the allegorical method in costume I mean the method Scott, for instance, permitted himself to use in the case of Di Vernon, a young lady who consists of very little beyond a riding-habit. Dickens' people almost always wear allegorical garments, and they are chiefly responsible for the ravages of this manner in subsequent English literature. I have never been able to make up my mind as to how much allegory lurks in Mr. Stork's pink stockings in the "New Republic," for the book is so full of true character, feeling and, consequently, costume, that it might, without much alteration, be turned into a real novel. The clothes in which Gautier presents Guy de Malivert to the reader are purely allegorical, *i. e.*, there is no man beneath them. Malivert is hardly more incarnate than his ghostly lady-love. It is in vain that garments, the most significant in themselves, are hung on a peg; they are as incoherent as words in a dictionary.



These are the various uses of costume that I have noted among novelists. The theme has the disadvantage of being inexhaustible, and the dissertation must be brought to an arbitrary close, omitting a hundred bright examples of the two legitimate uses of the instrument which Mr. Pater almost describes when he speaks of "that well-known effect of a beautiful object kept constantly before the eye in a story or poem, of keeping sensation well awake, and giving a certain air of refinement to all the scenes into which it enters; with a heightening also of that sense of fate which hangs so much of the shaping of human life on trivial objects, like Othello's strawberry handkerchief."

*Emily James Smith, '89.*

## MRS. GLENDON'S DINNER PARTY

## I.

*SCENE.—Mrs. Glendon's boudoir. Mrs. Glendon, seated before a table, sorting silver. Mr. Glendon reclining on a couch, absorbed in a newspaper. Son and heir playing with a dog before the fire.*

MRS. GLENDON [*musingly*].—Have I everything? Oyster-forks, coffee-spoons, ice-cream spoons—ah, here are only a dozen—where *did* I put the rest? Dinner-forks, knives—I need more than these. Wallace, hand mamma that box from the cabinet.

SON [*looking delightedly at his dog*].—Oh! look at Sancho! How funny he is! When I tickle his feet, he jerks all over, but doesn't wake up, and—

MRS. G. [*impatiently*].—Did you hear me speak to you, Wallace? Get up at once, and do as I told you.

SON [*reluctantly*].—Yes, in a minute. [*Gives the dog a vigorous poke rises slowly, and goes to the cabinet.*] Which box?

MRS. G.—The brown leather one with “Knives” on the cover. Hurry, my dear.

SON.—There isn't any box with “Knives” on the cover. Oh! what is this funny stuff in the bottle? It smells like peppermint. Can I taste it? [*Uncorks the bottle and raises it to his lips.*]

[*MRS. G. jumps up, rushes to the cabinet, and snatches the bottle from son. In doing so she drops the silver.*]

MR. G. [*starting up*].—For heaven's sake, what is the matter? I never heard such an incessant noise. For half an hour I have been trying to read Senator Brooke's speech, but have heard nothing but spoons and dogs and bottles. What has that boy been up to now? Can't you send him upstairs with his governess, and let us have a little quiet? [*Sternly to son.*] Go upstairs, sir, or else sit down and behave yourself.

MRS. G. [*pleadingly*].—Don't be so cross to the poor child, Herbert, when he feels so wretchedly with his cold. I told him he might stay here and play with Sancho by the fire. He has been very good until just now. [*In a low voice to her son.*] *Never touch any bottles, no matter what they smell like. Now run along, and don't disturb papa.* [*She begins picking up silver while son goes back to his dog.*]

MR. G. [*curiously*].—What are you doing with all that silver? Are you going to give a *State* banquet?

MRS. G. [*still picking it up*].—Of course I'm not. There will be only fourteen at the table.

MR. G. [*sitting upright and looking alarmed*].—Fourteen what,—fourteen when? What do you mean?

MRS. G. [*a trifle annoyed*].—You haven't forgotten, I hope, that this evening we give our dinner for your brother and his wife? [*Puts the silver on a salver.*] Ring the bell, will you, please?

SON [*jumping up eagerly*].—Oh! let me ring it. [*Presses the button and holds it.*]

MR. G. [*irritably throwing down his paper*].—Forgotten! This is the first I've heard of it! Why don't you consult me about your dinners, and not inform me just in time to get into my dress suit and play the agreeable? We've had nothing but dinners since the season began. [*Turning angrily to his son*]. Stop pressing that button. You'll have the servants frantic.

[*Hasty knock at the door and enter Butler breathlessly.*]

BUTLER.—Did you want me ma'am? I was on the stepladder when you rang, but I came just as quick as I could.

MRS. G.—Yes, take this silver down stairs. [*Exit Butler.*] *Turning to her husband with a gesture of despair.* I shall utterly give up. If you've forgotten that we discussed this dinner only *two weeks* ago in this *very* room, and you helped me make out the list, and—

SON [*with interest*].—Yes, and said it was a confounded nuisance and the sooner it was over the better. Don't you remember, papa?

MR. G. [*sternly*].—Be quiet, will you? [*To his wife.*] Well, who are coming?

MRS. G. [*consulting her list*].—Your brother and his wife, of course; Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor—

MR. G. [*taking his cigar from his mouth*].—You *never* can convince me that I gave my consent to having them here. Why, Ticknor's father couldn't spell his name, and he himself made his money out of baking-powder, or shoe-blackening, or something of the sort. You can see they have no culture from the bonnets his wife wears. Why you want to cultivate such people, I can't see. Are all the rest of your guests of that stamp?

MRS. G. [*leaning back composedly in her chair*].—When you have finished your tirade against the Ticknors, I will go on.

MR. G. [*resuming his cigar and standing with his back to the fire*].—Well, let's have the rest.

MRS. G. [*reading*].—Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor, Mr. and Mrs. Vorse, Dr.—

MR. G.—What Vorses? The ones that live in that distorted house on Fifteenth Street, and keep so many servants that one can never find any of the family! Now, what is your object—

MRS. G. [*calmly*].—Pray don't excite yourself about the Vorses. They declined, so I invited, in their places, Col. Massinger and his sister.

MR. G. [*brightening a little*].—Massinger, now, is a clever, sensible fellow, one that really doesn't tire me. His sister is a pleasant, intelligent woman, wears her hair parted in the middle, and isn't so abominably frizzled and furbelowed as most women are.

MRS. G. [*languidly*].—I am glad that at least two of my guests are not perfectly illiterate. But to proceed—Dr. Milford and his daughter are coming—no, Dr. Milford had an engagement, so I invited Judge Sanders for Miss Milford.

MR. G. [*pacing up and down the room*].—Sanders! It is a pity some one does not take pity on him and put him out of the world. A perfect old idiot.

MRS. G. [*sarcastically*].—Oh! to be sure. No one could be otherwise in your estimation. But to complete the list—I have asked Mr. and Mrs. Bradley and their daughter, and also young Mr. Leston, who seems very attentive to her.

MR. G.—They are nice enough people. The girl is very pretty and agreeable. But didn't you know that Milford's daughter is a rival of Miss Bradley in the affections of young Leston?

MRS. G. [*with dignity*].—I am sure I know nothing whatever about the jealousies of these young ladies, nor do I care to. But have you no further comment to make on the Bradleys? Is it possible that their house, servants, bonnets are satisfactory? I am under the impression that neither of the ladies parts her hair in the middle. [*A knock at the door. Son calls "come in" at the top of his voice. Enter butler with a note, which he hands to Mrs. G.*]

MRS. G.—Is there an answer, Blake?

BUTLER [*stiffly*].—No, ma'am. [*Exit Butler.*]

[*Mrs. Glendon breaks the seal and reads the note, while an expression of consternation overspreads her face.*]

MR. G. [*by the fire*].—What's the matter now, Alice?

MRS. G.—O, dear! what shall I do? Mr. Ticknor has been called suddenly to Chicago and can't come. How very annoying, when I had just arranged everything. It is so late now to ask anyone else, and, besides, who is there to ask? Why didn't Mrs. Ticknor decline, too? [*She leans her face upon her hand and ponders.*]

SON [*from the chest, in which he has been rummaging*].—Mamma, where is that little hammer that Cousin John gave me?

MRS. G. [*cagerly*].—Cousin John! The very person! Herbert, you must go at once to his rooms. Tell him we can take no refusal, but he *must* come. I know he will, when you tell him what a predicament I'm in.

MR. G. [*hesitatingly*].—Well, upon my word, my dear, I feel a little delicacy about asking Jack again. This is the fourth time this winter that I have rushed to his lodgings, hustled him into his dress-suit, and dragged him here to fill a vacancy. He is a good-natured fellow, and though he hates parties, would do anything for us, but I think he actually begins to fear seeing me, for he always seems nervous until he finds out what I want. Isn't there anyone else that—

MRS. G. [*half crying*].—You know there isn't. You want my dinner to be a miserable failure, because you don't happen to like the way the—

the people who are coming use their money, or—or—— [*She sinks into a chair, covers her face with her hands, and burst into tears.*]

MR. G. [*in desperation*].—Don't, don't! Jack shall come.

[*He shakes the ashes hurriedly from his cigar. They fall on the sleeping dog. Dog starts up and howls. Mrs. G. gasps. Son throws his arms about the dog's neck, and Mr. G. rushes wildly from the room.*]

## II.

SCENE.—*Ladies' dressing-room in the Glendons' house. Bed strewn with wraps. Miss Bradley is seated in chair while the maid puts on her slippers. Miss Milford stands at the toilet table arranging her hair. Mrs. Bradley at bureau putting on her gloves.*

MRS. BRADLEY [*turning to her daughter*].—Aren't you almost ready, my dear? Your papa will be waiting for us.

MISS BRADLEY [*languidly*].—Oh, yes; almost. But there's no hurry, is there?

MRS. B. [*arranging a pin in her daughter's hair*].—No, only your papa is a little out of patience, because we waited so long for Mr. Leston. [*Miss B. gives her mother a meaning glance, but Mrs. B. is blissfully unconscious of it.*] It is strange he did not come. I cannot understand it, after his saying that he would certainly be there by a quarter before six. [*Miss B. frowns frantically and nods toward Miss Milford, but Mrs. B. is now absorbed in her own hair and does not notice it.*] I hope he will come yet, for it will be so awkward for Mrs. Glendon if he does not, and besides, you—[*She looks up, perceives her daughter's significant nods, glances at Miss Milford, who is smiling to herself in the glass as she fastens on a bunch of roses, and stops short.*]

MISS MILFORD [*turning gaily around*].—Oh, I do think this is the most heavenly house! This toilet table is perfectly ravishing with the sweet little candles all around it. Oh, my dear roses! Don't they go well with this dress, Helen? Wasn't it perfectly angelic of Judge Sanders to choose such beauties? [*Glancing at Miss Bradley with a malicious little smile.*] What color are yours?



MISS B. [*coloring*].—I am not going to wear flowers this evening. [*The maid finishes tying her slippers; she rises and walks to the dressing table.*]

MISS M.—Ah! indeed! But then your dress is so perfect you don't need them. There, I must leave you. Dear Judge Sanders has probably been waiting ages for me. I shall see you down stairs. [*She kisses her hand blithely to Miss Bradley and passes lightly into the hall.*]

MISS B. [*impatently to her mother*].—Now you've given that little flirt a chance to crow over me all evening. Why did you say anything about Mr. Leston? I have fairly made my headache by frowning at you. I shall *never* excuse him for this rudeness! To be here with no escort is perfectly horrid! My dress looks miserable, my hair is frightfully curled! I wish I had staid at home! [*She pats her hair petulantly and turns away.*]

MAID [*with a courtesy*].—Mr. Bradley wants to know if the ladies are ready?

MRS. B.—Yes, just ready. [*In a whisper.*] Come, dear, look a little more cheerful. I don't want to go down with you and papa both looking like thunder-clouds. [*Exit Mrs. and Miss Bradley as other ladies enter.*]

### III.

SCENE.—Drawing-room at the Glendons'. The company scattered about in little groups. Mrs. Glendon seated near the door conversing with Judge Sanders. Enter Cousin John.

MRS. G. [*rising and cordially holding out her hand*].—Ah, Cousin John, so charmed to see you. [*In a whisper.*] So good of you to come. Do you know my cousin Mr. Hillard, Judge Sanders?

JUDGE S. [*adjusting his eye-glass and gazing vacantly around the room*].—Happy indeed to meet Mr. Hillard. [*Cousin John bows. The Bradleys enter. Introductions follow and cousin John finds himself in a corner with Miss Bradley. A long silence, during which cousin John twirls his mustache and Miss Bradley gazes abstractedly at the wall.*]

COUSIN J. [*with an effort*].—Ah, hem! I think I saw you horse-back riding Monday—no, Tuesday—wasn't it Tuesday, Miss Bradley? [*With a gasp.*] Do you enjoy it?

MISS B. [*who has been listening to Miss Milford and Judge Sanders, and has heard only "horse-back riding"*].—Oh, I go out quite frequently. It's very good exercise. [*Relapses into silence.*]

COUSIN J. [*desperately*].—I am so glad you do. Yes, to be sure, fine exercise. I—I often——(*He becomes confused and stops*).

MISS B. [*still absently*].—You must find it delightful.

COUSIN J. [*a trifle surprised*].—Ah, what? Yes, yes, certainly.

MISS B. [*recovering herself*].—I beg your pardon, Mr. Hillard, you were saying?

COUSIN J. [*looking beseechingly at Mr. Glendon*].—Don't mention it, I beg you. [*Helplessly.*] I—I—really I don't know what I was saying. [*Mr. Glendon approaches, calls Miss Bradley's attention to a curious picture, they walk towards it and Cousin John escapes to the other side of the room.*]

JUDGE SANDERS [*to Col. Massinger who is seated at a little distance from him.*].—Col. Massinger, come and help me make Miss Milford confess that it was the fad a year ago for young ladies to have sprained ankles and walk with gold headed canes during the day, but to so improve by evening that they could dance for a few hours. Isn't that so? [*He presses the tips of his fingers together, leans back in his chair, suddenly catches sight of his image in an opposite mirror, sits up rigidly, puts his head on one side and smiles bewitchingly. Col. Massinger joins them.*]

[*Mrs. Glendon, after glancing anxiously around the room to discover who it is that has not come, sees the butler in the hall and goes out to him.*]

MRS. G. [*to butler*].—One of the gentlemen has not yet come, but I must speak to Mr. Glendon before I can tell you what to do about dinner. [*She looks fixedly at her husband but fails to attract his attention, sees Cousin John looking at her and nods significantly toward her husband. Cousin John goes heroically back to where Mr. Glendon is standing with Miss Bradley, looks at him, then into the hall and begins talking to Miss Bradley. Mr. Glendon follows the direction of Cousin John's eyes, sees his wife and goes out to her.*]

MRS. G. [*to Mr. G. in a whisper*].—Mr. Leston has not come yet, and it is half-past six. I suppose we must wait, for it will make everything uneven to go out without him, but—

MR. G. [*impatiently*].—Don't think of waiting another moment. He will not come now, and if he does he ought to have the embarrassment of coming in late. I've no patience with people who cannot get to a dinner on time.

MRS. G. [*dubiously*].—But don't you think—

MR. G. [*irritably*].—No, I don't. Blake, remove one place and serve dinner at once.

MRS. G.—Why must you be so impatient? Now I do not know how we shall go out. If you would take Miss Massinger and Mrs. Ticknor—

MR. G.—Nonsense, nonsense! Of course I cannot take two. Pair them off somehow.

MRS. G. [*sarcastically*].—Oh certainly! It's a very easy thing when there's an uneven number. But pray don't let it worry *you*. [*She sweeps into the drawing room. A few moments elapse and the butler appears again and bows. Mrs. Glendon rises, indicates to the gentlemen which ladies they are to take out and leads the way alone. Cousin John and Miss Bradtcey bring up the rear. They all pass into the dining-room and take their places at the table. The hostess seats herself and all follow her example except Judge Sanders, who remains standing and looks anxiously around the table, up at the lights, and turns slightly pale.*]

MRS. TICKNOR [*in a whisper to Mr. Glendon*].—What is the matter with Judge Sanders? Is he ill?

MISS MILFORD [*looking up mischievously at the Judge*].—Aren't you going to sit down, Judge Sanders?

JUDGE S. [*nervously*].—I am very sorry, Mrs. Glendon, to—to—be obliged to make myself so conspicuous, but—but—I really cannot—it—is against my principles—I would not feel it right to—to—have you noticed the number at the table and the number of lights? [*Everyone takes a hasty glance around the table and then up at the lights.*]

MRS. G. [*playfully*].—Oh, you are not so superstitious, are you, Judge Sanders? It is accidental, I assure you, that we have thirteen at the table.

One of my guests failed me at the last moment. As for the lights, I had forgotten that three was an unlucky number, but we can easily remedy that by lighting another. Won't that solve the difficulty?

JUDGE S. [*Dropping first his eye-glasses, then his handkerchief, and growing very much embarrassed as he tries to pick them up*].—I am afraid not, Mrs. Glendon. I am more than sorry to cause this disturbance. Permit me to retire. I assure you I should much rather do so, hard as it would be to tear myself away from this charming company, [*bowing*] than to inconvenience you. [*He looks at the ladies, smiles faintly and rubs his forehead in an agitated manner*].

MR. G. [*dryly*].—Come, come, Judge, we must all die some time, you know, and each of us has thirteen chances to one that he'll not be the victim.

MR. B.—I will tell you, Judge, isn't there some way in which you can make the lot fall on one man? Now, I offer myself—

MRS. B. [*interrupting him*].—Don't talk so, please. I am not superstitious, but I see no use in trifling with such things.

MRS. CHARLES GLENDON.—Can't we walk around our chairs? I have heard that breaks the charm.

JUDGE S. [*trying to twist off a button of his coat, growing more confused and alarmed, frantically*].—Nothing can break this charm. I have seen the result of it too often to joke about it. I cannot sit down with this number without feeling as if I were either abetting a murder or committing suicide. [*The ladies turn pale and rise hastily. The gentlemen rise too. Mrs. Glendon looks despairingly at her husband.*]

MR. G. [*outwardly good-natured, inwardly fuming*].—Well, can't you send up for Miss Bell? [*Turning to the Judge.*] Does the sex of the person who fills the fourteenth place make any difference?

JUDGE S. [*putting on his eye-glasses with trembling hands and looking relieved*].—Oh, no; not at all.

[*Mrs. Glendon speaks to the butler who goes out. She leads the way to the dining-room. They converse for a few moments, when Butler appears again. Mrs. Glendon goes into the hall; Mr. Glendon follows.*]

BUTLER [*with a grin*].—Mary, she went up, ma'am, but Miss Bell say she gone to bed wid a headache.

MRS. G. [*frantically clutching her husband's arm*].—What shall I do?

MR. G. [*wrathfully*].—Do! Never invite that confounded old Judge again. [*To the butler*]. Have the maid wake up the boy; put something on him and send him down at once. That's all there is to be done. [*He scowls fiercely and turns into the drawing-room and is soon conversing pleasantly with Miss Milford. Mrs. Glendon overcomes her inclination to rush to her room and enters smiling. Interval of conversation, during which Miss Bradley sings. Enters son and heir, his eyes bright, cheeks flushed, curls flying. Pauses a moment at the door, then makes a wild dash at Cousin John.*]

SON [*climbing on Cousin John's knee*].—Oh, you dear old Cousin Jack, I'm so glad papa hustled you into your dress-suit and dragged you here.

MR. GLENDON [*hastily to his wife*].—Shall we go out to dinner again?

MRS. G. [*taking her son's hand*].—Yes, let us go. We shall all feel comfortable this time, I hope. [*All pass into dining-room and take their seats at the table.*]

MISS MILFORD [*to the Judge, with triumphant smile at Miss Bradley who sits between Cousin John and son and heir*].—What a charming escort Miss Bradley has! Do you know, I quite envy her. [*Cousin John looks alarmed, blushes and glances hastily around. In doing so his eye falls on Wallace seated on the other side of Miss Bradley and he feels reassured.*]

JUDGE S.—Ah, Miss Milford, you have plunged me into the depths of despair by that cruel remark. [*He lays his hand with a fork in it upon his heart and looks sentimental.*]

SON.—What is the matter with Judge Sanders, Miss Bradley? Is some one doing him the kindness to kill him?

MISS B. [*much astonished*].—I think not, my dear. He is, I should say [*sarcastically*], enjoying himself exceedingly. [*Conversation around the table; this remark remains unnoticed.*]

MR. GLENDON [*to Miss Massinger*].—I am glad to hear you say so, and I hope we shall soon have an opportunity of putting our theories into practice by playing a rubber against your brother and Mrs. Bradley.



[*Turning to Mrs. B. on his left.*] Do you agree to that, Mrs. Bradley? Miss Massinger and I want to redeem ourselves after our last shocking defeat at whist.

MRS. B.—Well, I don't know, Mr. Glendon. It is really such a great strain to play against you and Miss Massinger that it quite wears me out. I was so nervous after our last game that I could scarcely sleep at all that night, and since that I have been playing miserably. Twice I did not notice the signal, and once, I regret to say, I did not return the lead. It was disgraceful.

MR. GLENDON.—Ah, Mrs. Bradley, but that was a very exceptional case. When you play with Col. Massinger, I am sure you will carry everything before you again.

MRS. B. [*to Col. Massinger*].—Do you hear that, Col. Massinger? You have just been receiving a most flattering commendation—but I shall not tell you, if you did not hear.

COL. M. [*sighing pathetically*].—What have I done to deserve this? But you must relent.

MR. B. [*to Mrs. G., as the game is brought in*].—And did you really succeed in devoting yourself to foreigners, and did you not find yourselves continually surrounded by Americans, as most of us are when we go abroad?

MRS. G. [*laughing*].—We religiously avoided Americans. We ran away from any we saw.

MR. B.—You must have been continually running away.

SON [*chiming in*].—Yes, we were. Papa said——

MRS. G. [*interrupting him with great composure*].—Wallace, I think, liked Europe better than his own country. This, too, is rather a new experience for him, isn't it, my boy?

SON [*wearily*].—It's a very long one, and everything tastes so funny.

MRS. G. [*hastily*].—You must talk to Miss Bradley and entertain her, can't you?

SON [*in disgusted tone*].—No, because she keeps talking to Cousin John.

COUSIN JOHN [*answering an agonized glance of Mrs. Glendon, as she turns again to Mr. Bradley*].—Wallace, I don't believe you have told Miss Bradley about Sancho yet, have you?



SON [*sadly*].—Poor Sancho ! Papa burned him badly to-day. It was just after mamma got the note, saying Mr. Ticknor couldn't come, and she said she did not see why Mrs. Ticknor didn't decline, too, and then she thought of you, but papa said he really couldn't, and mamma cried, and then he knocked off his cigar ashes on Sancho, and——

COUSIN JOHN [*energetically*].—Oh, he will be well soon, I am sure. Tell Miss Bradley how you found him when you were abroad. [*Son begins history of Sancho.*]

MRS. TICKNOR [*to Mr. Charles Glendon*].—Oh, as much as I could any place but Chicago. Indeed, in some respects even better. The winters are delightful, but too short. I can never get my calls made by Lent, though I go out every day, excepting my day at home. But we have been very busy this year getting into our new house. It is such an undertaking to furnish it, and Mr. Ticknor takes so little interest in it.

MR. CHARLES G.—He has, no doubt, perfect confidence in your taste, but I hear he has left town. Will he be absent long ?

MRS. TICKNOR [*carelessly*].—Oh, not very. A month or two I suppose. He spends most of his time going to and from Chicago. Next winter he will live at his club there and come on here occasionally. That will suit him better than so much traveling.

SON [*who has been eagerly listening to this conversation*].—Mamma did he go to Chicago to see about the shoe blacking and baking powder ? [*Mrs. Glendon pretends not to hear and talks on with Mr. Bradley.*]

MRS. CHARLES G. [*to Judge Sanders*].—Many distinguished people were there but the crowd was something fearful. We had to wait a half an hour to get in. It is very poor taste to invite such a large number to such a small house. Ladies fainted from the heat and closeness. It was altogether uncomfortable.

JUDGE S. [*raising his eyebrows with a sigh and fanning himself languidly with his dinner card*].—Ah, excruciating, very !

SON [*in disappointed voice as butler places some glazed pudding before him*].—Oh, I thought we were going to have ice cream all frozen like flowers. Blake said so, didn't you Blake ?

*[Blake, after making a desperate effort to retain his solemn demeanor, begins to grin, turns and hastens from the room followed by another butler with a waiter full of dishes. Blake neglects to hold open the swinging door. Butler number two edges his way through, the door swings to upon them both. A terrible crash follows from the butler's pantry. Every one starts. Judge Sanders pushes back his chair with a terrified look and glances around the table and up at the lights. Mr. Glendon looks daggers at his son, who has jumped from his chair with the evident intention of rushing to the scene of action. Son subsides with an excited face. Mrs. Glendon turns pale. Cousin John raises his voice and talks steadily on to Miss Bradley. Mrs. Glendon recovers herself with an effort and follows his example. All do the same.]*

## IV

*SCENE.—Kitchen, just after the crash.*

BLAKE *[with supreme hauteur to the cook]*.—Well, let 'em pick it up now, Miss Betty. I tole you dose meddlin' niggers 'ud do somethin' wrong. Now dey's well nigh spiled all Missis bes' plates, an' it all comes f'om havin' fussin' niggers in heah for butlers. I tole Missis dat you an' Mary an' me, we could do it all ourselves, but she would have dat Petah f'om Judge Sanders', who's allus ameddlin' an' a sudgestin' in oder folks's houses. He was so put out at de ole judge not a'sittin' down, that he jest stood dah a starin' like a donkey, instead of goin' ahead as if nothin' wah de matter, as I did. W'y, he been so afeard ever sense, dat he spilled de gravy over fust, an' now's done let fall de whole lot of Missis bes' plates.

BETTY *[bustling about excitedly]*.—Wal, Mista' Blake, he won't be puttin' on so many airs dis week, I reckon, for nary a cent he'll git f'om dis yer job, dat I know. *[Looking into the hall for the maid.]* Wha's dat triflin' Mary? Heah's de whole dinner agoin' wrong. Fust an ole fool won't sit down, an' de whole dinner mus' be took off, an' now de secon' butler's broke de dishes an' spiled his dress suit, an'—*[getting*

*frantic*] O, Mista' Blake, do come an' help me off wid dis yer freezer lid. It won't come off an' dey's been awaitin' dis ten minutes. Missis'll tink de whole crowd's lef' de place.

BLAKE [*leisurely*].—Wha's dat Mary? I can't go fussin' roun' freezers wid dis yer suit on, I tell you. Heah comes Petah. [*Laughs with derision as Peter, bespattered with gravy and carrying broken dishes enters the kitchen and goes to the sink.*] His close'll suit de occasion fust rate. [*To Peter.*] Petah, as you've nuttin' else to do jest now, you might help Miss Betty off wid de lid of de freezer.

PETER [*sullenly*].—If you'd bin wha' you b'longed, Mista' Blake, an hel' dat do' open, dose dishes 'ud not bin broke, I mean to tell Col. Glendon all about it, I do. You an' Miss Mary're bin conspirin' agin me de whole evenin'.

BETTY.—Tut, tut, chillin, stop dat quar'lin' in my kitchen now, straight off, or I'll drive you every one out. Dah now, Blake, take de ice-cream, an' clar out, an' if you an' Mista' P. wan' to fight, you can jest go into de street. [*Exit Blake with the cream.*]

[*Enter Mary excitedly.*]

MARY.—I tell you now, Aunt Betty, dat ole prinker governess was—was a liah. She was jest mad wid Missis 'cause she wasn't invited down wid de big people in de fust place. An' when I went up and tole her dat “de Missis want you to come right down,” she stuck out her head wid a towel aroun' it an' say dat she had a headache an' couldn't come. [*Pause for breath.*] An jest now I rushed into her room an' pretended dat de gas in de back hall was 'scapin' an I couldn't fine no matches—an' dah she sat as prim an' mad as ever. I know'd dat she was never goin' to bed till she got her dinner if it wasn't till midnight.

BETTY.—You allus was fussin' wid dat guv'niss, instead of tendin' to yer own 'fairs, an' heah you lef' me to do ev'rything.

MARY.—Wall, I ain't goin' to take her one mou'ful till I've done eat myself, dat I kin tell you, now.

PETER [*who has been scrubbing his clothes vigorously, in an injured tone to Mary*].—If you can't be a lady, Miss Mary, I kin be a gentleman, an' I shall take de guv'niss something myself. You's allus acausin'

some mischief, an' if it wasn't for you an' Blake I'd never drapped dem dishes.

MARY [*laughing*].—O, Lord, Mista' Peter, I'se laughed 'bout dat dis yer fifty times sence I saw dose plates agoin' an' all de grease on yer new dress-suit. O, deah! O, deah! I can neber stop laughin'. [*She drops into a chair, rocking herself to and fro, and shaking with merriment.*]

[*A loud whistling at the speaking tube in the corner of the kitchen.*]

BETTY [*indignantly*].—Dar goes dat whistle agin. Now, Mary, you jist stop your laughin' at Petah, and stuff up dat whistle wid rags. If dat dar guv'niss reckons she goin' to blow us Marylan' niggers out of dis kitchen, she's mighty mistaken, dat's all. [*Betty, with a sigh, drops into a chair near the table.*] Our part of dis little act is over, an' I'se gwine to eat something heah wid Mista' Petah, an' you jist fly 'roun' an' be clarin' up dose dishes.

MARY [*who has succeeded in effectually closing the speaking tube*].—Dar, now, Miss Madcap, you kin jes' blow ter yer heart's conten', an' wait fer yer dinner 'till it comes. [*Looks with envy at Peter and Betty who are making the most of the remains of a roast duck.*] O, now, Aunt Betty, jist lem'me set down wid you an' Mista' Peta', an' den, 'pon my honah, I'll be awful spry-like. O, now, Aunt Betty! [*coaxingly, as Betty makes negative gesture*].

[*A loud prolonged ringing of the front door bell. Blake hurries into the kitchen and orders Mary off. Mary declines to go, and Blake, after a few threats and entreaties, quits the kitchen with dignity.*]

## V

SCENE.—*The company are passing through the hall to the drawing-room, as Blake admits Mr. Leston.*

MR. LESTON [*going up to hostess*].—Mrs. Glendon, I owe you a thousand apologies. Don't smile upon me, I don't deserve it. I have never before been guilty of such rudeness. I accepted two invitations for to-night,

and thinking that yours was for next week, I went out with a light heart this evening to fulfill one. On my way back, I stopped to call on Jack. The servant said he had come here. A horrible thought struck me. I hurried home, looked at my invitation and found what my stupidity had made me do. And [*penitently*], here I am, Mrs. Glendon. I don't want you to forgive me, but I felt that I must come and explain at once.

MR. GLENDON [*laughing and shaking hands*].—Well, well, Leston, we will try not to forgive you, but you must not be so penitent, if you wish us to be stern and unrelenting. Your humility is altogether too touching for our friendly hearts to resist. But come in; you need no introduction here, I believe.

[*Mr. L. shakes hands cordially with some of the guests. Looks around anxiously until he sees Miss Bradley standing in the doorway. Catches her eye and bows. She nods coldly, turns and walks to the other side of the room and takes a seat. Colonel Massinger draws up a chair and they engage in animated conversation.*]

MR. GLENDON [*wrathfully to the maid, and catching son, who is rushing excitedly into the room*].—Take that boy and put him to bed, and don't, under any circumstances, let him get out of it until to-morrow morning. Give him a dose of something or he will be sick. Don't waste a moment, do you understand? [*To his son who attempts to speak.*] Not a word, sir.

MARY [*courtesying*].—Yes, sah. [*Exit Mary, dragging reluctant and tearful son.*]

## VI

SCENE.—*Mrs. Glendon's drawing-room. Guests taking leave. Miss Bradley looks around the room, and, excusing herself to Col. Massinger, approaches Mrs. Glendon.*

MISS BRADLEY.—Can you tell me, Mrs. Glendon, where mamma and papa are? I think we must be going.

MRS. G. [*pressing her hand.*].—They were obliged to leave to attend a reception—they said they would send the carriage back for you. But don't hurry, Mr. Glendon will be delighted to take you home.

MR. LESTON [*stepping up*].—Excuse me, Mrs. Glendon, but if Miss Bradley will allow me I will rob Mr. Glendon of that pleasure. [*Looking wickedly at Mrs. Glendon.*] He ought not to leave his guests now, ought he?

MISS B. [*drawing herself up*].—You are very kind, Mrs. Glendon, but there is no necessity for taking Mr. Glendon away. As for Mr. Leston [*smiling disdainfully*], he may have another engagement for this evening, and I would not be instrumental in destroying his reputation for promptness. Thank you for this delightful evening. [*She sweeps majestically up the stairs.*]

MRS. GLENDON.—What shall I do? She must not go alone.

MR. L. [*nodding confidently*].—Leave it to me.

[*He puts on his coat and waits by the door until Miss Bradley comes down the stairs, looking more charming than ever in her light, fur wrap.*]

MR. L. [*stepping forward*].—May I see you to your carriage, Miss Bradley?

MISS B.—Thank you; I don't think it has come yet. [*She steps into a dimly-lighted recess, sinks into the corner of the window-seat. Mr. Leston follows her, and seats himself carelessly on the arm of a chair.*]

MR. L. [*in a low voice after a short silence*].—Miss Bradley, you are in no mood to hear an apology now, and I am not surprised, but I hope you will relent in time and let me offer one. You really do me an injustice.

MISS B. [*playing with the fringe of a cushion and tapping her foot lightly on the floor*].—O, you owe me no apology. The mistake was a trivial one, and I was not the one to be inconvenienced by it. What an interesting young man your friend, Mr. Hillard, is?

MR. L. [*looking out of the window*].—Yes, Jack is a fine fellow. [*Miss Bradley turns her head and looks at him in surprise. He continues to look steadily out of the window, moodily beating a tune on the back of his chair.*]



MISS B. [*turning with a sudden change of attitude and expression*].—It is I who have been rude and unreasonable and who ought to apologize. Pardon me, Mr. Leston, and do not look so displeased. [*She smiles and holds out her hand to him.*]

MR. L. [*eagerly seizing it in both his own*].—O, don't blame yourself, I beg of you. You make me feel like a criminal. I am perfectly happy if you can only forgive me.

MISS B.—Perfectly happy?

MR. L. [*bending towards her and dropping his voice still lower*].—No, not perfectly happy; not perfectly happy until—until—[*his voice sinks to a whisper*].

[*Mr. Glendon appears at the entrance of the recess after a few moments. He starts back in surprise. Mr. Leston rises quickly and begins vigorously buttoning up his coat.*]

MR. G. [*apologetically*].—Ah—I am sorry to disturb you, but I am afraid Miss Bradley must be cold in here. Won't you join us in the drawing-room?

MISS B. [*somewhat confused*].—There is the carriage now. Not cold at all, thank you. It is very late. I—we—I—should have gone long ago, but the carriage— [ *They pass to the door.* ]

MR. L. [*drawing Miss Bradley's wrap more closely around her and offering her his arm*]. We said good-night to Mrs. Glendon and will not disturb her again. Good-night.

MR. G. [*opening door*].—Good-night.

MR. L. [*softly to Miss Bradley*].—Of my three engagements to-night, I prefer the last.

MISS B. [*looking up mischievously*].—So do I.

[*Mr. Glendon closes the door, walks into the drawing-room and stands resting his elbow on the mantle and anxiously regarding his wife who has thrown herself upon a couch.*]

MRS. G.—Herbert?

MR. G. [*tenderly*].—Well, darling?

[*Mrs. Glendon bursts into tears. Mr. Glendon sits down on the edge of the couch and puts his arm around her.*]

MR. G.—Come, come, dear. It's all over now and isn't worth one of your tears. Come, cheer up.

MRS. G. [*still sobbing*].—I never had such a—such a dinner. Everything went wrong from beginning to end—and——

MR. G.—It was not a failure by any means. That stupid old Sanders——

MRS. G.—My beautiful plates——

MR. G.—We'll get some more just like them. Don't distress yourself about that.

MRS. G.—Wallace probably made ill—the governess furious——

MR. G. [*energetically*].—I'll dismiss her to-morrow without further ado; and as for that young gentleman upstairs, I'll take him in hand very soon, I promise you. The irrepressible little scamp! [*He rises and paces the floor frowning fiercely.*]

MRS. G. [*hastily drying her tears and going to him*].—Don't be angry with him, Herbert, dear. He wasn't really to blame. [*She lays her hand caressingly on his shoulder.*] He had such a beautiful time, and—— [*looking up quizzically*] his remarks weren't altogether original, you know.

[*Mr. Glendon's forehead smooths out, he gradually relaxes into a smile, and then laughs outright.*]

MR. GLENDON [*kissing his wife*].—Well, dear, we have both learned something to-night. The next time we give a dinner, our promising son shall be securely locked up the day before, and Jack shall have at least a three weeks' notice.

MRS. G. [*clasping her hands*].—Dear, old Cousin John!

BOTH [*fervently*].—Bless him forever.

FINIS

## EDUCATIONAL

THE presentation to the Trustees of the Johns Hopkins University on May 1, 1891, by the various local committees of the Women's Fund for the Medical School of the Johns Hopkins University, of the sum of one hundred and eleven thousand three hundred dollars, marks the consummation of an important work which for the past year has been engrossing the energies of women all over the country. This work, begun in the spring of 1890, was carried on with renewed vigor in the following autumn, and on October 28th the sum of one hundred thousand dollars was presented to the Board of Trustees of the University, and was accepted by them with the attached condition, that "when the Medical School shall open, women whose previous training has been equal to the preliminary medical course prescribed for men, shall be admitted to such school upon the same terms as may be prescribed for men." According to general agreement, the work of the committees was carried further, and in the additional eleven thousand three hundred dollars, raised by May 1st, we have the logical conclusion.

On April 27th of this year, Miss Mary E. Garrett, Secretary of the Baltimore Committee, addressed a letter to the Board of Trustees of the University, offering an additional sum of one hundred thousand dollars (making her total contribution upwards of one hundred and forty-seven thousand seven hundred and eighty dollars), payable on October 1, 1892, provided that on or before February 1, 1892, the remaining sum necessary to complete an endowment for such School of five hundred thousand dollars be in the hands of the Trustees, and that an agreement be made by them to open their School in October, 1892, and to give public notice of the same in February of that year. Miss Garrett also added the condition, that "if at any time it can be shown by proper legal proceedings that the women studying in the Medical School do not enjoy all its advantages on the same terms as men, or are not admitted on the same terms as men to all prizes, dignities, or honors that are awarded by competitive examination, or regarded as rewards of merit," the said sum of one hundred thousand dollars shall revert to her possession. The minute adopted by the Board of Trustees in answer is interesting as showing their kindly attitude. We will quote a short passage from it: "This Board accepts the conditions which Miss Mary E. Garrett has annexed to her proposed grant, payable on October 1, 1892, and assures her of its grateful sense of the broad and liberal spirit in which she has assisted in the establishment of the Medical School of the University."

We, as women and as students, owe *our* meed of thanks to Miss Garrett and to those who have co-operated with her in this work; and, although we may not ourselves be able to offer financial assistance toward the completion of this endowment,

we should do all that lies in our power to enlist the help of others. The great advantage of the system on which the whole work has been carried on is that the interest of people all over the country has been awakened, although the money has been proportionately small. We, as Bryn Mawr students, have special reason to take interest in this matter, because Bryn Mawr is now offering a course equivalent to that given at the Johns Hopkins under the title of the "preliminary medical course," and because Miss Thomas, of Baltimore, Dean of this College, was, with Miss Garrett, one of the projectors of the enterprise, and as Secretary of the Philadelphia Committee has been one of the most effective workers in bringing about the desired results.

*E. C., '90.*

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UNIVERSITY EXTENSION was begun in Cambridge in 1872, at the urgent request of Professor Stuart of that University. His desire was to extend lecturing and teaching beyond the limits of the University, not by single chance lectures here and there, but by systematic courses on stated subjects. Efforts had been made previous to this to give advanced teaching to the poor. After some difficulty the movement was successfully initiated, and has led to the establishment of four new colleges in commercial and manufacturing towns.

In 1875 the "London Society for the Extension of University Teaching" was inaugurated. It was greatly assisted by educational institutions in London, and an advisory board, consisting of three members from each of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, was organized. Its work was begun in the halls of existing colleges, but finding that the audiences were small, it made use of the local halls in different districts of the city, with a marked increase in the size of attendance.

The same movement started in Oxford in 1878. Courses of twelve lectures each were at first offered, but no success was obtained until the courses were reduced to six lectures, thereby lessening the expense. Since that time the movement has so rapidly advanced, that at present no courses are given consisting of less than twelve lectures.

After less than twenty years' growth, the number of "Extension students" in England has reached the sum of 40,000, with a corresponding increase of courses and centres.

The movement in Philadelphia was begun last spring, when an informal meeting was held to inaugurate University Extension in this country. Philadelphia was chosen as the centre of the new "Society for the Extension of University Teaching," as being especially suitable, because of the large number of colleges and educational institutions in its vicinity. Advances were immediately made to these institutions, and very favorable and cordial answers were received. The secretary of the Society was then sent to England to study the system there, and in the fall his "Report upon the University Extension Movement in England" was published.

The next step was to establish local centres. It was deemed advisable to co-operate, in each case that was possible, with an already existing institution, which would supply a lecture hall, and appoint a committee to organize the centre. The first centre established was at Roxborough, in the hall of St. Timothy's Workingmen's Club, where the lectures began on November the third. The number of centres now amounts to twenty-five, and it is estimated that over 50,000 persons have attended the courses so far given.

The courses vary in length from six to twelve lectures. Before a course is given, a syllabus of all the lectures is prepared by the lecturer, and printed for the use of the students. The syllabus is intended to do away with the necessity of taking notes on the lecture, and also directs the reading and study pursued by the student in preparing for each lecture, or for the examination held at the end of the course.

The lectures, however, are only a small portion of "Extension teaching." Regular "Extension students" are expected to attend the classes held at the end of each lecture, where they come into direct contact with the teacher. Discussions are often held, and the classwork is made as informal as possible.

The weekly papers are also an important part of the system. The teacher prepares questions on each lecture, to which the students are expected to return answers before the next class. Books of reference and information, obtained from any source, may be used in answering these questions, as their purpose is to incite the students to original thought and investigation. In the next class the papers are carefully discussed by the lecturer, and points of general interest raised by any student are brought before the notice of the others.

At the end of each course an examination is held, to which all that have written the weekly papers are admitted. The lecturer then makes up the average of each student's work, from both weekly and examination papers, and when the work is approved a certificate is awarded by the central body of the association. In Cambridge, a certain number of these certificates is equivalent to a year's study at the University, and entitles the holder to enter the second year of the regular course.

After a course of lectures has been given at any centre, a Student's Association is formed, with the intention of keeping alive the interest awakened by the lecturer. The students meet together every week or fortnight to discuss any books or subjects suggested by the course they have been attending. A correspondence with the lecturer is also maintained. This plan has been followed in England and has resulted in remarkably creditable work. It seems to give permanence to the local centre and to make the separate courses continuous. It also brings the students into closer relationship with one another and awakens a common interest.

The department for home study is intended for those who cannot belong to any local centre. Courses extending over seven months have been carefully prepared by experienced teachers, each of these courses, forming part of a longer one, to continue for four years. Text books and other books of reference are recommended, and



syllabi are arranged. Answers to questions made out by the teacher, theses and examination papers are required at intervals from the students. When the work accomplished is satisfactory, a certificate is to be awarded.

A journal of the Society is to be published and sent to each member of the Association.

In order to secure a sound financial basis for the Society, so long as it is in the experimental stage, a Guarantee Fund to continue for five years has been raised.

The movement is called Extension of University Teaching, because its aim is to carry education, more advanced than the ordinary public-school instruction, to every member of the community, who from lack of opportunity or money, cannot devote his or her time exclusively to study. It is an attempt to solve the problem, as to how an intellectual stimulus can be given to the men and women employed in the ordinary business of life. Whether the methods adopted by this Association will prove efficient in America is not yet determined, but the successful results attained in England are very encouraging. It is interesting to notice how many classes of people have already been reached. Many married women, some of them college graduates, who have heretofore been wholly occupied with household duties, have found it possible to attend courses of lectures, and have been greatly interested and awakened. Business men, too, have been induced to lose a part of their business hours in order to attend, not only the lectures, but also the classes, examinations, and students' associations, and write the weekly papers. Young women, chiefly engaged in social duties and pleasures, have taken hold of the work with zeal, and shown themselves efficient in organizing centres and exciting interest.

It has been found that the subject which attracts mechanics and artisans is chiefly science, and especially mathematics, whereas literary and historical courses are attended by the so-called higher classes. So far it has been impossible, in Philadelphia, to bring these two classes together, although in England it is often done.

The enthusiasm shown by the people of Philadelphia over the courses already given, promises success, and gives evidence of a strong demand for education, which has never been met in an effective way. The interest evinced by the professors of the various colleges and institutions has been very gratifying, and their assistance, given most generously, although their regular work demands the greater part of their time and strength, has been invaluable. One of the greatest difficulties in this country will be to supply lecturers, who in England have been largely taken from among the Fellows of the Universities. We hope in time to adopt the plan now pursued in England, of training a body of teachers for our particular work, but this will require much larger sums of money than we now have at our disposal.

I am indebted for my facts to Mr. Hinchman's "Report upon the University Extension Movement in England," Dr. MacIntosh's "Report on University Courses for Home Students," and other papers published by order of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching. I should like to draw especial attention to the May number of



"Book News," 1891, published by John Wanamaker, which contains several important articles on University Extension, among them, one by Professor Moulton, on "University Extension as the University of the Future."

*E. F. S., '90.*

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**A**MONG the many projects for improving the material and spiritual conditions of the unfortunate "other half" in our large cities, there is none that arouses more interest and appreciation from intelligent people than that of the "settlement." The idea, associated in our minds with Arnold Toynbee, of a company of cultivated people making a home in the midst of a tenement-house district, bringing with them all that "home" means of order, of taste and of gentle breeding, has been put into execution, not only in London, but also in New York.

The "settlement idea" is only a special adaptation of the Froebel method. The problem is: how can we persuade these people that clean orderly homes, palatable, well-cooked food and simple, neat dress are more desirable than their present squalor? (Albeit, they get the most extravagant "cuts" of meat and revel in plush.) What plan seems more reasonable than to give an object lesson in these matters? The preaching of cleanliness, neatness, politeness avails little, but the being clean, neat and polite brings about results that appeal to all the senses; moreover, the imitative faculty develops early in the race as in the child.

It was to try what could be done along these lines that a few college women decided two years ago to start a settlement at 95 Rivington Street, New York. The district is not an extremely poor one, but it offers a field of labor none the less fertile for that reason. The population is largely foreign, Jews, Italians, Germans, that, earning wages sufficient to provide respectable homes, are so ignorant, so improvident that "homes" cannot exist; and the saloon, with its mirrors and bright hangings, is the one spot of beauty and cheer in a hideous life. It is the famous tenth district where political jobbery is at its worst; and further noted for having the poorest public schools in the city (so poor that they are not open to visitors without a permit); schools so overcrowded that, though children are packed in quite beyond the limit prescribed by law, still many children can go but half the day, while others cannot be accommodated at all.

The churches, moreover (with the notable exception of St. George's chapel), working still along the conventional lines of fifty years ago, do not attract the people, few of whom ever enter the church door. Can a more hopeless environment for children be imagined?

It is here that several young women, some of them more or less engaged in outside pursuits, choose to live, remaining two months, a year or longer—as in the case of Miss Fine, of Smith College, who has been in charge of the work since its establishment. The methods of work are mainly those of the club; some for play, where indirectly the

Golden Rule is learned; others for sewing, cooking, study, etc. Among the boys' clubs, one called the "Hero Club" for the free discussion of heroes (among whom Stanley far outranks all others), and another for the study of the principles of Government, the aim of which is to teach all that is essential to an intelligent voter, are specially noteworthy.

The settlement is supported by annual subscriptions from the colleges, viz.: Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, The Harvard Annex and Bryn Mawr, belonging to the Collegiate Settlements Association, which has in addition a large non-collegiate membership. For the support of the New York settlement alone about four thousand dollars are needed annually, and as soon as the subscription list warrants the attempt, a second settlement will be opened in Boston.

For every expenditure of money and energy in philanthropy, people usually demand large and immediate "returns": although no such "returns" can yet be expected from work of this character, still even after two years there are certain "signs," that may serve to encourage us. Some of these were cited in the report presented at the second annual meeting of the Electoral Board, held April 18; for example, the chief of police of the district states that the number of boys arrested in the last year for petty larceny, window-breaking, etc., is less than in former years—due, he thinks, to the influence of the settlement. More significant than all else is the confidence of the people in the kindness as well as in the power of the "ladies" at the settlement. The variety of demands on this same kindness is amusing, but indicates that the residents are regarded as friends to be appealed to in emergencies—whether it be for the loan of a hammer or of money to save a family from ejection.

The outlook for next year is decidedly hopeful. A new departure will be made in starting a number of home libraries, a system which has been successfully tried in Boston. For these a number of helpers from "up-town" will be needed, and there will be a consequent broadening of the work in more ways than one.

H. S. D., '89.

\* \* \*

CHAUTAUQUA is one of the oldest summer schools, and yet is perhaps the least understood by those who know it through its reading circles alone. The Chautauqua movement means to many only the system of instruction by correspondence which it established. But besides the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle," the well-known C. L. S. C., which now has over one thousand reading circles, and the organ of which, *The Chautauquan*, has a circulation surpassed by only two other of our magazines, there is a large department for summer work wholly independent of the regular winter courses. For about six weeks every summer the College of Liberal Arts, School of English Bible, schools for normal work, physical training and cooking offer courses, each under the very best instructors.

The College of Liberal Arts is in the charge of men well known in educational circles. Professors from Johns Hopkins, Yale and Harvard having charge of each department. Courses in mathematics, Latin, Greek, science, history, are offered; some of them post-graduate courses which would lead to a degree in the best colleges. Most satisfactory also is the college preparatory work. The tuition is from two to five dollars a course. Teachers have regular normal courses offered to them, from kindergarden department to special courses of training for teaching higher branches.

In addition to the regular class-room work innumerable lectures are offered each summer, such as "German Literature," by Prof. Boyesen; "Greece," by Prof. Mahaffy; readings by George W. Cable and other interesting men; fine concerts. One can hardly think of a taste which could not find something *good* there.

Although the movement was sectarian in its origin, little evidence in a way the least unpleasant, can be seen. Sunday brings such men as Dr. Lyman Abbot, or Dr. Phillips Brooks to the City in the Grove, so that although people cannot leave the grounds on Sunday, this is no unpleasant restriction. The location is the pleasantest—one hundred and sixty-five acres on the lake front. Within the enclosure many people have pleasant summer homes, and think that the fact that they must have tickets punched upon exit or entrance is a very slight drawback, in consideration of the benefit and pleasure of the life there, educational and social.

*H. R. H., '93.*

\* \* \*

**A**N interesting prospectus for a Summer School of Applied Ethics has been issued. Under the name "Applied Ethics" three departments are included:

I. The Department of Economics, in charge of Professor H. C. Adams, Ph. D., of the University of Michigan.

II. The Department of the History of Religions, in charge of Professor C. H. Toy, D. D., of Harvard University.

III. The Department of Ethics, in charge of Professor Felix Adler, Ph. D., of New York.

In each department courses of eighteen lectures are offered by the professor in charge of the department, and also special courses by men whose names are enough to insure the success of the project.

The Department of Economics is especially interesting. It includes among its special lecturers such well-known names as those of Professor Frank W. Taussig, Ph. D., of Harvard University; Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Professor J. B. Clark, Ph. D., of Smith College; Albert Shaw, Ph. D., and Professor E. J. James, Ph. D., of the University of Pennsylvania. The subjects offered are of great practical interest to students of economic problems. They include lectures on the Evils of our Present Industrial System, Socialism as a Remedy, and The Better Way, Distributive and Credit Co-operation, Productive Co-operation and Profit-sharing, Workingmen's Insurance, Factory

Legislation, Housing of the Poor in London and in Paris, General Booth's Scheme for Relieving Poverty, Labor and Industrial Legislation in Europe and Chapters in the Industrial History of the United States.

The school is to be held for six weeks, beginning early in July, at some summer resort on the Massachusetts coast.

*Terms.*—The tuition, including lectures in all of the departments, will be \$10. For further information in reference either to the instruction or to the arrangements for boarding, application should be made to

PROFESSOR H. C. ADAMS,  
Dean of Summer School of Applied Ethics,  
1602 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

\* \* \*

WE ARE sorry to lose from our number Miss Umé Tsuda, who returns to Japan to resume her work as teacher in the Empress' School. Miss Tsuda is one of the very few Japanese women who have enjoyed the advantages of a foreign education. When a child she was sent to this country by the Japanese Government, and spent six years in our schools; and during the past two years she has been pursuing a course of study at Bryn Mawr College. While in the United States, Miss Tsuda has been deeply impressed by the contrast between Japanese and American women, and it is her great desire to raise the women of Japan from their state of ignorance and subjection to a more honorable and independent position. This work can only be done by native women-teachers, trained abroad, and of such there are very few in Japan. With this idea in her mind it occurred to Miss Tsuda to try, before leaving this country, to raise a fund for the education of Japanese women-teachers. She proposed her plan to prominent women in Philadelphia and the vicinity and met with encouragement. A committee has been formed for the purpose, consisting of Mrs. Wistar Morris, chairman; Mrs. Pepper, Mrs. Baird, Miss M. Carey Thomas and others. The plan is to raise \$8,000, the interest of which will be sufficient to always maintain one Japanese woman at some American college, and the college chosen by the committee is Bryn Mawr, unless the Japanese student wishes to study medicine, or manual training. Five thousand dollars has already been pledged, and the committee is trying to obtain the rest.

We sincerely hope that this movement in the interest of the advancement of women will not fail for lack of support.

*H. R. P., '93.*

\* \* \*

DURING the past winter has been organized in Boston a club that gives promise of the greatest success—the College Club. Its purpose is to supply a place for social intercourse, alumnæ and committee meetings, and accommodation during the day to the college-bred women of Boston and its neighborhood.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae took a room in Marlborough Street, which since that time every day from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. has been the rendez-vous for the members of the club. These are now more than eighty in number, and are college women residing either permanently or temporarily in New England. Former non-graduate students who have taken at least two years of a college course are eligible for election as associate members.

Afternoon tea is served every Monday, and the second Monday in each month is a guest day, when guests may be introduced to the club. Its hospitality is extended at all times to college women from outside New England who are visiting in Boston.

## COLLEGIANA

ONE of the characteristics of Bryn Mawr is the absence of such clubs and societies as are found in other colleges. Here there are but two associations, the Undergraduate Association and the Reform Club. The Undergraduate Association, as its name implies, includes all undergraduate students; its object is the discussion and decision of various matters of importance and interest in college life. The Reform Club is much less formal in organization, and its membership is not limited to undergraduates. Its genesis from the prayer meetings accounts for its informal character. All students of the college and any attendants upon the prayer meetings are members; its only officers are a committee of three, elected annually by the Undergraduate Association, to invite speakers for the meetings of the club.

The founders of the club felt that the majority of the students had very few interests beyond the all-absorbing ones of college life; there were general ideas, but very little definite knowledge of the important questions and movements agitating the outside world. After consultation and discussion, it was decided to give up, once a month, the regular weekly prayer meeting, and to have in its stead a meeting, the object of which should be to give the girls a more intimate acquaintance with someone of the social movements. The first meeting was held in the fall of 1886, and others have been held with great success in almost every month of the college year since then.

The meetings are held generally on Tuesday evening, beginning at quarter past seven, and lasting not over three-quarters of an hour. There is always an opportunity given, after the talk, to ask any questions suggested by the topic or its treatment. The size of the meetings varies greatly, depending partly upon the subject of the evening, but chiefly upon how busy the girls are at the time.

There have been five meetings this year, in November, January, February, April and May. The subjects considered give a very good idea of the character and object of the



club. One of the first talks was by Dr. MacIntosh, of Philadelphia, on "University Extension." Miss Brace came from the college settlement in New York, and gave a most interesting account of the life in Rivington Street. We were very fortunate in having with us one evening Dr. Stanton Coit, who is known so well through his connection with Toynbee Hall, London. One meeting was occupied by a talk by Mr. Herbert Welsh, on the Indian question and the recent outbreaks in the West. On May the 7th, the last meeting of the year, the speaker was Miss Grace Dodge, of New York, who gave an account of the Working Girls' Clubs.

*M. V. A., '93.*

\* \* \*

*(From Modern Language Notes, April, 1891.)*

**D**R. THOMAS McCABE, Associate Professor of Romance Languages at Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Penna., died suddenly on February 22. Dr. McCabe was an Englishman by birth and received his early training in London; thence he went to the Continent, where he spent several years attending lectures at the College de France and the universities of Rome and Berlin. On coming to America, in 1884, he entered the department of Romance Languages at the Johns Hopkins University, where he received the Doctor's degree three years later. He was immediately called to the University of Michigan as an instructor in French, and a year later passed to the State University of Indiana as professor of Modern Languages and director of the German Department. At the end of the past academic year he received a call to Bryn Mawr College, where his ability in reorganizing the department of Romance Languages won for him the high esteem of those with whom he had been associated for so short a time. \* \* \* In addition to his doctor's thesis on "The Morphology in Francesco Petrarca's *Congionere*," Dr. McCabe had written an article on "The Geste of Aubin le Bourgoing," printed in Vol. IV of the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, and he was, furthermore, a frequent contributor to *Modern Language Notes*. Not only have his friends sustained a great personal loss through his death, but the cause of international culture in America has been deprived of an enthusiastic advocate, whose devotion to high ideals was an inspiration to those who came under his influence.

A. M. ELLIOTT,

*Professor of Romance Languages, Johns Hopkins University.*

\* \* \*

**T**HE missionary work in Bryn Mawr is beginning to assume gratifying proportions, and the interest felt is deepening. The college is pledged yearly to one-half the sum needed for the support of a missionary in the foreign field, Miss Agnes Orbison, formerly of Bryn Mawr College, and now stationed at Rawal Pindi, Punjab, India.



Under the auspices of the Missionary Association monthly meetings are held for the purpose of gaining any information that may be helpful. An address is given on the life and work of some missionary or philanthropist, and the students learn to know and appreciate the efforts that have been made to reach all lands not yet Christianized.

J. J., '93.

\* \* \*

FOR the year 1891-2 there will be several changes in the various departments of the College. Arthur Stanley MacKenzie, A. M., of Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova Scotia, has been appointed Associate in Physics. The Chair of Romance Languages will be filled by Joseph A. Fontaine, Ph. D., of Johns Hopkins University, Maryland. Dr. Fontaine was educated at the University of Paris, studied at Bonn and Naples, and has taught in the Universities of North Carolina and Mississippi. Frederick M. Page, of the University of Virginia, Professor of Romance Languages in the University of the South, has been appointed Reader in Romance Languages at Bryn Mawr College.

Miss Rose Chamberlin will give her attention wholly to German, and thus that department will have the entire time of Dr. Collitz and Miss Chamberlin.

The European Fellowship for 1891-92, has been awarded to Miss Lilian Vaughan Sampson, of Philadelphia, in recognition of her success in the study of Biology, Mathematics and Physics.

The fellowship in *Greek* has been given to Miss Florence V. Keys, of Toronto University, Canada.

The fellowship in *English* has been given to Miss Marguerite Sweet, A. B., a graduate of Vassar College, and two years a graduate student in English, of Bryn Mawr.

The fellowship in *Mathematics* has been awarded to Miss Mary Frances Winston, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, and teacher of Mathematics at Donner College, Fox Lake, Wisconsin.

The fellowship in *Biology* has been given to Miss Jane K. Howell, a graduate of Cornell University in 1888, and graduate student of that college.

The fellowship in *History* has been awarded Miss Caroline Miles, A. B., of Earlham College, 1887, and graduate student at University of Michigan.

No slight feature of the College year has been a series of lectures and addresses by members of the literary, scientific and philanthropic world. Sometimes it has been an unexpected pleasure; other lectures have been arranged for and looked forward to. Among the lecturers have been

MR. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS,	MISS GRACE H. DODGE,
MISS LUCY TOULMIN SMITH, of London,	PROFESSOR RENDEL HARRIS,
MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE,	MISS BRACE,
MISS FLORENCE BARGARNIE, of London,	M. PAUL DU CHAILLU,
MR. HERBERT WELSH,	MISS TSUDA, of Japan,
MRS. KARMARKAR, of India,	MR. STANTON COIT,

DR. JOHN MACINTOSH.

THE part that music plays in Bryn Mawr college life is slight enough, yet perhaps, for that very reason, its rare entrances are awaited with breathless expectation, and its exits are made amid rounds of applause and vigorous encores. Three or four times in a winter some of the members of the college, with the help of outside friends, combine to give us an evening of music, of which we are justly proud. For these musicales—in which the voice, piano, violin and 'cello take part separately and in combinations of twos or threes as well—are really chamber concerts of no mean order. The gymnasium, too, is an unusually good place for hearing music; a fact which may possibly throw some light on the recent success of the Glee Club, in Gilbert and Sullivan's music. The Glee Club, which came into existence in the year A. C. C. 2, and was for three years guided by the hand of a professional instructor, has thus just completed its second year of self-management. A club consisting of some forty students out of one hundred and forty, especially in a college which offers no department of music, can hardly be expected to boast voices of very superior quality or even mediocre training; yet it seems to have pleased its audience in this its first ambitious attempt, and certainly so far as concerns performing the office for which it exists—namely, that of giving pleasure and profit to its members—it must be pronounced a most unqualified success.

*E. W. W., '92.*

\* \* \*

IT IS impossible to convey the slightest idea of the crowded state of the laboratories in Bryn Mawr College. A small frame structure consisting of two rooms serves at present as a physical laboratory and lecture-room. The chemical department occupies a portion of the third floor of the general lecture hall, while biological investigations are carried on in three rooms on the second floor. This department has been compelled to reject a large number of students applying for major and minor courses, as only twenty-nine desks can be crowded into the rooms set aside for biology. In addition to the inconvenience which it causes to the scientific department itself, this lack of room seriously interferes with the work of the college, forcing the other departments to do without rooms which they sorely need. Then, too, it was the original plan that the rooms now set apart for biological work should serve as an extension to the library. Since these rooms are not available and the library has become greatly crowded, it has been necessary to use part of the main corridor for this extension. That something must be done to meet this difficulty is apparent, and it is proposed to erect a new building in which all the scientific work shall be carried on. The plans for such a building have been drawn up and submitted to the Board of Trustees, and the only thing for which the college now waits is the money necessary to carry out this project.

*L. G., '89.*

## FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

*"Levius Corlice"*

## BALLADE OF FIVE O'CLOCK TEA

A ruddy glow  
 From blazing grate,  
 Fragrant pekoe  
 In cup ornate,  
 The others late,  
 A fig for them !  
 A tête-à-tête  
 At five P. M.

In gown of snow,  
 She sits sedate,  
 Soft "Yes" and "No,"  
 Eyes fixed on plate :—  
 I wax irate,  
 I mutter "Hem,"—  
 I like not state,  
 At five P. M.

Ah ! does she know  
 My pulse's rate,—  
 The pangs, the woe  
 Of long debate ?  
 I will not wait,  
 Carpe diem,—  
 I'll meet my fate  
 At five P. M.

## ENVOI.

To jealous hate  
 A truce pro tem.  
 We made all straight  
 At five P. M.

*E. C. '90.*

## AT WANAMAKER'S

Have you Lewis Morris's latest poem,  
 "A Vision of Saints ?"  
 You will get that in the Bible Depart-  
 ment.  
 I hardly think so !  
 Well, we haven't it here, but you can  
 ask at the next counter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you Lewis Morris's latest poem,  
 "A Vision of Saints ?"  
 No, but we can give you "A Vision of  
 Sin !"

## YE COLLEGE GIRL

## RONDEL

She went with hopes of fame,  
 (An earnest maid was she)  
 A college girl to be,  
 To win a glorious name.  
 Alas what woe and shame  
 Oppressed that spirit free ;  
 She went with hopes of fame,  
 An earnest maid was she.

With conquering might he came,  
 That not impossible he.  
 I'm going there to tea,  
 She's grown domestic, tame—  
 She went with hopes of fame.

## EXAMINATIONS

Digging and delving in Greek.  
 (There's my lamp smoking again)  
 Crammed till I scarcely can speak,  
 Ink gets in lumps in my pen.

(There's my lamp smoking again)

*\*Ανδρα μοι ἔννεπε Μοῦσα*

Ink gets in lumps in my pen,  
 Hector, Achilles and Teucer.

*\*Ανδρα μοι ἔννεπε Μοῦσα*

Oh, for a walk by the moon !  
 Hector, Achilles and Teucer.  
 I shall be cracked crazy soon.

Oh for a walk by the moon !  
 With just a spice of flirtation,  
 I shall be cracked crazy soon,  
 Stuck in this slow calculation.

With just a spice of flirtation,  
 But instead I've got to be meek,  
 Stuck in this slow calculation,  
 Digging and delving in Greek.

*E. C. '90.*

## THE MISTLETOE

I seem to see her standing yet  
 Upon the stair, as once she stood—  
 My little love of long ago—  
 In careless grace of maidenhood.

I seem to see her standing yet—  
 Her flowing robes were white and  
 fair;

The crimson holly berries crowned  
 The glory of her golden hair.

She leaned upon the balustrade,  
 The tears stood in her bonny eyes;  
 One little satin-slipped foot  
 A protest seemed to emphasize.

I came upon her standing thus;  
 She turned in haste to mount the  
 stair,

I caught the sight of falling tears  
 And plead her seeming woe to share.

She blushed—a rare, bewitching pink,  
 She grew more lovely in its glow !

"I left the dancing hall—because—  
 I *will* not dance the mistletoe!"

My heart beat high with sudden hope;  
 As lower drooped the golden head—  
 I took the little hands in mine  
 And, bending o'er her, softly said:

"My little love, my heart is yours,  
 You stole it from me long ago—  
 Give me the right to take the kiss,  
 Even without the mistletoe."

Ah! what she said it matters not,  
 What was my answer you may  
 guess,

But on my heart the holly leaves  
 Crowned all my life with happiness.

*'93.*

## BALLADE OF AIR-CASTLES

Pray, tell me the possible harm,  
 Whenever one's fancies incline,  
 Of seeking the quiet and calm  
 Of thought—inexhaustible mine  
 Of comfort; to wholly resign  
 Yourself without bridle or rein  
 To dreaming—Ah! sure 'tis a sign  
 Each one has his castle in Spain.

A system that works like a charm,  
 The gambler dreams over his wine,  
 The quack—an infallible balm;  
 The artist—a place on the line.

The match-making mother's design  
Lays plans for Matilda and Jane,  
The poet craves grace of the Nine,  
Each one has his castle in Spain.

Poor Pat wants a house and a farm  
Full of children and praties and  
swine;

The victor secure of the palm,  
Lacks freedom from slanders  
malign.

In whatever circle you shine,  
You sigh for some goal you would  
gain,  
Some boon you still covet—in fine,  
Each one has his castle in Spain.

#### EXVOI.

The wish for whose granting I pine,  
Pray Heaven my hope be not vain!  
Is this—that your castle be mine,  
Each one has his castle in Spain.

*E. C., '90.*

#### OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN

SCENE: *Laboratory door-way.*

LOBSTER NO. 1 TO NO. 2.—Hello!  
where 'you going, old fel'?

NO. 2 (cautiously feeling his way  
down stairs).—Going to get out of these  
girls' way. Their little observations are  
rather too cutting for me.

NO. 1.—Gracious! what a coward!  
You can't stand a little operation like  
that—when you're put under the influ-  
ence of an anæsthetic, too! You're an  
awful coward!

NO. 2.—That's all right; I'm going  
down these stairs all the same.

NO. 1.—And in all probability get  
trod on or something of that sort. Bus-  
car'll give you a lively time if he finds  
you!

NO. 2.—Do *you* think a dignified dog  
like Buscar would interfere with a harm-  
less little lobster like me? You don't  
know Buscar. Good-bye! I'm off—go  
on and get cut up if you want to—I  
don't.

NO. 1.—Well, I don't think it's cour-  
teous to run away from ladies that way.  
I'm going in and get chloroformed  
straight away.

\* \* \* \* \*

STUDENT (late for Lab., entering  
with a violently kicking lobster in her  
hand, to Demonstrator).—I found this  
creature down in the hall. Isn't it  
funny?

DEMONSTRATOR. — Very good. I  
thought there was one missing. You  
may just go to work on him, Miss——  
the chloroform has given out, so you'll  
have to dissect yours alive.

\* \* NOTE.—The chloroform never  
does give out, and the lobster seems to  
have mistaken dissection for vivisection.

#### THEY ARE THREE

A simple man

That ne'er had known the strife,  
That ne'er had breathed Bryn Mawrian  
air,

What should he know of life?

I met a handsome, bearded man,  
And he was nicely clad,  
His face was gay, ah! very gay,  
His gayness made one sad!

" Lectures and courses, little maid,  
 How many may they be ? "  
 " How many ? Three in all," I said.  
 He, wondering, looked at me.

" And what be they ? I pray you tell."  
 I answered, " They be three ;  
 The English course I take in full,  
 Greek and Biology."

" You say you take the English course,  
 Greek and Biology,  
 Still you are cramming Latin Prose,  
 Sweet maid, how may this be ? "

Then sweetly to him I replied,  
 " My courses are but three,  
 This Prose is a condition, sir,  
 With Plane Geometry.

" And Algebra and German, too,  
 Of course I must fulfil,  
 But these are just conditions, sir,  
 To study when I will."

" Geometry and Algebra,  
 German and Latin Prose,  
 English, Biology and Greek !  
 Why, everybody knows

" That three and four make seven, my  
 child,  
 Ne'er called since time began  
 Save in Bryn Mawr aught otherwise,  
 As I'm a living man ! "

" But four are just conditions, sir,"  
 " You study them ? " he said.  
 " Oh, yes ! I burn the midnight oil,  
 I rack my weary head

" To find if A's will equal B's,  
 And what is Latin ' heaven.' "  
 " Then if you study three and four,  
 Why *don't* you call it *seven* ? "

" But four are just conditions sir,  
 My *courses* are but three,  
 The Dean will let us take no more :  
 Oh ! pray sir, *don't* you see ?

" Oh ! can't you understand ? " I cried,  
 He raised his eyes to Heaven,  
 His gay face wore a troubled look,  
 He murmured in a voice that shook,  
 " *Don't* three and four make seven ? "

*Mary E Hoyt, '92.*

### CARPE DIEM

#### RONDEL

Store up the goods the happy gods have  
 sent,  
 And gather roses while 'tis called to-day :  
 Far in the West, the clouds are gathering  
 grey,  
 Heavy with chill of Winter's discontent.

Soon, ah, too soon ! our little season  
 spent,  
 Sadly we yearn for days of vanished  
 May,—  
 Store up the goods the happy gods have  
 sent,  
 And gather roses while 'tis called to-day.

Put on thy strength, my restless spirit  
 pent,  
 And in this brief unclouded holiday  
 Arm for the stress of life's unceasing  
 fray,  
 And to make most of the short play-time  
 lent,—  
 Store up the goods the happy gods have  
 sent,  
 And gather roses while 'tis called to-day.

*E. C., '90.*



A COMPLIMENT

In the morn at waking,  
 Young Thoughts rub their eyes,  
 Flitting off along the world  
 Till Mentor Memory cries:  
 "Each hour of the coming day  
 Brings many a task to do,"  
 "'Tis hard to coax them back again  
 For they have fled to you,

At the end of evening,  
 All their labours done,  
 My thoughts to watch your slumbers  
 Steal from me, one by one:  
 I cannot sleep till all my thoughts  
 Are folded safe at home,  
 So with a thousand dreams of you  
 I bribe them not to roam.

*M. P. C., '89.*

A PASTEL IN PROSE

[Translated from the French.]

I sit upon a chair—a cane-seated chair.

Before me arises a picture.

Ah! he is beautiful! His bright hair flows upon his shoulders in wavelike ripples, like to the tiny spray cast upon the beach on a summer day, when the sky above is of a turquoise hue. Through it are peeping the stars. Even as the bright eyes of some shy maiden, as the—

Alas! the picture vanisheth.

I, an old man, am left in darkness.

Fin.

*G. P., '94.*

SALTZBURG SALTMINES

September seventeenth, seven select souls started seeking saltmines. Some sought seclusion, slighting superfluous splendour, substituting scant short surtouts, scarcely skirts, safety suggesting stern simplicity, sacrificing shocked sensibilities. Sortie somewhat shyly shame-faced. Several similarly suited, sprang simultaneously saluting. Sideshaking spectacle! Somebody snickered. Such strange specimens seldom seen; splendid subjects should some satirist spy. Situation slightly strained; suddenly strain slackened, sober solemnity succumbed, shouts, screams, shrieks sounded. Silence supervening sufficiently, still smiling, seriously started. Spermacetti shining spread shadows; steps sounded softly. Scaled stairs, saw strong sentinels silent; such sturdy shaggy soil-stained servitors! Suddenly saw salt sea spreading sable surface, scintillating stars surrounding—so solemn, soul-subduing, suggesting Styx. Superstitious somebody, somewhat sensitive, shivered sympathetically. Scarce speaking, shipped skiff, skimming smooth stagnant shallows, starting silvery shimmer; seemed sad spirits seeking sombre shades. Soon slipping shorewards, sauntered somewhat slowly, surveying scene. Settled should slide, so slid successfully, shuffling, sprawling, scraping shoe-soles serenely, spasmodically seizing somebody's shoulder—singularly scatheless, sith seriously scared. Solidity 'stablished, saw sheer sink, seemingly scarce soundable. Stupendous sight! Stood speechless, stunned, startled, surprised, spontaneous sighs showing soul-stirred sentiments.

Solemn, superb, superfique surely ! Second slide somewhat steeper. Scorning sad shades, scarce staying, surmounted summit. Sapient scientists select saline specimens. Saw strange shebang—sought seats successively. Securely settled, signal sounding, shebang started. Suppose should strike sloping, shelving sides ; suppose some serious smashup, sans sagacious

sawbones, setting splintered shanks, supporting shattered systems skillfully : such startling suppositions scarcely seasonable.

Shot sunwards, shebang shaking, slewing sideways.

Sped so swiftly, soon saw sunlight.

So short, so sorry.

Selah.

*E. C., '90.*







· THE · LANTERN ·

· DRYN MAWR ·



1892





# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1892



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Treasurer

Price, seventy-five cents

Advance subscription price for 1893, fifty cents

All subscriptions to be addressed simply :

Treasurer of the Lantern

Bryn Mawr College

Bryn Mawr, Pa.



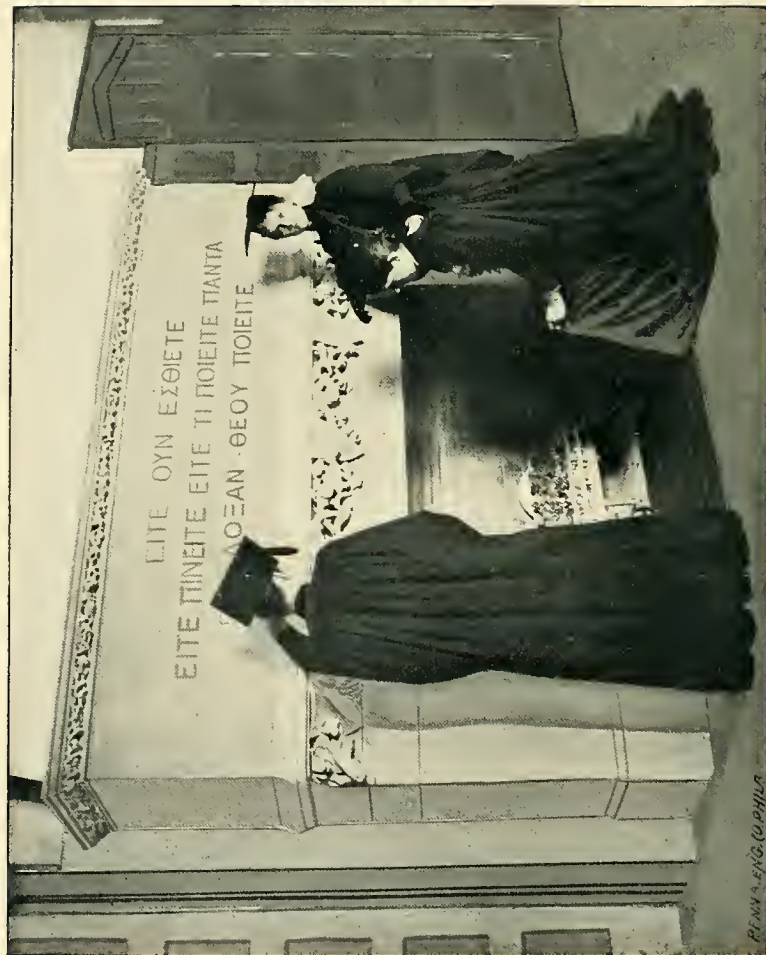
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ΡΕΛΙΝ & ΕΝΩ. ΣΥΡΗΛΑ

# THE LANTERN

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No. 2

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1892

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## EDITORIAL

QUITE apart from the professed purpose of a college course are two things, which, to one who has learned to know them, are of such value that without them the mental training would be almost meaningless. These two things are the making of personal friendships and the taking part, as one of a community, in a general spirit of working and caring for a number rather than for oneself. Of course, of these two, the chance for making friendships must stand first as one of the greatest and best opportunities that college can offer. But our enthusiasm over the greater must not lead us to overlook the second of the advantages that we have seen a college course brings with it; and it is this second opportunity that we would now speak of in particular, that of sharing a spirit of fellowship, not only with one's own college acquaintance, or even with all the members of the college at any given time, but a college spirit—a patriotism that, though on a small scale, is not unworthy of the name; one which feels a sense of responsibility that will work and plan and sacrifice for the sake of all that are in the college, or to be in it,—for the sake of the college herself, as the mother of her children.

From a superficial glance at some of Bryn Mawr's especial characteristics, it would seem that she offers certain opportunities for this college spirit above most colleges, and certainly above most women's colleges. Owing to the admirable, though mysterious "Group System,"

which allows a student to enter a class at any time that she is fitted for it, and enables Senior and Freshman to meet on the one common ground of a "required course," Bryn Mawr's four classes are not so distinctly separated from each other as those of most colleges. If the weakening of class feeling is the result it is not altogether a thing to be rejoiced in, though there is so strong a loyalty to one's class when occasion arises that it sometimes seems as though, in this case at least, we have here at Bryn Mawr the advantages without the corresponding losses. But, however this may be, there certainly exists here a strong sense of the union of all the classes that is a result of their being so mixed together in their work.

Then, too, Bryn Mawr's graduate department brings back a number of students from former classes and keeps them still a part of the college life. They join with the rest on an unbiased footing, helping with advice and practical aid, and their acquaintance with former "precedent" is invaluable in a place where that forms so important a factor in the life as it does here.

Last of all, Bryn Mawr's small size has made it possible for all her students to know each other, and though her rapid growth threatens to do away with this advantage, for some time yet none of us need be entire strangers.

Besides these reasons for general fellowship of feeling, which are especially characteristic of Bryn Mawr, we have, as is the case in all colleges, other opportunities for seeing each other. The gymnasium is open to us every Friday and Saturday evening for amusement; the tennis courts are always ready for us when the weather allows; and innumerable "teas" and other more ambitious entertainments keep us in constant communication with each other.

But the more one thinks of such entertainments, the more one sees that it is not only by all coming together that the true college spirit is roused, but by all coming together with one common aim, and with one exception we have had scarcely any chances to meet in this way. This one exception, which will have flashed into the mind of every Bryn Mawr reader, is the number of meetings, held through this year, of our new "Students' Association for Self-Government."

To be sure, there may seem to be some drawbacks to the pleasures of the social intercourse that a self-government meeting offers us. There is an ominous silence, with which we have all become familiar, when anyone walks out of a meeting, and a breathless hush that follows, foreboding ill to any member who shall dare to raise the point of "no quorum." For the difficulty of getting together the necessary quorum of "109" is, it may with all seriousness be said, one of the greatest obstacles which we put into the way of self-government. Half the trouble that the Association has had to contend with this year would have been obviated by the simple plan of every member's appearing in her place at the appointed time, that all the energy and enthusiasm which have had to be spent in scouring halls and campus to collect a few more members, and in keeping one's temper when the number fails to appear, might have been directed to the purpose of the meeting itself.

But though annoyances like these may fill a disproportionate place in the recollection of our meetings, something has been gained that no Bryn Mawr student can over-estimate, that more than makes up for the many times when we have made mistakes, when we have even failed;—we have all of us, from the youngest Freshman to the most mature graduate of some larger university, come together for one purpose and one end—that end being all possible good that it is in our power to give to Bryn Mawr.

In the last speech made before the Self-Government Association by its retiring President,—a speech that filled every student present with a feeling of the power that lay in her hands of bestowing good or ill on her college,—when the last appeal was made "for the love of Bryn Mawr," the excitement and enthusiasm were overpowering. That meeting has been in a very distinct sense the event of the past college year, and it was filled completely in all that was said and done, with the truest and warmest "love of Bryn Mawr." The awakening of so genuine a spirit as this, although far from being the end at which it primarily aimed, is by no means the smallest part that the formation of the Self-Government Association has played in Bryn Mawr this year.

Bryn Mawr has been hitherto a family. Her students have lived close together, at first in one, afterwards in two halls, and the Seniors of

'92, who entered during the last year of the régime of the first class, have been part of the college at a time when every Bryn Mawr student was acquainted with every other—when each undergraduate formed part of a whole that included no one she did not personally know.

But this year says good-bye to the last of those original four classes. Their going seems almost the closing of a tradition, at least of a personal part of that tradition that can never quite be replaced. Bryn Mawr's first seven-year cycle is over. It is not in any spirit of vain longing and regret for what is gone that we look on the new cycle just to begin. The college has grown, is growing wonderfully, and the opening of her third residence hall must soon be followed by a fourth. And the larger numbers will only increase our enthusiasm, and awaken and broaden us in hundreds of ways. Only we must face fearlessly the changes that must necessarily come with such rapid growth.

The managing of so large a body by public opinion and precedent, the authorities hitherto referred to in all matters of government, was seen to be no longer possible. We could not but feel that a precedent that had been established in the case of a few was not, perhaps, best now that we were many; and in matters to be decided by public opinion, where all were not unanimous, it was impossible for any student to find out whether she was free to take the course that seemed to her best, or must needs yield, with what grace and readiness she could, as one of the minority. There was distinct need of some formulated laws. For the moment it seemed inevitable that a printed list of regulations should appear in each study, fixed in some conspicuous position, in orthodox boarding-school fashion.

However inevitable such a plan might seem, it could not help bringing with it a feeling of humiliation after the freedom that had till now belonged to Bryn Mawr. And to some of the students the idea occurred that if we were only willing to come forward now—just at the time when it was evident to every one that a system of government was needed, and take that government into our own hands, and make our laws ourselves with the determination to enforce them, that we should have a government which we could uphold with a feeling, not of humiliation and disappointment, but of ownership and loyalty and pride.



The gratitude of all Bryn Mawr is due to the student who, as soon as the idea had met with the approval of the authorities, spent a large part of the summer vacation in getting it into working form, by sending letters about among the students telling of the plan and asking for suggestions for working it out,—an excellent way for making each one think seriously and individually of the idea.

So, when the college came together again, all were ready for the summons to a meeting “of all the students to discuss plans for self-government,” and the first of our enormous meetings was held. Enormous, that is, in proportion to the size of Bryn Mawr, for at the second meeting, when the constitution was voted on and finally adopted, it was decided that, in view of the importance of the meetings, a quorum of two-thirds of all the members should be necessary to transact business. Till this year the largest meetings Bryn Mawr had seen were those of her Undergraduate Association, which, of course, only undergraduates may attend. As no number is fixed for a quorum, the meetings, when the subject is not one of absorbing interest, are sometimes discredibly small. But in the new Association matters were different. “All persons pursuing studies at Bryn Mawr College” were members, and this included, of course, graduates and non-resident students. Two-thirds of this number formed a really impressive gathering, and we had to have recourse to the chapel as the only place large enough to hold us all.

The working of our system of self-government for this its first year has been so largely an experiment that there is little that can be stated as definitely fixed in its arrangements. The management of affairs was provided for by three officers and an executive board of five. This executive board, of which the President of the Association is chairman, drew up the body of resolutions that form our laws, necessarily covering the disputed points in regard to which some system of regulations had been seen to be necessary. Besides these points, they arranged for the election, twice a year, of three “proctors” in each hall of residence, with whom was to rest the immediate responsibility for the conduct of the students in their respective halls. For conduct outside the halls of residence the Executive Board holds itself responsible. The observance of

the laws contained in our body of resolutions is secured by fines in the case of such misdemeanors as failure to register name and address on absence from the college over night; while, in the case of graver difficulties the Association has the power, to quote from its constitution, "of inflicting penalties to enforce its decisions, even to the extent of recommending the expulsion of a member to the college authorities."

The powers of the Association were definitely fixed in the "Agreement concerning the Self-government of the Students of Bryn Mawr College," which was formally laid before the Association in January of this year, and signed by the Executive Board as their representative, and by the President and the Dean of the college. Now that the power and authority is in our own hands, it remains only for us to show ourselves not unworthy of it, and to prove that a college, which for six years was governed by public opinion alone, may still be governed by that opinion, more clearly formulated and defined, but none the less general and none the less our own.

Not that the way has been always smooth. There have been serious objections raised by some of the members, both to the plan itself and to the system that it has seemed best, on the whole, to adopt. But the loyalty with which such members, after clearly expressing their opinions, have yielded to the decisions of the majority and supported them, has made their influence in the Association, as a whole, a help rather than a hindrance. For it is here, in the union that we have all felt, and the longing to work together for Bryn Mawr now and for the Bryn Mawr that is to be, even more than in the laying down of the laws that we needed, that the Self-Government Association has played its part. Just at the time when, by the making and enforcing of laws where hitherto none had existed, individuality and public-spirited union seemed most threatened with destruction,—at so critical a moment as this in the college life, the Self-Government Association, with its new laws and new loyalty and new enthusiasm, has come in, and so fostered the college spirit that it has come to some of us like a new possession.

Bryn Mawr owes gratitude for all time to come to our first president, whose unfailing energy and tact, and perfect loyalty to Bryn Mawr's best

interests, have done more than all else put together to carry our Association through its first hard year, and leave it, we hope, now firmly set on its feet. And with her all honor is due to the rest of our first executive board, who have spared neither time nor pains in making the Association, in its aims and practical working all that we could most wish for it. At the meeting that has already been alluded to, when, after presenting our charter fully ratified, the first year's officers and executive board retired from office, a vote of thanks was tendered them, with the words that "it was the greatest cause of pride to the Association, that, as part of the document that gave us our powers, their names were to go down to the college in after years." No one, amid the enthusiastic applause that followed, could doubt the complete unanimity of the members in their gratitude.

We have all learned to know this unanimity of feeling and oneness of aim. Can we doubt that in this first year of our new experiment, with its responsibilities, far greater even than when we ruled each for herself, we have come to know in a new and most real sense the "love of Bryn Mawr"?

## SOME OLD MAGAZINES

*"Foliis notas et nomina mandat."*—Aen. iii., 444.

"HAPPY," says Hawthorne, "are the editors of newspapers! Their productions excel all others in immediate popularity, and are certain to acquire another sort of value with the lapse of time. They scatter their leaves to the wind as the sibyl did, and posterity collects them to be treasured up among the best materials of its wisdom. With hasty pens they write for immortality."

The same slowly-ripened interest attaches to those old magazines wherein, more deliberately, but with reference no less absolute to the topics of their own times, our ancestors addressed their daily or weekly audiences. In our hurried life, indeed, which makes of even the latest novel or the month's half-dozen magazines little more than a Tantalus' feast of title pages and illustrations, there is little room for the ephemera of the past. One must have made acquaintance with them as a child, must have wearied of fairy tales, and strayed away to rows of mottled volumes, stoutly bound, or to dusty boxes in the garret, where single numbers of *Godsey's Ladies' Book* lay among misspelt account books, and faded letters in the slender handwriting of our grandmothers. The shapeless sacques and embroidered lappets in the fashion-plates became credible in the sight of their contemporaries hanging in dusky disgrace along the beams; and the dreaminess of childhood, which softens the vision like the twilight under the eaves, lent a charm to the impossibly sentimental heroines and their Reginalds. As we grew clearer-sighted the fascination dwindled into amazement that such writing could be, after Keats and Miss Austen had lived, and the sentimental novel had wept itself out of literature. Thus the interest of maturer years was transferred to the magazines of hardly a generation ago, when there flourished an indescribably unique form of American fiction; when echoes of the war were near and frequent; when discriminating readers could fill up the blanks in the *Atlantic's* list of contents with the novel names of famous men now dead; and when unknown critics patronized the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and *Essays in Criticism*.

If the taste for browsing upon old magazines be acquired in early youth, it is apt to prove a lasting one. In my own case it has lately emboldened me to explore those sober and substantial periodicals of the latter eighteenth century, the *Rambler* and the *Idler*. They are not to be called light reading. Though Dr. Johnson borrowed the form and many of the favorite topics of the *Spectator*, he borrowed with them none of the volatile graces of Addison's style. Even when the tiny brown volumes of the Edinburgh edition have been picked up at a book-stall, for the sake of the quaint landscapes and attitudes in their tail-pieces, the purchaser is fain to clutch the excuse of the ancient lisping s's for postponing his perusal of the yellowed pages. Nevertheless, like Hawthorne's stained colonial newspapers, they have their own value. Do they not let us peep from time to time behind the scenes of a comedy by Hogarth or Sheridan, and give us an occasional glimpse at history when she was nothing but news? Mrs. Hardcastle and the faculty of the "School for Scandal" gain in reality when we meet their first cousins in these decorous pages; and it is no small privilege to watch fifty thousand soldiers (Mr. Harry Warrington, of Virginia, among them) embarking for the "pathless deserts of the Isle of Wight," leaving two hundred thousand ladies to "run to Sales and Auctions without an attendant," and "sit at the play without a critic to direct their opinion."

It was on the twentieth of March, 1750, that the *Rambler* first "endeavoured the entertainment of his countrymen," and his papers were published on every Tuesday and Saturday for two years. Six years after the *Rambler* had ended his homilies, the *Idler* began to discourse in less elaborated speech, whose solemn commonplaces were reserved for advising a correspondent, or pointing the moral of an allegory. The *Idler* covers, therefore, the early years of the Seven Years War, when the great Pitt was supporting the great Frederick in Hanover, and trifling with the French at Louisbourg. The first numbers chronicle the defeat of Braddock, and the petty incursions on the French coast, with sarcastic comments upon British prowess. They remind the ladies who lament the "men in scarlet" that their lap-dogs and monkeys remain. Should not these companions prove satisfactory (since even a parrot "has neither sword nor shoulder-knot") the



*Idler* suggests that their mistresses join the army. "I cannot find," he remarks, "that a modern soldier has any duties which a lady cannot perform. If the hair has lost its powder, a Lady has a puff; if a coat be spotted, a Lady has a brush." Again, following the precept "learn of an enemy," he broaches a scheme for giving courage to the troops, which he has borrowed from the French knight who trained his dogs to tear a pasteboard dragon filled with beef and mutton. "Let a fortification," he says, "be raised on Salisbury Plain. . . . Let the soldiers, from some proper eminence, see shirts waving upon lines, and here and there a plump Landlady hurrying about with pots in her hands." If the soldiers be led thither, fasting, at dinner-time, and "if nobody within either moves or speaks," they may perhaps be encouraged by the smell of roast meat to enter the place by storm. Having dined, and returned to camp, they are to go through the same exercise every day, with "gradations of danger." "Sometimes, as they mount the rampart, a Cook may throw fat upon the fire, to accustom them to a sudden blaze; and sometimes, by the clatter of empty pots, they may be inured to formidable noises." In a month, the French prisoners may be placed upon the walls; at first, "their hands must be tied, but they may be allowed to grin." Finally, the *Idler* is of opinion that "by a proper mixture of Asses, Bulls, Turkeys, Geese and Tragedians," a noise may be produced "equally horrid with the war-cry," after which crucial test the troops may be led to action as men who are no longer to be frightened.

Though Johnson himself "did not much like to see a Whig in any dress," the *Idler*, like Addison, was attentive to the evils of party-stripe, and could jest reasonably upon both extremes of bigotry. He has the same placid smile for the Whiggish apprehensions (suggestive of Barnaby Rudge and the Gordon riots of twenty years later,) indulged by Jack Sneaker, who "often rejoices that the nation was not enslaved by the Irish," and is "hourly disturbed by the dread of Popery;" and for the Tory superstitions cherished by Tom Restless, who "wonders that the Nation was not awakened by the hard frost to a revocation of the true king," and "considers the new road to Islington as an encroachment on liberty." It is noticeable, however, that the good Doctor gives the more honorable nickname to the fanatic of his own party.



The *Teller* is less observant of the minutiae of fashion, of the

“Mall of Beaux that bent,  
Of Belles that bridled;”

than that taciturn haunter of clubs and theatres, “Mr. Spectator.” In spite of his uncouthness, and frequent surliness, the Doctor had elaborated many theories of good-breeding, and could show himself, on occasion, a master of sincere and delicate courtesy, or of well-turned compliments. Nevertheless, though he had among his friends great ladies as well as “blues,” his natural place was not beside the season’s “flight of beauties.” Now and then, he notes the revival of “that ancient ornament, the bracelet,” or supports the complaint of a maid against her mistress, who hints at the candles by asking “if her eyes are like a cat’s,” and at the curling-tongs, by talking of Medusa and snakes. He sympathizes with the beau, whose mother gave him no education, because “she had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manner,” and “would not suffer so fine a child to be ruined.” He reproves a fashionable affectation by the assurance that, like Sir Hugh in the comedy, he likes it not when a woman has a beard, and must therefore warn the gentle Phyllis that she send him “no more letters from the Horse-guards,” and “require of Belinda that she be content to resign her pretensions to feminine elegance till she has lived three weeks without hearing the politicks of Batson’s coffee-house.” The greater number of his correspondents, however, are homely middle-class folk. One of them is Mr. Treacle, the grocer, who complains that his wife idles away the whole day behind his counter, putting him to charges for a maid to keep the house; whereto the wife replies, in a later number, that unless she watches him, he runs off to beggar himself at the ale-house. Another, who was “bred a sugar-baker,” is able to set up a chaise and pair; his summer diversion is to drive his friends and family from one nobleman’s seat to another, like Mr. Ruskin’s father, with the aim, however, of improving his knowledge, not of the pictures, but of the pedigrees and inter-marriages of the owners. Another, who would make a figure in the world, is young Wainscot, who promised to become the pink and paragon of eighteenth century shop-keepers; had caught the careless air with which a small pair of

scales is to be held between the fingers, and the vigour and sprightliness with which the box, after the ribband has been cut, is returned to its place; bowed "down to the counter's edge at the entrance and departure of every customer;" and made it his constant practice "in any intermission of business . . . to peruse the ledger;" but who has now thrown away his chances of an aldermanship, to dress in a laced coat, and carry silver, "for readiness," in his waist-coat pocket.

Though lines of class distinction were more rigidly drawn, social advancement was as eagerly sought in Johnson's day as in Thackeray's. Certain personages, indeed, might have strayed into the *Rambler* from the "Book of Snobs." There is the city woman, for instance, who removed to a fashionable quarter, and at once forgot her old friends, after she had pushed her way to "the card table of Lady Biddy Porpoise, a lethargic virgin of seventy-six," whom all the families in the next square visited very punctually when she was not at home. There are the callers to whom Mistress Peggy Heartless's apartments, on the second floor, furnish conversation. "Lady Stately told us how many years had passed since she climbed so many steps. Miss Airy ran to the window and thought it charming to see the walkers so little in the street." An anticipation of Thackeray's mock heroics sounds in the solemn warning, "Let no man from this time suffer his felicity to depend on the death of his aunt," uttered by the young man "untainted with a lucrative employment," who has grown so used to waiting for a fortune handed on from one spinster aunt to another, that the death of the youngest finds him unable to enjoy his inheritance.

Other forms of social ambition were less simple than these of wealth and good company. The fancy of Ned Drugget, a dealer in remnants, who had risen "to the highest dignities of a shop-keeper," was to change his dwelling over the shop for country lodgings at Islington, where he spent the tedious hours between breakfast and supper at his window, "counting the carriages as they passed before him." The frequency with which correspondents protest an enthusiasm for rural retirement, as fervent as Mr. Drugget's, would seem to bear some relation to that reawakening of romantic feeling for natural beauty which found its early expression in the works of

Thomson, Collins, Macpherson, Bowles and their fellows, and was finally to become the inspiration of Byron and Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth. Johnson himself, though he carried on a crusade against the modern Ossian, and professed little liking for scenery (which, indeed, he could hardly see), declared that he went to Scotland to behold not only "peculiar manners," but also "wild objects—mountains—waterfalls." We may guess, notwithstanding, that at a time when the landscapes of Wilson and Constable found no one to buy them, and where such lines as Thomson's

" The uncurling floods diffused  
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,  
Forgetful of their course "

and Beattie's

" The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields "

could pass for transcripts of nature, the general taste for rusticity was little better than an ignorant affectation. That the Doctor thought so may be gathered from the misfortunes of his country-seeking correspondents. "I never pitied thee before," writes to a friend, one youth, who has just alighted from his post-chaise; "I am now, as I could wish every man of wisdom and virtue to be, in the regions of calm content and placid meditation; . . . the birds are chirping in the hedges, and the flowers blooming in the mead; the breeze is whistling in the woods, and the sun dancing on the water." When this meditator walks abroad, however, he suffers "some inconvenience from the furze that pricks his legs;" and when he rides, he is cheated by the innocent peasants, and falls with his blind horse into the ditch. The enthusiastic Euphelia, a "modish lady," deluded by the reading of pastorals into a two months' visit to the country, is wondering, at the end of one week, how she is to exist for the remaining seven. "I have tried," she says, "to sleep by a brook, but find its murmurs ineffectual; so that I am forced to be awake at least twelve hours, without laughter, and without flattery." Worst of all, she cannot even "dress with spirit," for she has neither admirer nor rival.

To return from our own digression into the country, to the rustical ambitions of Mr. Drugget, we may match them with the pretensions to taste of a "City wit." Truly the despised guild of men of letters, to whose respectability Johnson's own personality had borne such honorable testimony, had risen in the public estimation, before a merchant who had often "been invited to dinner openly on the Exchange, by one hundred thousand pound men," could lock himself "in an upper room, for six or seven hours a day," to indulge an imaginary genius for "Tragick Poetry." "I would gladly, Mr. Idler," cries the would-be wit's unfortunate wife, "be informed what to think of a shop-keeper who is incessantly talking about liberty. . . . What can the man mean? I am sure he has liberty enough." Madam has no good opinion of the stage. "I went to a tragedy, which they called Macbeth, and when I came home, told him that I could not bear to see men and women make themselves such fools, by pretending to be witches and ghosts, generals and kings, and to walk in their sleep, when they were as much awake as those that looked at them."

However the profession of letters had increased in honor, it was as yet hardly lucrative. The garret was still "the usual receptacle of the philosopher and poet," says Johnson, in the delightful, mock-serious, hundred-and-fifteenth *Rambler*, wherein he explains the fable that stationed the Muses on Mount Parnassus, by a demonstration of the wholesome effects of altitude upon the brain. "I never think myself qualified," he declares, "to judge decisively of any man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of rarefaction and condensation." Nevertheless, in a treatise so exhaustive, he cannot, of course, avoid mention of the common belief, which he seeks to discredit, "that the garret is generally chosen by the wits, as most easily rented; or as remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat "the same sounds every morning, and sometimes again in the afternoon" in a monotone "always detestable to a man whose chief pleasure is . . . to vary his ideas." The theory of mental expansion is persuasive, but that of duns and small rents is more

convincing. Smollett at this time, in his account of "an assembly of greeks," in "Humphrey Clinker," called authorship "at best but a desperate resource against starving." An author without great friends to give him an office or a pension, must depend for his living upon hack-work or flattery. The *Rambler* tells of more than one hapless collegian, who haunted the coffee houses, and earned his wine by long practice in laughter.

Poverty of purse was not alone in its dependence upon the coffee-houses, full, as Congreve says, "of smoke and stratagem." Poverty of wit, also, sought replenishment there, from the abundant interchange of jest and opinion. To my mind there is a hint of Mr. Boswell, of Auchinleck—anxiously listening, with his chair at Johnson's elbow,—in the description of the "ambulatory student," who, wishing to be a man of knowledge, but not caring to spend much time among books, has "found another way to wisdom." In the morning, "he goes into a coffee-house, where he creeps so near to men whom he takes to be reasoners as to hear their discourse;" at night "he always runs to a disputing society, or a speaking club, where he half hears, what if he had heard the whole, he would but half understand;" and finally goes home "pleased with the consciousness of a day well spent." By this means such a scholar, in other men's words, hopes in time to talk himself. Then he will head a party in the pit, and play the oracle, without danger of contradiction, by discovering in Swift "an inimitable vein of irony," and in Otway "uncommon powers of moving the passions;" by "degrading Pope from a poet to a versifier, [a criticism for which we of the nineteenth century are apt to take sole credit to ourselves] and declaring his numbers rather luscious than sweet." If his aspirations reach beyond pre-eminence in conversation, he will attain, perhaps, to the anxieties of Misellus, who has lately published a book, and not only perceives himself shunned by all his acquaintance, "like the lion in the desert," but has reason to believe himself dogged by eleven painters, whom he tries to confound by changing his wig, and wearing his hat over his eyes.

Another expedient for obtaining fame without wit, was that of the virtuoso. The history of one of these diligent gentlemen is told at length by himself, with some account also of his father, who once, unreasonably, "fretted at the expense of only ten shillings," for the sting of a hornet,



"though it was a cold, moist summer, in which very few hornets had been seen." The son, coming to his fortune, disdains to cultivate a single science. He has a taste for old glass, which leads him to lament that he "was not one of that happy generation, who demolished the convents and broke windows by law." It is through his care that Britain can boast of a snail that has crawled upon the wall of China. He collects antiquities, but chooses "only by intrinsic worth and real usefulness, without regard to party;" therefore he keeps in the same drawer "sand scraped from the coffin of King Richard, and a commission signed by Henry the Seventh." The biologist of the present era may find entertainment in seeing classed with these harmless and profitless follies, other practices of the same collector. "As Alfred received the tribute of the Welsh in wolves' heads, I allowed my tenants to pay their rents in butterflies, till I had exhausted the papilionaceous tribe. . . . One of my tenants so much neglected his own interest as to supply me in a whole summer with only two horse-flies. . . . I was upon the point of seizing for arrears, when his good fortune threw a white mole in his way for which he was not only forgiven, but rewarded." Evidently the germs of modern science were already stirring in those days of Greek and Latin and little other learning. A spirit of enlightened scepticism breathes in the theories of another philosopher who has doubts of the existence of Alexander the Great; and a just valuation of the experimental method is apparent in the proposals of a third (who believes the first man to have been a quadruped)—"that, at the Foundling Hospital some children should be inclosed in an apartment in which the nurses should be obliged to walk half upon four, and half upon two legs, that the younglings being "bred without the prejudice of example, . . . might at last come forth into the world as genius should direct, erect or prone."

We are brought yet nearer to our own day, however, when we find ourselves, already in the year 1750, amid stormy discussions concerning the education of girls. True, the whole question has moved forward a little since then. Few conservatives of the present would approve of the limits to knowledge fixed by Sir Anthony Absolute, or agree with the matron who kept her daughters at the preserving kettle, lest they should give their



minds to reading, and unlike Mrs. Malaprop, "learn to use hard words." No one among us would uphold the practice of that careful housewife whose children were kept all day at their embroidery in a room lighted only by a skylight, so that, according to their disconsolate father, "Kitty knows not, at sixteen, the difference between a Protestant and a Papist, because she has been employed three years in filling the side of a closet with a hanging that is to represent Cranmer in the flames," and Dolly and Sukey are no wiser.

The opposite and more radical opinion did not, even in 1750, lack partisans whose erudition apparently outstripped that of the most learned of their feminine descendants. We can believe of Flavia, that she drove the old parson to rub the dust from his neglected Homer; and of Myrtilia, that she had to endure the civilities of young Squire Surly, only until she "learned to talk of subjects which he could not understand." But only in the imagination of her critics exists the college girl, who could, like Misothea, answer a proposal of marriage with a dissertation in denial of the freedom of the will.

In these old pages it is not only the enduring controversy as to whether learning to read spoils Betty for her broom, and Lady Betty for small talk, that savours of our modern life. Many tokens, slight but indubitable, show how fashions change, but Fashion abides forever. The buyer of bargains for instance, who now haunts the crowds of every Christmas, was already hurrying from one small dark shop to another, one hundred and forty years ago. "Whatever she thinks cheap, she holds it the economist to buy." "Every advertisement of a warehouse newly opened, is in her pocket-book, and she knows before any of her neighbors, when the stock of any man 'leaving off trade' is to be sold cheap for ready money. . . . As she cannot bear to have anything incomplete, one purchase necessitates another." She has more feather-beds than she can use, and "a late sale has supplied her with five quilts for every bed, which she bought because the fellow told her that if she would clear his hands, he would let her have a Bargain." "She employs workmen to adjust six clocks that never go, . . . and pays the rent for the place of a vast copper in some warehouse, because, when we live in the country, we shall brew our own beer."

Upon the style of the advertisements, which act like siren-songs upon this wondering purchaser,—a style not unfamiliar to our ears,—the *Idler* offers certain criticisms in another number. “Genius,” he says, “is shown only by Invention. . . . The man who first took advantage of the general curiosity that was excited by a siege or a battle, to betray the Readers of News into the knowledge of the shop where the best Puffs and Powder were to be sold, was undoubtedly a man of great sagacity and profound skill in the Nature of man.” “Promise, large promise,” he continues, “is the soul of an advertisement. . . . There are some, however, that know the prejudice of mankind in favour of sincerity. The vender of the *Beautifying Fluid* sells a lotion that . . . smooths the skin, and plumps the flesh, and yet with a generous abhorrence of ostentation, confesses that it will not restore the bloom of fifteen to a Lady of fifty.” To the “celebrated author who gave, in his notifications of the Camel and the Dromedary, so many specimens of the genuine sublime,” the critic gives warning that “the noblest objects may be so associated as to be made ridiculous.” “The Camel and Dromedary themselves, might have lost much of their dignity between *The True Flower of Mustard* and *The Original Daffy’s Elixir* ;” and one cannot but feel indignation at finding an “*illustrious Indian Warrior*, immediately succeeded by a *Fresh parcel of Dublin Butter*.”

We feel at home among the paragraphs that bear witness to an increasing passion for notoriety. The nineteenth century is not the first to enjoy seeing itself in print. The *Idler* might protest ; but it was none the less imperative,—if only to advertise the bridegroom’s stock-in-trade,—to tell the town when “Timothy Mushroom, an eminent merchant in Sea-Coal Lane, was married to Miss Polly Mohair, of Lothbury,” omitting no particular of the bride’s fortune and accomplishments. Had the lady that rode “a thousand miles in a thousand hours,” but ridden a century or so later, she might have won more substantial rewards than “all the flowers of spring,” but she could not have enjoyed louder acclamations. There is manifest no less desire to write than to be written about : “the Cook warbles her Lyrics in the Kitchen, and the Thresher vociferates his Heroics in the Barn,” while every gentleman, like Sir Benjamin Backbite, fills his

pockets "with Essays and Epigrams, which he reads from house to house, to select parties." Complaints are already whispered against the multiplication of books of *Elegant Extracts* or popular manuals of science, compiled, at no risk of originality, each one from two others.

The greatest charm of the *Spectator* is wanting to the *Rambler* and its companion; the pleasant continuity of human interest which takes most definite forms in the papers on Sir Roger de Coverley,—those gentle fore-runners of our more eventful serials,—but which in a less degree connects all the essays with the individuality of the short-faced Mr. Spectator himself. Whether the voice behind the quaint and amiable mask be Addison, or Steele, or Budgell or some other, the personality is always that imparted by Addison in his first number. The *Idler* and the *Rambler* have no such distinct physiognomy. Nevertheless, a reader familiar with that colossal portrait that Boswell drew with the fine strokes of a miniature, can spy here and there the peculiarities of the good old Doctor. When he introduces himself as the "Idler"—"because there is no appellation by which a writer can better denote his kindred to the human species," he is jesting for the moment with that native sluggishness for which at every Eastertide he was wont to offer up such penitent prayers. There is no need to tell us that he is laughing at himself again in the thirty-first *Rambler* under the character of "Sober," whose quick imagination is always at strife with his love of ease. "Mr. Sober's chief pleasure is conversation; there is no end of his talk or his attention; to speak or to hear is equally pleasing, for he still fancies that he is teaching or learning something, and is free for the time from his own reproaches. But there is one time at night when he must go home, that his friends may sleep; and another time in the morning, when all the world agrees to shut out interruption. These are the moments of which poor Sober trembles at the thought." To alleviate the misery of these tiresome intervals he has "supplied himself with the tools of a carpenter," with which he mended his coal-box very successfully; "has attempted at other times the crafts of the Shoemaker, Tinman, Plumber and Potter; . . . and finds his daily amusement in chemistry." "Poor Sober!" moralizes Johnson; "I have often teased him with reproof, and he has often promised reformation. . . .

What will be the effect of this paper I know not; perhaps he will read it, and laugh, and light the fire in his furnace; but my hope is that he will quit his trifles, and betake himself to rational and useful diligence."

The very elaboration and rotundity of Johnson's periods, so remote from the suggestive brevity of modern style, proclaims the essential quality of the man. His outward appearance, his rolling gait, his clumsy brown coat, his beneficence to his cat and to his quarrelsome pensioners,—these things are familiar to all the world; we are apt, however, to forget how often his autocratic, "Sir,"—broke in upon some speciousness of careless speech, only to show the dangerous fallacy beneath. His corresponding formula of address for a lady was, "Madam, we must distinguish." Johnson's periods, and even his long words, were necessary to his minute discriminations; he pushed his clauses into every cranny and crevice of his subject. In the struggles of debate, he might, like the unstable Greek who scandalized the elder Cato, play at making the worse appear the better reason, but his permanent convictions were just and serious as Cato's own. "Innumerable commonplace men are debating, are talking everywhere their commonplace doctrines, which they have learned by logic, by rote, at second hand," complains Carlyle, inveighing against the eighteenth century, "it was in virtue of his *sincerity* that Johnson was a prophet." Indeed, the *Rambler* would have been not merely unpopular, but impossible, had not the author of its reiterated moralities been trusted by his more earnest readers, somewhat as Emerson, Ruskin and Carlyle himself have been trusted by their own disciples.

"I hold old Johnson," writes Thackeray in the *Four Georges*, "to be the great supporter of the English monarchy and Church during the last age—better than whole benches of bishops, better than Pitts, Norths and the great Burke himself, Johnson had the ear of the nation; his immense authority reconciled it to loyalty, and shamed it out of irreligion. When George III. talked with him, and the people heard the great author's good opinion of the sovereign, whole generations rallied to the King." Nor was this authority exerted merely to prop up the established forms of law and order; conservative though he was, the good Doctor had more than one reform at heart. "What a humanity the old man had!" cries Thackeray

again. "He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures; a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners."

For two classes of culprits in particular he pleads with public opinion. Now he renews Sir Thomas More's protest against the Draconian law that dealt the punishment of death, without discrimination, to the deliberate murderer, and the starving, pilfering child; again, he relates how, in passing under one of the city gates, he was "struck with horror" by the rueful cry of "Remember the poor debtors;" and takes up the statistical cudgel to wage the war against imprisonment for debt, which Dickens was later to fight with less unwieldy weapons.

It was characteristic of that rhetorical age that Johnson should aver, before he began the *Idler*, that he knew exactly how to introduce and to conclude the series, but that he had nothing to say in the intervening papers. As we have so far been occupied only with his lighter papers, it may make our view of his periodical essays more complete, if we close this slight sketch of them with that solemn exhortation wherewith Johnson chose to end the *Idler*, on the Saturday before Easter, 1759. "I hope," he says, "that my readers are already disposed to view every incident with seriousness, and improve it by meditation, and that when they see this series of trifles brought to a conclusion, they will consider that by outliving the *Idler*, they have passed weeks, months and years which are now no longer in their power; that an end must in time be put to everything great, as to everything little; that to life must come its last hour, and to this system of being its last day, the hour at which probation ceases, and repentance will be in vain; the day in which every work of the hand and imagination of the heart shall be brought to judgment, and an everlasting futurity shall be determined by the past."

*Mabel Parker Clark, '89.*

## A MYSTERY

Once, a little while ago, 'twas so warm and still  
Down here, in this soft, dark place. Now I feel a thrill  
Darting through me. Shivering, quivering, bursts my wrappage brown,  
Struggling, striving, something in me reaches up and down.  
Ah ! it must be death, this anguish that I cannot understand.

One inch more,—I lift my head above the parted mold.  
Oh ! what rapture ! Falling on me something sweet and gold,  
Something humming, singing, moving, growing on each side ;  
High above me a blue glory stretching far and wide,—  
And I know 'twas life, that anguish that I could not understand.

*Mary E. Hoyt, '92.*



## IN A NIGHT-WATCH

THE patient had stopped his restless tossing and lay on his back in a troubled sleep. No sound broke the stillness of the room save the heavy breathing of the sick man and the patter of rain that drove against the window pane like sharp tacks. I looked across the bed at the nurse who sat with folded hands, gazing straight before her ; her head was in shadow, but her cap gleamed white against the dark curtain drawn at her back. I watched her in silence ; there was an air of quiet alertness in her attitude which chained my attention. Some time passed. A clock in a distant part of the house struck the hour ; the patient stirred in his sleep. The nurse leaned forward and moved his pillows slightly. As she sat down again she met my gaze with a full thoughtful look in return.

"He is quieter now," she said, in a low, even tone ; "the last dose is beginning to tell. You had better take some rest yourself, it has been a hard strain upon you."

I shook my head. "No, I should rather watch with you. I could not sleep."

She made no opposition, but merely remarking, "You have a long time still before you," took up her old position at the bedside. I turned my eyes toward the sick man. His head showed darkly on the pillow in the dim light of the room. Sickness had drawn stiff lines around his half-opened mouth. His features looked badly changed and enlarged in his hollow face.

I stared at him half-fascinated, half-repelled ; it was as though a stranger lay in the bed.

"He has changed a good bit," said the nurse, quietly taking up the thread of my thoughts. "It is the fever that does it." She lightly traced with her finger the sunken socket of his eyes. "Yes," she repeated, "he has changed a good bit ; see how he has fallen away here."

A rush of almost uncontrollable emotion swept over me as her finger touched his face. A moment before I had felt strangely indifferent. Foolish fancies and trivial incidents had raced through my brain during the long night watch. The room had seemed unfamiliar, the white figure in the bed

before me part of a curious dream, but the nurse's simple action stung me out of my numbness and the quick tears rushed to my eyes. She looked at me with a grave, kindly gaze. "Bless you," she said, "I have had many worse than that; you're not accustomed to sick people, I take it?"

"It is the first time I have seen real illness," I whispered, "and he is so helpless!"

"Ah," she gave me another quiet stare, "there is the woman in you. None of us can stand helplessness in men; it touches the mother in us, I guess. I never saw a woman whose heart didn't set up a cry at weakness in a strong man. Never," she repeated thoughtfully, "save once." "When was it?" I said, wiping my eyes. The nurse was quite still for a few moments. She had folded her hands in her old attitude, and was looking straight before her at the wall opposite. I thought she had not heard my question.

"I never could understand the grounds she had for acting so," she began suddenly. "She wasn't such a light thing; you'd have understood it if she had been, but I've seen her walk her boy up and down the room when he was ailing, as gentle and as motherly as you could wish for. She was always very patient with her children, and let them bother her much more than many another woman I've seen. They were fond of her, too, and when they broke their playthings, they would take them to her to mend, and she would pretend to cry over them, and then she'd put them to rights again. She was very handy at such things, and they'd all laugh together. I've seen her husband look at her at such times with his heart in his eyes, and if she would look up and see him, she would get up and leave the room. He was consumptive. I had the care of him for many a week. They were rich people and had a very grand way of living. I don't know what the trouble between them was, or if there ever was any trouble. She was always kind and gentle to him. She was to every one, but I never saw her lay her hand on him during all the long weeks I was in the house. She was very gay all that time. He said he wanted her to go out. So, night after night she would come into his room in her trailing dresses, with her diamonds shining around her bare throat, and stand at his bedside, looking down at him for a few moments, and then she would say, "You

must go to sleep now, good-night!" and off she'd go. He would not say anything, but would lie quite still until he heard the front door shut and the carriage roll down the street, and then the fever would come on and he would toss and turn until morning brought her back. She never came to his door again, but he would sit up in bed and listen to her footsteps on the stairs, as she stopped at the nursery door and listened to the children's breathing, and then went on to her own room above. Then he'd begin his thrashing around, and so on till daylight.

Well, things went on this way for a good bit. After a time she gave up going out, but would stay upstairs with the children or have people in the house with her. I didn't see much of her those days. Her husband used to speak of her sometimes. "My wife is not very strong," he would say; "she can't bear the sight of sickness. I do not think she ought to come in often to see me, do you? She is not very strong." He said this to me one day after one of his bad spells, sitting up in his chair, looking at me with his eyes burning like coals in his livid face. I was a bit unnerved myself and snapped out suddenly, "Your wife does not need to be told to keep away; she can take care of her own health well enough." I was frightened after I had said it. I thought he would strike me, his eyes blazed so, but he only cried a moment later, "You don't understand," and then fell to shaking and whimpering,—for he was very weak by this time "She doesn't understand! Good God!"

Then I made up my mind to speak to his wife. She might turn me out. I did not care, but speak I had to. So when he had fallen asleep through sheer exhaustion, I went upstairs to look for her. I found her trying on a gown that had just come home. She was in a gay humour and I heard her laugh as I knocked at the door. The children were dancing around her and clapping their hands at her beauty. When I said that I wanted to speak to her she sent them away with a kiss. "Is anything wrong?" she said, turning to me when the door was shut. "Yes, there is," I said, leaning bolt up against it. "There is something very wrong, and I want you to better it. Maybe it is not my place to speak, but there doesn't seem to be any one else to say a thing that needs saying. Your husband is dying pretty fast." I saw her cheeks grow pale at this. "You can't help this, but you can help his eating

his heart out with longing for you. I am not saying that it's your fault that you don't give him what he wants. I don't know who is to blame, but he's dying, and I want you to go to him. That's what I'm here for." She got up very still and white. "I will go to him," she said gently; "what do you want me to do? I will do whatever you tell me." Then I lost my temper. "Tell you," I cried; "are you a woman? Here is a man who is going down into the grave and wants nothing of life but a sight of you to give him Heaven, and you ask me what you are to do. Lie to him, that's what you're to do. If God hasn't put a soul into that soft, white body of yours, pretend you have one. That's what you're to do." She looked at me as though I had lost my senses. I guess I had for the time. Then, without another word, she gathered up her long red dress and ran downstairs. I followed close on her. She went quietly into the room. Her husband turned at her entrance. He looked ghastly in the firelight,—his face was yellow as wax, and his lips were grey and drawn. She drew back for a second and let her train fall from her arm. Then she went quickly towards him and stooped over his chair. He gave a hoarse gasp, caught her in his arms, and kissed her savagely many times. She did not resist him, but took it all quite quietly, and then got up with her hair all ruffled by his kisses, and the colour back again in her cheeks. "Is that what you wanted?" she said in her soft, clear voice, turning and looking at me. "Have I done it right?" He fell back in his chair with a groan like a poor stricken thing. Then she picked up her shining dress and went gently out of the room without once looking behind.

"That was the end," said the nurse; "he died soon after that. He never asked for her again, and I made no more trips upstairs. He slipped away one night when he had been unconscious for hours. I did not have to break the news to his wife, and never knew how she took it. I dare say she looked very pretty in her widow's mourning. And now, if you will fetch me that bottle on the shelf, I will give Mr. Trask his dose."

*Laurette Eustis Potts, '94.*

## CATULLUS CI.

Through many lands, o'er many a purple deep  
    Borne on, O brother dear, to thee I come,  
    To offer these last rites at thy sad tomb,  
To sigh in pain o'er ashes hushed in sleep.  
Though fate has snatched thee now from my embrace,  
    Ah! brother mine, so harshly torn from me!  
    Yet may these last poor gifts be dear to thee,  
These holy rites come down from race to race.  
Accept them, dear lost one, for that they tell  
    A breaking heart, are wet with honest tears;  
    And now and in the far-off future years  
Hail! brother mine, sweet brother, and farewell!

*Evangeline Holcombe Walker, '93.*

## ANY FRIEND TO ANY OTHER

That's the thing yonder—on the table there ;  
 Next to the Browning over on the right.  
 That's what she sent me. This is what she wrote :  
 " Do you see this box ?

'Tis home work made to catch  
 The odds and trifles of Minerva's craft  
 Needed to reparate time's ravages  
 And wear and tear of summer's journeying.  
 There's a knack (learned from my mother)  
 Of building up the structure. Just a box  
 O' the right proportions deftly cut from tin  
 (Strength you see—adhesion to the shape)  
 Pricked through with perforations o'er its face  
 T' effect the needed lightness o' the mass ;  
 This then you take and neatly cover o'er  
 With stuff o' the tannery duly dressed and dyed  
 To just the proper brownness and no more,  
 Cut with slash here, snip there o' the scissors  
 To the premeditated contour ; lined with silk  
 Of color to suit the individual eye  
 And criss-crossed o'er and o'er in stylish wise.  
 Next then conterminously baste them down  
 And with dexterity bind round the whole  
 To temper off the rawness of the edge.  
 Put piece to piece as each befits its place,  
 Make firm the edges with a stitch or so  
 And, since the being o' the thing demands excuse,  
 Look to the inside fixings. This achieved,  
 Snip ! Rip o' the bastings—out they fly  
 And there you've got a workbox fit to use.

So much for the method. Now a word or two  
 On the whyfor o' the making—a mere whimsy i' the brain,  
 Product o' sweaty sultry summer morn  
 Late gasped out here in Spruce St.

Take the gaud,  
 If so the taking please you—knowing well  
 That taking is but giving of a grace.



Mayhap 'twill chancelly serve a ready turn  
 In some cathedral town where holy thoughts  
 Afford no remedy for holey garb.  
 And when, with conscious pricking o' the quick,  
 Haply you're sewing what by chance is ripped  
 Think that a pricking conscience (pardon pray!)  
 Is reaping what it has already sowed.  
 Odds Pumpkins! And a sorry crop it is—  
 Scarce worth the toil o' the digging. Yet no doubt  
 'Twill eke me a sufficient livelihood  
 To keep corporeal vigor from decline.  
 And body nourished thus—why there's the soul;  
 'Twere none the worse for chewing on such cud.  
 (Mixed metaphor? Let pass; the meaning's plain.  
 My soul can chew when that the case demands;  
 And, if the metre here demand a case,  
 My soul's sole business is to masticate.)  
 So, to continue where the thread was broke—  
 Gastric vacuity once plenified  
 And soul cud-gluttled, then's the appointed time  
 To shake a leg and hustle to life's work  
 With girding o' loin and lighting up o' lamp  
 (With due precaution to the kerosene)  
 And eye tear-dried for vision o' the way.  
 That's needful, mark me that the eye be clear  
 And free from watery superfluity  
 Might warp the straightness o' the visual ray,  
 Muddle the pathway where the feet must tread  
 And land us, splosh! i' the mire.

Well, no more.

Action behooves us,—not mere verbiage  
 And idle, prating inefficiency  
 That wastes itself i' the utterance and is lost.  
 All good be with you ever. Now farewell."

*Edith Rockwell Hall, '92.*

## THE GENTLE ART OF TEA-DRINKING

*Naevia sex cyathis ; septem Justina bibatur.* MART. EPIG. I. 72.

Six cups to Naevia, to Justina seven.

“THERE are several arts,” says a late ingenious writer, “which all men are in some measure master of without having been at the pains of learning them.” Many a man would account himself a master, without education, of the art of tea-drinking. But, methinks, a little serious reflection on the matter will incline him to withdraw his pretensions, and avow himself but ill-versed in the fine distinctions of this delicate art. When accordingly he has reached this proper stage of humility, let him study the following letter which I received not long since. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript :

MR. EDITOR :—

It has been my good fortune of late to have my attention directed to a matter of no light import, and one on which I have hitherto but little reflected, to wit, the making and drinking of tea. Some weeks ago I received an invitation from a young kinswoman of mine to drink tea with her on the following Thursday afternoon, in that haunt of erudition and elegance, Bryn Mawr. I was a stranger to the place, but found my destination without difficulty by means of a small square of pasteboard attached to the door, on which was inscribed in a delicate female hand :

*Mistress Aurelia Pennistone*

*Her Lodgings.*

Beneath this a small sign informed me

*Importer of Oolong and Repar-tea.*

I raised the knocker ; and my call was answered by my pretty cousin, who was attired in a dainty gown, partly covered by a long garment of sombre black. On her head she wore a curious structure of black broadcloth and

tassel, which I have since been credibly informed is denominated a mortar-board. She received me with a gentle gravity, and led me by the hand into a charmingly ordered study, where she presented me to her three companions, treating me with as great a courtesy as though I had been a smart young coxcomb, rather than an hum-drum old gentleman of sixty odd years. Miss Such-a-one—I shall call them all by feigned names—rolled towards the fire for me a large leathern chair, one of whose arms was weakened by long service. She patted it with affection, saying, "We call our old friend 'the Wreck,' but we think you will find it to your liking."

While my hostess Aurelia set about the tea-making, I warmed my hands over the blaze of the coals; meantime embracing the opportunity to look about me, acquaint myself with her surroundings, and listen to the pretty unreserved discourse of her companions. These were seated in a large window-seat luxuriously furnished with plump cushions and flounced with gay flowered chintz.

The sun was setting and its last rays illumined the dim apartment, throwing their light on two pictures which I was told were the "Beata Beatrix," of Mr. Rossetti, and the portrait of a Mr. Matthew Arnold, that hung above the bookcase, with what I deemed a somewhat arrogant expression. The bookcase itself bore the legend:

*Non legendi libri, sed lectitandi*

and was stocked with well-worn volumes, among which I remarked the complete works of Lord Tennyson, two costly editions of Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley, flanked by Alice in Wonderland and Vernon Lee. Lower down were Mr. Walter Pater, Miss Edgeworth and a collection of "Sonnets of the Century" which most of all showed signs of use.

Of a sudden, the singing of the kettle attracted my attention in its direction, and I now turned all my thoughts to the tea-table, which though it stood opposite me, to the right of the fireplace, I had not hitherto observed. Believe me, Mr. Editor, I now beheld as pretty a sight as it has often been my good fortune to look upon. Aurelia by this time had donned a ruffled apron that gave her an air of coquetry which I could not but suspect had been her intention in assuming it, although she assured me with eager earnestness that it was her habit to wear it, and that too for housewifely purposes.

She was at the moment bending above the table engaged in pouring over the tea the water which was boiling furiously as it came bubbling and tumbling from the spout. Phillis, a small maiden who wore rather a timorous air, and was in no way remarkable for any charms of person, covered the pot with a tea-cosy. Thereupon she was bidden by Mistress Aurelia to fetch a grim-looking steel knife, with which she proceeded to cut the lemon into delicate pieces. Aurelia, however, seemed in a difficult humor, and was constantly protesting that the slices were not sufficiently transparent. Phillis received her chiding with a spirit of mirth and good-humour which seemed natural to the place. Aurelia noting this, said to me: "Phillis has been in college only one winter, but we think her already extremely improved in the arts of good breeding and tea-making."

Aurelia now poured the tea and handed it about. Phillis followed with a small tray of gold and white porcelain on which were laid out the lemon and sugar and a plate of small biscuits of various forms simulating hearts, turtle doves and guitars. The offices of tea-making being now completed, Phillis retired to the window-seat; Aurelia having pushed back an obstinate ringlet and adjusted her tucker, drew up a small footstool, and seated herself at my side.

"I must make you acquainted with our tea-table," she said. "The cup you are holding is 'Madame de Pompadour.' A friend brought her to me from Paris, and we gave her the name on this account and because of her tiny garlands of rosebuds and pink bands. 'Lady Teazle' is her rival from England. She is more delicate, you see, and less dashingly handsome. Then the cup with the little round feet that Brunetta has over there is *Œdipus*. We never give him to visitors, because he is apt to tumble over. This cup I always use myself, and call her 'Mayday.' She is covered with little sprigs of spring flowers, and came to me on that day as a gift. You would hardly imagine what a difference this naming makes in your enjoyment of tea. When each cup has a name and character of its own, even though I am making tea by myself, I feel that I am one of a very sociable and friendly company. But I believe that one should never drink tea alone; although better alone than with uncongenial spirits. I abhor nothing so much as a mixed tea-party, where the company has been inju-

deliciously chosen. To speak plainly, the tea is always so strong that it puckers one's tongue, and tepid at that; the delicate amber color is ruined by cream, and it is served in cups all of one pattern. Contrast such a party with one where a few esoteric souls"—here I observed Phillis look up gratefully—"are gathered round the kettle as a centre. Every member of the company has a hand in the tea-making, as well as in the conversation, which sparkles with wit. The tea-pot is of a cosy size—not one of those cheerless white porcelain affairs—while the tea itself is of the proper paleness, and steams up fragrant from the cups. Over all presides the kettle, looking like a little household god of comfort, with his crooked legs, and the clouds of steam pouring from his mouth as he hums blithely above the blue flame."

Here Aurelia paused breathless. My humour inclined me to stay and hear more of her pretty discourse, which, I verily believe, was as convincing as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make; but the time warned me that I must take my leave. Aurelia, with pretty confusion, would have it that she had been so full of words herself that she had given me no opportunity to express my opinion; but I did assure her with much earnestness that my entertainment that afternoon had been but a charming illustration of her remarks, and that I was prepared to dispute no part of her discourse.

I was so much edified, sir, by the ideas which Aurelia set forth, that I have been thinking on them ever since; and am convinced that they will not be without profit to the fair readers of your paper. I would, therefore, in a very particular manner, recommend these speculations to all well-regulated persons that set apart an hour every afternoon for tea and unaffected discourse; and would earnestly advise them, for their own good, to look henceforth upon Aurelia's suggestions as a part of their tea-equipage.

I know, sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities; so, humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage, I am, Sir,

Your obliged, humble servant,

RICHARD LOVEIT.

## HULL BAY

## I.

Thou witching, wondrous, ever-changing sea !  
A moment since thou wert as blue as sky ;—  
Now, like a lake of silver, thou dost lie  
About the little boats that silently  
Float on thy bosom sleeping peacefully,  
    (As sleeps a child ere life's fret hath begun).  
About them thy cool, salt breath, and the sun  
Touching their masts and white sails tenderly.  
With scarce a murmur farther from my feet  
Thou movest, leaving on the green beach-grass  
    Thy shining foot-prints; and thou hast beguiled  
The breeze to linger o'er thee and grow sweet  
With kissing thee. And as the still hours pass  
I dream beside thee like a little child.

## II.

Oh sea, thou art so beautiful to-day  
That, as I gaze upon thee shining there,  
I feel that I have wandered unaware  
Into God's presence-chamber. E'en to pray  
I do not wish, if I may only stay  
And worship. Oh, thou Being most divine,  
The loveliness of highest heaven is thine ;  
And little, laughing sunbeams come and play  
With thee, and fill thee full of dancing light,  
Till every dimple on thy breast doth gleam  
As if the angels, floating down last night,  
Dropped on thee all their stars. And one, 'twould seem,  
Left the soft shadows of his wings of white  
Where thou liest still, as summer clouds a-dream.

*Mary E. Hoyt, '92.*



## THE SUCCESS OF A SUCCESSOR

**I**T was the afternoon of the well-remembered Bromley-White *thé-dansant* and I had left business early with the praiseworthy intention of attending my wife there.

As I was walking across town from the "Elevated" station—and the walk there was a good bit of a journey—I was feeling slightly depressed from an unsuccessful attempt to persuade myself that I was offering a sacrifice on the altar of Society for which my business (I am a lawyer) would suffer. But as I knew at the bottom of my heart that, had I stayed in my office, I should probably have spent the rest of the afternoon vainly awaiting any interruption of my solitude from the outside world, the attempt, though well meant, was, as I have said, unsuccessful.

When I drew near my modest mansion several thoughts that the sight of home aroused in my breast—reflections on rent, (ah, happy ye who can indulge in a gratifying grumble about taxes!) household supplies, household services, etc.—contributed to increase my depression so that by the time I entered the house I felt positively melancholy.

In the hall I met the children dressed for a walk. Having received an unsatisfactory answer to their interrogations as to whether there were any bonbons in my pockets for them they departed in haste, and I was left alone at the foot of the staircase to await the descent of my wife. To those accustomed to taking women to their various forms of social pleasures it is perhaps unnecessary to state that she was late.

At length, however, I heard a rustle on the landing and my wife appeared. She wore her best, in fact her only gown for afternoon receptions. (Will some kind person inform me why, if there is no difference between an afternoon reception and a "tea," there should be a difference between a gown for afternoon receptions and a tea gown?) There was nothing new to me in the gown's appearance; I had long watched its development with affectionate interest from the date of its entrance into our family about three years ago, until the present time. I had noticed that its stature, as one may say, had increased with its years and that now a small train had

been evolved. Its sleeves too were longer and its general proportions more slender. I had once even ventured in a mild, jocular way to suggest that we might send it to Huxley as an example of the evolution of matter, but that was some time ago and I had almost forgotten the particularly crushing answer my wife vouchsafed, and had now become convinced that the gown and I were fated to grow old together.

Meanwhile, as the old-fashioned novelists remark after deliberately keeping their heroines for hours knocking at a door—meanwhile, we have kept the lady waiting.

My wife descended the staircase. If her appearance was so well known to me, why was it that my countenance assumed a look of pained surprise as my eyes fell upon her? In her hand she carried a large cluster of American Beauty roses. Before I could recover myself sufficiently to expostulate with her for this reckless expenditure she asked me in a clear determined tone to order a coupé for her immediately. A coupé! Was the world coming to an end? Was my wife, my only aid in forcing both ends to form an acquaintance, was *she* about to become extravagant? Before my trembling lips could frame a question, before my doubts were uttered, they were settled by five words.

"Uncle John is very low," said my wife. "My heart gave a great bound; whether the cause was a sudden sorrow or relief I did not stop to inquire. There are times when the little demon of self-interrogation should be firmly and convincingly informed that its services are not required. Too much self-analysis is an insult to our organs of sensation.

Uncle John very low! Oh, ye rich and venerable bachelor uncles, what would suffering humanity do without you? Our blessing, our trial, our hope—particularly when over seventy, our hope!

Knowing my wife's determined character and feeling that I had no right to hinder her in a work of mercy, I at once departed to order the coupé.

The valuable little instrument whereby one summons all kinds of useful and useless assistance, from firemen to messenger-boys, had been long ago removed from the house, as it encouraged expenditure; so I was obliged to walk around the corner for the coupé.

With what different sensations did I leave my home from those with which I entered it! The very atmosphere seemed changed; even the vacant lot on the corner looked a shade less forlorn than before.

I saw that the coupé was quickly made ready and drove back in it to my wife. When I arrived at the house I saw her in the doorway, earnestly engaged in a conversation with a young man, whose tall figure and broad shoulders I instinctively recognized as belonging to Tom de Leyston, Uncle John's favorite nephew.

I confess I used always to have an antipathy for Tom, which then instantly took possession of me. "Want's to find out what we're going to do," said I to myself. Audibly, I said:

"Well, Tom, how is Uncle John now?" He replied gravely: "I've just left him feeling rather better, but the doctor fears a relapse to-night."

"You know, Joe," he added, "my firm wanted me to go on to Chicago to-day, but, of course, I can't leave Uncle in this critical condition to go anywhere; though, as the business is very important and no one else in the office understands it as well as I, the minute Uncle John is out of danger I shall be off. So you're not going to see Uncle till later?" he continued.

I glanced at my wife, saw she had made this arrangement, and told him that was my plan.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Oh, I must be going back to Uncle John," said he, "he will be expecting me."

Upon this my wife, who believed in keeping on the good side of everyone, knowing that Uncle John always liked the family to act together on all occasions, suavely offered him a seat in the coupé. He accepted it and they drove off together.

The sight of Tom dampened my spirits for a moment, but I reflected that though Uncle John always had shown an unaccountable preference for Tom, yet he had only two nephews, and he was very just, and knew of Tom's prosperity and our necessities. I recalled to mind several times when Uncle John's generosity had been very opportunely displayed towards us and my spirits rose once more. I felt grateful to my wife that she had

arranged for me to go after her later, as I knew she could do better without me than with me, and I should have felt, as usual, extremely awkward in a sick room.

Occupied with these thoughts I strolled over the vacant house. Where should I spend the afternoon? Of course the Bromley-Whites' was out of the question. If Uncle John should ever hear of my even wishing to go there while he was so low, he was so eccentric no one could tell what might happen. Why under the sun had I come home early instead of going directly to the tea before I had heard anything to prevent me? How unlucky it was that I had met Tom! Of course, if he heard of my going to the Bromley-Whites', he would tell Uncle at once and my hopes would be ruined for ever. If I had not resigned my membership in the "Coven-try" (ostensibly to please my wife, but really to curtail expenses), I could have gone to the club. Hard luck! "How sorry Tom will be to miss seeing Daisy Sturton at the Bromley-Whites'," I thought. "Of course, nothing could tear him away from Uncle John while he is in such a critical condition." Suddenly an idea struck me. If Uncle John got better Tom said he was going to Chicago, and as long as there was any danger he would not leave Uncle's house. How, then, could he possibly hear of my going to the "tea?" Chicago may be an enterprising city and particularly well up on our social pleasures, but Tom was not likely to get hold of the information there that I attended the Bromley-Whites'. As for the report in the newspapers, they are always getting names wrong. Everybody else would take it for granted that I had not heard of Uncle John's sudden illness—in fact, how could they have heard of it themselves?

Revolving these thoughts in my mind I seized my hat and gloves, hurried into my coat, caught the next car and in a quarter of an hour was at the Bromley-Whites'.

As I entered the room, softly lighted, flower-scented, I inwardly congratulated myself on my pluck and logic. Of course everyone was there. The punch was excellent. Somehow it struck me I had not seen so many pretty girls receiving in a long time. Daisy Sturton was looking particularly well in yellow, with a huge bunch of orchids which I was positive Tom had sent her. I could not resist the temptation of telling her what a

shame it was I couldn't persuade Tom to come along with me, but he thought these receptions "such a beastly bore."

Well, I was enjoying myself to the full when my eye fell on a familiar figure at the door, and the butler announced in unmistakable accents: "Mr. Thomas de Leyston."

The glass of punch I was holding nearly fell to the floor. Tom glanced around the room, recognized me at once with a cordial nod, walked over to Daisy Sturton, said a few words to her, glanced at his watch, stayed a few minutes longer and then departed.

O ye gods, what were my feelings! My one idea was "What will Uncle John say?" How I left, how I reached home I do not know. That night was simply torture to me. I remember gloomily reflecting on Tom's prosperity and promising career, and reviewing the many cases I had known of wealthy persons leaving all they possessed to their richest relations. There was Billy Churchill, the poorest member of his family, who never had a cent left him when his rich aunt died; then there was old Martin Brown, who deliberately passed over his son's poor widow and gave all he had to Baring Brown who, heaven knows, never wanted for anything in his life. Numbers of such dispiriting instances rose in my mind and I came to the mournful conclusion that whatever Scriptural doctrines the rich held to in life, when death came they all seemed determined to fulfil the prophecy "to him that hath shall be given."

The next day Uncle John died. I was really very sad over the event. He had always been kind to us, but I had my doubts as to what would happen when Tom had the money. Uncle John was fiery and eccentric, but then he could be managed, while Tom——

The day the will was read I felt like a criminal. I would hardly speak to the relatives assembled to hear it. Finally the family lawyer cleared his throat and began to announce the "Last Will and Testament of John de Leyston."

I tried to think of some congratulation to give Tom. Meanwhile all the petty legacies and small bequests were being read. My name was not yet mentioned. Was I to be cut off entirely? The family lawyer paused, wiped his eye-glass, put it on again, and continued reading: "I hereby

give and bequeath the remainder of my property, both real and personal, to "—strained anxiety on the part of all except Tom and myself, who sat gazing at each other with a ghastly stare—"to my beloved nephew, Joseph de Leyston."

I forget what happened next exactly. I know my wife burst out crying, that there was a great hubbub, that the family lawyer came up with his first choice respectful expression on (which he had never condescended to assume before for my benefit) and that some of the relatives congratulated me in the very terms in which I had intended to congratulate Tom.

How did it happen? Well, you see the explanation is quite simple to one accustomed to dear old Uncle John's peculiarities. It seems that on the morning of the day of the Bromley-Whites' tea, after his first attack, Uncle John rallied, and he and Tom began to discuss me and my affairs. He told Tom he had divided the property between his two nephews, as his sense of justice would not allow him to give an unmarried man like Tom more than myself. Then my uncle, who was fond of making sarcastic speeches, remarked that he would like to know how I would bear the news of his illness. Tom immediately bet that the report would have no effect whatever on me, and that it would not even hinder me from attending the Bromley-Whites' tea.

Tom is a clever fellow and he thought he knew Uncle John pretty well, but he overreached himself. As he expected, the old gentleman fired up and immediately bet that, no matter how black I was, nothing would induce me to be seen there; and finally he worked himself up to such a pitch that he declared Tom must go around to the tea that afternoon and find out if I had been there. Whereupon Tom comes up to see us, manages things so that I am left with the whole afternoon on my hands, leaves my wife at Uncle John's and departs to witness my iniquity with his own eyes.

Tom ought to have known Uncle John better than to return and report to him triumphantly the success of his own predictions. My uncle's indignation on hearing that I was at the Bromley-Whites' sank into insignificance beside his rage that Tom had got the better of him. He immediately flew into a passion, accused Tom of deliberately planning to ruin the



reputation of the only respectable nephew he ever had, and vowed that Tom had got up the whole discussion as an excuse to go to the Bromley-Whites' himself just to see "that little idiot Marguerite Sturton." In a short time my uncle was so successful in rousing the de Leyston temper in Tom that a fine specimen of what is vulgarly called a family quarrel was exhibited, the result of which was that Tom was cut off without a shilling, while I—well, there are few positions in life pleasanter than occupying the shoes of a rich old uncle.

I always respected and admired Uncle John's views. However, I had no idea his opinion carried so much weight and was so generally accepted, yet since hearing of his regard for me, as indicated in his last wishes, people have shown me more consideration than I ever expected would fall to my lot. Why, only the other day, didn't poor Billy Churchill apologize for buying two afternoon papers instead of one (where he got the means is a mystery to me) and thus keeping me waiting for the newsboy? Poor Billy! If Luck ever met him face to face he would not recognize her!

I have not an enemy in the world. Tom was inclined at first to make himself disagreeable, but he soon came to the conclusion that one family quarrel was all the luxury in that line that he could afford himself, and we are now good friends.

Talk about rose-colored spectacles improving one's view of the world, there is nothing for that purpose equal to gold-rimmed eyeglasses. Dear me! There is the carriage waiting. My wife insists on dragging me down to Tiffany's to choose a wedding present for Tom and Daisy.

What a pleasant sensation it gives one to think that some experiences exist only as memories!

I have risen even in my wife's estimation. The other day she actually remarked: "Well, Joseph, you have turned out a success after all!" What more can a man want? Yes, it is quite true that "Nothing succeeds like success," and I should like to amend this to read—and my 'should likes' are important now—"Nothing succeeds like the success of a successor."

*Estelle Reid, '94.*

TRANSLATIONS<sup>1</sup>

Two chambers has the heart,  
Where dwell  
Sorrow and Joy, apart.

Now watches Joy in this,  
Now sleeps  
Sorrow, at rest, in his.

O Joy of mine, beware !  
Speak low  
Lest thou awaken Care !

*From the German of Neumann.*

A lonely fir-tree slumbers  
On a desolate northern height.  
The ice and snow have wrapped him  
In a covering cold and white.

He is dreaming of a palm-tree,  
That far in the morning-land  
Lonely and silent sorrows  
In the burning desert sand.

*From the German of Heine.*

As the moon's reflection quivers  
On the wild waves of the sea,  
While herself o'er heights of heaven  
Wanders ever, safe and free,—

So on heights apart thou dwellest,  
Darling, only here below  
In my heart thine image trembles,  
For my own heart trembles so.

*From the German of Heine.*

*Emma Stansbury Wins, '94.*

## A WINTER IN BERLIN

“WHAT brought (or took) you to Germany? To Berlin? How did you gain admission to lectures in Berlin University? What have been your experiences? How do the students act toward you? What are the prospects for other women who may endeavor to repeat your experiment? What is your opinion as to the advisability of such attempts?”

Although these questions have been answered many times, both orally and by letter, various false impressions seem, nevertheless, to exist among those who are pleased to view my presence in the University of Berlin as a matter of some public interest. This attempt at an article is made, therefore, not merely to show appreciation of the honor done me by the editors of THE LANTERN, but also in the hope to correct in some measure these false impressions.

I came to Germany to see Germany and the Germans, to acquire a needed case in the use of the German language, to see something of a German University, and to gain acquaintance with German methods of presenting Mathematics.

Berlin was chosen as place of residence for the first few weeks or months, as the case might be, for the simple reason that I knew of people here who would kindly take me in charge till I should have learned to take care of myself in a foreign land.

To the third question I sometimes make answer, “By the favor of the gods.” If that sounds too conceited, then read the answer, “Fate,” “Accident,” or what you will.

In America, I had heard that a woman was occasionally permitted, as an exceptional favor, to become a sort of supposed-to-be-invisible guest in lectures in some universities of Germany; *that in Berlin, however, all effort to secure such exceptional privilege would be utterly useless.* Accordingly, from time to time during the summer of '91, I made inquiries of various prominent Professors of Mathematics elsewhere than in Berlin; result, a collection of letters now treasured as *souvenirs*, no show of hope for me

except in Leipzig, where the work in Mathematics was not exactly suited to my purpose, and a state of mind well adapted to lead to suicide.

Having nursed my despair till the University had officially opened, I concluded to seek a long-desired interview with Prof. Fuchs and "view the prospect o'er" for myself. Prof. Fuchs did not politely "thank me for the honor, etc., while regretting to be unable to admit a woman to his lectures;" he did not assure me Mathematics was a difficult subject which women, for the most part, could not comprehend (as one Professor had written); he did not, as the Rector of one University did, advise me to apply to the Ministerium, and accompany his advice with the assurance that my request would not be granted; he did not make me feel that a woman possessed of interest in Mathematics was a sort of natural curiosity, whose existence demanded explanation. He asked me in his quiet, restful way, what I had done in Mathematics and under whose instruction, talked a minute or two about Briot and Bouquet's *Fonctions Elliptiques*, and told me to ask the Rector of the University whether a way could not be found to favor my petition.

The Rector requested me to send him a written petition, and expressed a willingness to bring my case before the University Senate. Ten days later he answered my petition, to the effect that, on the strength of Prof. Fuchs' warm advocacy of my cause, he had resolved to take upon himself the responsibility of allowing me to attend lectures until the Senate should meet, provided,—of course, the men whose lectures I wished to hear should have no objections.

A month later I received a second letter, to the effect that the Senate could not sanction my admission to lectures, it having been discovered, in the meantime, that, since the exception of a similar nature, sanctioned by the Senate in 1884, the *Ministerium* had strictly, specifically forbidden even exceptions of this nature. The Rector very kindly assured me, however, that he would assume the personal responsibility, and permit me to continue to the end of the semester.

Had it not been for the information deterring me from effort in Berlin till the last minute, my petition would have been made in time for the Senate to act before lectures began, and I should probably not have seen

inside of a lecture-room. The change that had just taken place in the rectorship is reported to have been exceptionally fortunate for my cause. It was, at least, not *un*fortunate for me that Prof. Fuchs and Rector Foerster had forgotten about that special edict of a former Cultus Minister. My teacher of German happened to be a friend of Prof. Fuchs' sister-in-law, and kindly recommended me. Then a dozen other circumstances seemed "just to happen so," but happened so much better than I could have planned, that I attribute my happy semester in Berlin University to the "favor of the gods."

Some one may reflect, "Is it not strange that she says 'happy semester?' I thought the students had annoyed her so much." The origin of this report, widely circulated in America, remains to this day a mystery to me. I assume, on general principles, that there are students who look with disfavor upon anything pointing in the direction of "co-education" in Germany; what *per cent.* of the Berlin students belong to this class I have not the data for computing, but the number of those who have annoyed me I can reckon to a nicety—the number is zero. To the best of my knowledge, the number of those who have *attempted* to annoy me is also zero. Those students with whom I have the pleasure of personal acquaintance, have shown me far more kindly consideration than mere politeness demanded; between every other student and myself the relation has ever been that of two persons, each of whom quietly attends to his own affairs and permits the other to do the same. I repeat most emphatically, I have suffered no disturbance whatever.

I attended the University, however, rather more for the sake of Mathematics than for the sake of seeing what the students would do, and consider it not impossible that I might have said "happy semester," even if a student now and then had reminded me of my failure to secure his permission before entering the consecrated precincts. Not only was the work, for the work's sake, suited to my purposes, but the method of presentation pleased me greatly, and my cause for gratitude would not be small, had I gained nothing except the privilege of hearing lectures. This privilege, however, was not all. The spirit of kindness and helpfulness shown at the beginning has manifested itself on every hand to the present time. Rector

Foerster's action toward me seems to justify what the students tell me regarding my presence in the University, "Der Rector ist sehr dafür." The various Professors whom I have had the honor of meeting have shown a kindly interest in my work; Dr. Schlesinger, the only instructor other than Prof. Fuchs whose lectures I attended, has been kindness itself; the students could scarcely have treated me better than they have done; and Prof. Fuchs . . . words fail me when I would describe what he has been to me. The thoughtful consideration, the ever-ready helpfulness, the innate goodness of Prof. Fuchs and his family, have put me under obligations of gratitude for all time.

Regarding prospects for other women, I had a positive opinion until very recently. My view was, that if such support as I have here could not enable me to "get round" that ministerial edict for just one more semester, then I might say to others, "It's no use to try. Women have *no* prospect in Berlin University for a long time to come." Recently I have begun to ask myself whether it would not be well to ward off a possible charge of false prophecy, by meekly acknowledging I know nothing about the future. The general opening of German Universities to women would astonish me immeasurably, but the question is being much agitated, and the hope that some slight concessions may be made seems not so utterly groundless as I had imagined. The sentiment in favor of medical education of women seems to be gaining ground, except perhaps among medical students; and that in favor of "authorized exceptions" in other lines of University work, is not wholly without support among "the powers that be." I judge the most liberal position held by any considerable number of University people, is that of the one who threw himself with such zeal into my cause. This position is substantially as follows: "There are women who have a genuine call to scholarly work, and who not only remain womanly women, but become ever more womanly in the pursuit of their calling. That such women should be debarred from University privileges is an injustice and a shame; but the proper remedy in the Germany of to-day is not the general admission of women to the University, but the granting to each Professor the right to admit to his lectures such women as he should see fit to admit." This principle, long in successful operation in Leipzig, and recently (latter



part of November or first of December, '91) adopted, measurably at least, in Heidelberg, is reported to be favorably looked upon by some of the higher authorities of the University of Berlin. The various Universities of Prussia have been called upon to give expression to their sentiments, and until *very* recently a decision of the *Ministerium* was looked for possibly toward the end of April. It seems now, however, that His Excellency, Herr Graf von Zedlitz Trütschler, Cultus Minister, will not continue in office, and the hoped for decision will doubtless be long delayed.

The question may well be asked, if the higher authorities should decide to give the Professors more or less liberty in the matter under discussion, what would then be the prospects for women in German Universities? My judgment may be warped, but that judgment is, that a large *per cent.* of the women who are really fitted for special work in a German University would secure admittance to *lectures* (not to laboratory or seminary work); and that a few, as exceptional exceptions, would be admitted to seminary work.

So long as the situation remains as it is, I should be inclined to say to those who might hold me responsible for the result, "You have good opportunities elsewhere than in Germany: let well enough alone." To those who are willing to run all risk and not hold me responsible for the advice, I might offer the advice so often given me this year, "Versuchen Sie es doch 'mal! Schaden kann es jedenfalls nicht."—To all who may follow this latter piece of advice, I can wish nothing better than that the measure of kindness they receive may be "heaped up, pressed down, and running over," as mine has been.

Ruth Gentry,

Berlin, 1892.

*Fellow in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr, 1890-'91.*

## AUTOLALETES

*(A modern Dialogue after Plato)*

## PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE

MYSELF

I

I. I do not understand, my good friend, why you are turning away from the gymnasium in such haste that I can scarcely keep pace with you; and that too when our discussion is not yet finished.

*Myself.* If you will accompany me to the porch of Merion we may there finish the discussion. Meantime, if you desire, I will explain to you for what reason I chose, interrupting our discourse, to leave the gymnasium.

I. I do desire it.

*Myself.* I went to the gymnasium, it is true, and found it a large room filled with wooden implements and little iron boxes, so to speak, that held in their turn heavy blocks of iron which we will call weights.

I. But I do not understand yet why you came away!

*Myself.* The reason is, most admirable one, that we were supposed to swing to and fro the wooden implements and to pull up and down the little boxes containing weights. They were very heavy, and it seemed to me the part of a just person to leave these things, and go about his proper work and nobody's else.

I. Why so? I do not follow your reasoning.

*Myself.* We admitted long ago, in the Republic, did we not, that justice consisted in attending to one's own affairs and not meddling with any other persons? And again we said that justice could in nowise be the interest of the stronger.

I. We did admit these things.

*Myself.* Now, the gymnasium is most clearly in the interest of the stronger, since it is they who delight in beating each other with clubs and in pulling heavy weights.

I. Very true.

*Myself.* Therefore, being in the interest of the stronger, it can have nothing to do with justice, but belongs to the unjust. And since this is so,

it is the part of a just soul not to meddle with their affairs, but to go and walk in the fresh air attending to his own concerns.

*I.* This much, indeed, I understand. But now, being in the porch of Merion, may we not find the point of our discussion at which we digressed and return to it?

*Myself.* There is no difficulty in doing this. You had, I think, just admitted that there is some such thing as a person.

*I.* How could it be otherwise?

*Myself.* Then is there also too such a thing as a musician?

*I.* I do not understand what you mean.

*Myself.* You certainly, however, would agree that there are such things as shoes?

*I.* I should, undoubtedly.

*Myself.* And such things again as houses?

*I.* Yes.

*Myself.* And do not persons, so to speak, craftsmen, make these shoes and houses and do we not call the one cobblers, and the other builders?

*I.* Doubtless.

*Myself.* Then is there not such a thing as music?

*I.* Certainly.

*Myself.* And might not a person make this music?

*I.* He might.

*Myself.* Shall we not say that the man who makes this music is musical, or even a musical person, to speak briefly a musician?

*I.* This slight addition we may allow.

*Myself.* Such a musical person would have a name, and may we not, choosing any name from among those in the city, call him Paderewski?

*I.* Yes, perhaps.

*Myself.* Does it seem to you that it would be right to go and hear this man play?

*I.* By all means, if he played good music.

*Myself.* Even though it were necessary to cut a class and that too just before examinations?

*I.* No, by the cabbage! I could never agree to this on any grounds.

*Myself.* As yet, I do not see why this should be wrong, but I am only a bungler and wish to be instructed. If, therefore, I ask you a few simple questions, will you answer me as shortly as possible?

*I.* As briefly as I can, although there are some questions, which, from their very nature, require long answers.

*Myself.* Very well, then! You would, I think, admit that education should be considered above all things as being the highest and greatest good.

*I.* Nothing can be clearer.

*Myself.* Just now it seems to me otherwise, although I shall no doubt be convinced that you are right.

*I.* Proceed.

*Myself.* Does not education consist in learning a great many things which make us wiser?

*I.* Such as what things?

*Myself.* Oh, such as Trigonometry and dates, chemical reactions and Grimm's Law!

*I.* Yes, these things make us wiser.

*Myself.* But do they make us any better or more charming or more lovable?

*I.* Perhaps not.

*Myself.* But you will, I think, admit that there is something that will make us good, wise and charming; and that this thing which includes all these virtues will be far better than knowledge of Greek roots and of acids.

*I.* True.

*Myself.* Suppose we accordingly call this culture, as opposed to mere knowing.

*I.* I agree.

*Myself.* Music will be a part of this culture, I think.

*I.* I do not understand.

*Myself.* You agreed that there were such things as cobblers and that they made shoes. Now, a pretty shoe makes a person's foot more charming, and you will certainly acknowledge that the foot is a part of the body.

*I.* I am willing to say so.

*Myself.* Then there is the medical art also which makes men tormented by diseases well and whole. Strong and healthy men, we will all grant, are more charming and lovable, and at the same time more able to use their minds for the good of the city than sick ones. Moreover, just as the physicians' art makes men strong in body, so the musician's forms their souls harmoniously ; or does it not ?

*I.* Well, what then ?

*Myself.* And the harmonious and musical souls are those that possess culture which we said was to be sought after above all else.

*I.* To this also I assent.

*Myself.* And if to hear a musical man, whom we call Paderewski, play, would add to our culture, is it not plainly our duty to put aside things which are of less importance, and go even a long distance to listen to him ?

*I.* It is indeed our duty.

*Myself.* And are not these lesser things, Grimm's Law, Chemical Formulæ, Greek Dialects, and many others akin to them ?

*I.* I see what you mean,—that I should cut my class on Friday and hear Paderewski play ; and by the dog I think I will do it.

*Myself.* I have nothing to say.

*I.* Let us go.

*L. M. D., '93.*

## RONDEL

"Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit  
Qui amavit, cras amet."  
Slight the wound, but who can salve it?  
Love the child, the wag, the pet.

Monarch grown,—with pain and fret.  
Comes on human hearts to carve it,  
"Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit  
Qui amavit, cras amet."

Foolish we, who seek to halve it,  
Love the boon is Love the debt!  
Still we fear it, crush it, starve it,  
Cheat it, torture it, and yet,—  
"Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit  
Qui amavit, cras amet."

*Edith Child, '90.*



## THE FATHERLAND.

**B**YOND a doubt it had been a hard day. I reviewed it carefully as I pulled on my gloves in Mrs. Pompadux's stately hall. Possibly the sudden change from 52° to 20°, to which our climate, accomplished in matters of the kind, had treated us on Wednesday afternoon, was responsible for the increased number of patients awaiting me when I began my hospital rounds the next morning. But even the climate could not reasonably be held accountable for the terrified whims of the woman I had just left. It had been a work of patience and devotion to convince her that she was stricken down with neither pleuro-pneumonia nor incipient typhus, but a slight attack of influenza. However, the struggle was over. She was the last patient of the day, and I speedily got into my overcoat and made haste away from the place that held her.

It was snowing in a desperate fashion as I reached Sixth Avenue and went on to Fourteenth Street,—snowing as if in accordance with a heavy wager laid by the white army of invaders that the streets should be filled and the sidewalks blockaded, before morning. The wager was evidently more than half won. I was thoroughly powdered when I reached the flight of steps leading up to the elevated railroad station, and began to climb towards the spectral lights above. The stairs had grown slippery, as is their habit on every conceivable occasion, and I was carefully feeling my way, when suddenly rapid steps sounded behind me, and a tall man, snow-powdered like myself, sprang past and hurried up the flight. I had no chance to call out to him in warning, as I was for a moment tempted to do. In that moment he had slipped and fallen headlong with a mighty crash and an astonished “Donnerwetter!” I dashed up the intervening steps at the peril of my life, and reached him before he had even tried to rise.

“Wait a moment until I can help you. Where are you hurt?” I asked with anxiety.

“I am not greatly wounded—only a little somewhat on this, my wrist,” answered the man in a grandly German voice. “But, nevertheless,

would I kindly thank you for your so-courteously-offered although wholly-unnecessary assistance, which,—” and he rose to six towering feet and turned to me, holding out his left hand. For a full half minute we confronted each other in the driving snow. He did not finish his sentence, and we stood silently gazing, until I cried in incredulous delight,

“Karl! It isn't you!” when he broke forth with,

“Du lieber Himmel! Heinrich, bist du's?” And somehow we had found each other's hands and were shaking them madly.

“My dear fellow, what glorious good fortune is this? I never dreamed that you were nearer than St. Petersburg. Where were you going to in such a rush?”

Karl pulled out a much-worn card and presented it with a smile. By the dim lights above I read it:

“Henry R. Hathaway, M. D., Forty-first Street.”

“Well then,” I said with much satisfaction, “you are on the right track after all. Why are we standing in this wretched place? Come along to Forty-first Street.”

Karl explained matters briefly as we journeyed up town.

“Yes, I have left Petersburg two weeks ago. I have come to America in the “Aller” to-day. I have come to thee, Heinrich.”

“You have done exactly as you should, of course,” I said, a little puzzled. “But I must know why I have not heard from you in five months, and why you have left St. Petersburg. When we are at home I'll bind up that bruised wrist for you, and then we'll hear all about it.”

But when we had reached my snug quarters, and had cast off our wet coats, preparing to draw up before the fire that was my chief minister of comfort and good cheer, I found that my old friend was not disposed to talk of himself.

“Now let me see thee, Heinrich,” he said. “Art thou changed?” and the great fellow put his hands on my shoulders and kissed me, after the honest fashion of his native land.

“I have not changed,” I answered, with a swift thought of the light in which such a greeting would appear to Livingston Peabody and Roger Van

der Spink, of the club. "But you,—stand up before the fire, Karl. So! *You* are changed, old man. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I have lived," he replied, seriously. "It did not agree with me this living. Nothing has so greatly agreed with me as those days of Heidelberg. Ach, Heinrich, hast thou forgotten those past-over days?"

We had begun reminiscing. The outside storm, St. Petersburg, the hospital, and Mrs. Pompadux's influenza vanished as utterly as if we had been strolling again on the terrace of the old castle, looking down on the old town. We had talked on and on for one hour, two hours, almost three, when we fell into silences, broken only by an occasional word. Suddenly I looked up and directly into Karl's face, bent brooding over the fire.

"Jove, man!" I said, starting. "Something ails you. Why will you not tell me what you have been doing?"

"I have lived," he answered me, slowly and seriously as before.

"*'Ich habe gelebt und geliebet!'*" I hummed lightly. And then I saw that I had made a mistake. He turned on the instant very white, and looked at me with such entreaty in his blue eyes that I hastened to seize the first change of subject that came to my mind, and asked briskly with what I conceived to be unbounded tact:

"By the way, how is your cousin Emil? I have never forgotten that boy's beauty. Do you remember how we used to call him '*der schöne Emil*,' at the University?"

Evidently I had finished the matter. Karl left his chair almost with a bound, and went to the window. But before I could collect myself, he had come back to the fire, and said very quietly:

"I see that I must tell thee, Heinrich, why I am come from Petersburg. Nay, partly to tell thee did I come. Good! If thou wilt have the not-to-be-exaggerated kindness to listen to my story I will tell it thee."

For a few brief moments, as he stood looking steadily and silently into the fire, I compared this man, with whom I had sworn "*Brüderschaft*" five years before, who had given the name friendship a meaning most precious to me, with the aforesaid Peabody and Van der Spink. The knights of the club suffered in the comparison, not Karl. I had admired his carriage and figure

always, but never as to-night. He stood before me as the type of that manhood which only the German military system can produce—a manhood not perfect in itself, but embodying a strength so perfectly developed and trained, above all, so perfectly controlled, that, when necessity arises, it becomes a force resistless almost as the forces of nature.

It was hard to believe that there was a wound anywhere under the coat to which the splendid shoulders gave a military air. Did Peaboby and Van der Spink bear any wound, or any capacity for a wound, under their broad-cloths? I thought not.

Karl Hollster and I had spent two years together at the University of Heidelberg. I had found in the companionship of the warm-hearted, tender fellow, a pleasure exquisite as that which, I fancy, a man finds in the society of a sister. We had been knit at first by our common anxiety over Hollster's cousin, Emil von Dardt, who, in the beginning of his university career, had fallen in with a wild set of students, and needed our watching. Emil was the most gloriously handsome creature that I have ever seen. He had, moreover, a brilliancy and a flow of spirits so utterly irresistible that it was no wonder that we all loved him, and that Karl worshipped him with a touching devotion. Therefore, after Emil had been restored to paths of comparative righteousness, the friendship between Karl and myself grew rapidly stronger. He persisted in regarding me as Emil's preserver, while I, on my side, could not resist the attraction of the loveliest nature I had ever known.

This is not the place for me to dwell on the depths of his character. But the one distinctive and inborn trait that set him entirely apart from the men of my acquaintance, was his love of country. He had a kind of genius for patriotism such as I have never met with in any one else. "What do you," he asked me curiously one day, "to serve your fatherland? Soldiers you are not. Merchants and lawyers and scholars you may be. But how then serve you at any time the fatherland as we Germans?" For one second I hesitated, confounded. Then I began desperately: "Oh, we—we attend the caucuses sometimes, and vote at the Presidential Elections—when it doesn't rain, that is, and—" I added, goaded to inspiration by a certain look of misgiving on Karl's face, "I have known men's patriotic fervor to carry

them away to such an extent that they had devoted almost their entire fortunes to the election of some noble man. And—and—don't you think, Karl, that it is nearly time for Professor Budenstein's lecture on Philosophy?"

Hollster had left the University a year earlier than I. By the time that I was working in the Edinburgh Hospital, he had returned to the little Rhine town of his birth, performed at Coblenz his military service, and had gone to spend a year with his uncle, the head of a great banking house in St. Petersburg. "My father always wished me to enter the diplomatic service," he wrote me in the fluent English which was at the command of his pen if not of his tongue. "And this is the best preparation possible." Reports came to me from time to time through common friends, of the popularity and social success of the conspicuous young attaché of the court, for such Karl soon became, but after a letter ending with an outburst of joy over the fact that Emil was daily expected in St. Petersburg, there was nothing further from him. I wrote twice, and was then obliged to leave Edinburgh, to relieve an ancient medical relative of his practice in New York. Since that time, the same silence had continued on Hollster's part, until the meeting of this evening.

It was here that Karl took up the tale, and told me in the quietest voice, and with no expression of excitement except in his eyes, the story of the accident that had undone him.

He had been three months in St. Petersburg when he met, at a court ball, a certain old noblewoman exceedingly *au courant* with things courtly. She had taken "a most unaccountable fancy," as he put it, to Karl, and contrived to bring him under the notice of the Czar, who twice condescended to recognise him publicly. Thenceforth Hollster's success was assured. His personal attractions, his position as nephew of the great banker, and protégé of the Princess Blavatsky, his own fortune, had needed only this sign of imperial favor, and he was courted and fêted to a degree incomprehensible to the modest fellow. The courting and fêting, the numbers of new friends, the dances and dinners, were literally nothing to him, until at some ball given in the winter palace, he was presented to the Countess Thekla.

She was an orphan and an heiress, at that time living with her grandmother in the Russian capital. Of the girl herself Karl told me nothing. But I needed no description to see the slender graceful figure, the grave gray eyes, the clear white complexion of the young Russian. I had known many such girls, apparently carved of ice as cold and changeless as that of the rivers of their land, but with hearts of fire lying sometimes untouched their lifetime through, within the frosty walls protecting them. I well knew what effect such gentleness, such reserve, as characterise the noble women of her race must of necessity have upon my friend.

Of course they had met again and again ; of course he had loved her. But I gathered from Karl's story that he had never hoped that she cared for him until one evening,—the night before Emil was to come to St. Petersburg,—when they were together at one of the Princess Blavatsky's famous little dinners. Happy they that were sufficiently in the good graces of Her Highness to be invited to those gatherings, where the best of the nobility, beauty and wit of St. Petersburg might be found night after night !

That evening the old Princess herself was in her most scintillating mood, Thekla was at her loveliest, and the young American girl whom the Princess had invited to minister to her guests' entertainment, sang enchantingly. Even on this snowy night in New York, Karl could not speak of the delight of that other evening without kindling. At its close, he had left the Blavatsky palace beside himself with joy, carrying with him one of the tiny bunches of sweet Russian violets with which Thekla's white gown had been caught here and there, and which she had given him with her divinest smile. To him they meant everything ; from her they might mean nothing.

The next day Emil arrived. He was, if possible, handsomer than ever, and his cousin escorted him faithfully wherever he could see and be seen, and watched over him as proudly and fondly as a mother over a beautiful daughter. The Princess was pleased to pronounce him "*un beau garçon*," and his success in the court and diplomatic circles bade fair to eclipse even Hollster's. Thus matters went on, to Karl's infinite content.

Just here he paused for a moment in his recital, then broke into German, and went rapidly on :



"I never guessed, dull as I was, and devoted to them both, how Emil must look upon Thekla. I never saw the possibility which must have been long apparent to any one else, until one night when they sat together in her grandmother's box, at the opera, and I, who had come in late and was looking at her from the foyer, heard a voice near me, commenting on the beauty of the pair. Then I understood. Who could resist either of them? And when they met—

"I was to have joined them, but I left the place, and went back to my rooms alone. It might be 'alone' for me always, as long as I lived, I thought, as I shut the door behind me. Then my eyes fell upon a square envelope lying on my table, and I carried it to the fire and read the direction by that dancing light. It was from Coblenz, and before I broke the official seal, I knew the contents. They were a summons to me to report at the fortress Ehrenbreitstein on the morning of February twenty-seventh, at eight o'clock. Dost thou know, Heinrich, what it meant? I must give up everything; resign my position at the court, and leave Thekla, for as long as the fatherland might wish to hold me to that extra service it has a right at any hour to demand. It meant that I should be detained possibly six weeks, possibly a year, drilling once more in the ranks."

I made an involuntary gesture of indignation. But Karl said quietly, "It is the right of the fatherland," and then went on once more.

"It was the twenty-third of the month already. I must leave at once, the very next morning, and then I should be barely in time. But I must see Thekla first. I knew that she was to be at the Princess Blavatsky's dance after the opera, and there, an hour later, I found her. She had saved some dances for me, and after a waltz I drew her a little apart from the rest into a small luxurious room furnished in the Oriental fashion,—a charming nook discovered by us long before. There was a faint suggestion of the perfume of sandal wood in the air, and the weird music of an Hungarian dance sounded in the distance. Then I told her that I loved her, and she gave me the answer, Heinrich, for which I should not have dared to hope except for the violets she had given me weeks before."

Karl paused again. I waited, breathless. It was sometime before he went on, in a voice lower than before, but perfectly steady.

"Still, hopelessness would have stood more truly my friend than the wild joy of that minute. When I told Thekla of the summons that called me back to Germany, she seemed unable to understand. 'Of course you will not go,' she said. When I would have explained, the Russian pride, deadlier than any other, rose in her face.

" 'It is my duty to my country. Her children must obey her call. But I shall come back for you?' I said, in my distress. She answered me in utter coldness, 'I do not comprehend such duty. You do not go to *fight* for your country. If you love me, as you say, you will not go. It is for you to choose.'

"She left the low couch on which she had been half lying, and went to the doorway, pulling back the curtains. Then she turned and looked at me, inquiringly—not with entreaty even, simply with a questioning in her eyes. Heinrich, I do not know what madness was in my heart, or whether I thought then of the fatherland, or of anything save the Countess. But at that instant Emil appeared, radiant, in the doorway behind her, and offered her his arm.

" 'The dance is mine,' he said.

" 'Yes,' I answered, 'it is yours. I resign the Countess to you,' and they swept away together.

"Even then it was not too late for the train. All the rest of that night, and for twenty-four hours more, I journeyed southwards. On the morning of the twenty-seventh, long before sunrise, we met, at Bingen, the first of a series of delays that put us further and further behind time. When at last I began to cross the bridge of boats at old Coblenz, the church clock was striking nine; but I hardly thought of the time, as, in the freshness and light of the morning, I climbed the slope to the frowning fortress, and was admitted to the Exizierplatz.

"The old life of motion and vigor almost carried me away. The bugle music, the fretting horses, the blue uniforms, the old faces that I had known so well,—they were all there, and all filling the place with a welcome to me.

There, moreover, was the insufferable captain, who was ever such a trial to me. Dost thou remember, Heinrich, the railings, in my letters, at Hauptmann Dumps?

"My company was drawn up in order, a sight refreshing to the eyes. But when I would have taken my place, it was filled. The captain stood at ease, looking on with truly characteristic enjoyment, as a new awkward squad was drilling in the preliminary gymnastics. I went up to him and said:

" 'My place is filled. By height I belong to the second row.'

" 'You are an hour late,' answered Dumps with a frown, his eyes still on the performances of the new men. 'Surely you don't expect me to change the line for you. Go to the rear.'

" 'But I have come from St. Petersburg, and have travelled day and night. It was literally impossible—'

" 'Go to the rear!'

"The last row was little more than half filled when I entered it to make the seventh. Next me stood a heavy little man of something like five feet three. I smiled at the contrast, and then waited, as calmly as one learns to wait for military orders. It was twenty minutes before a bugle sounded from the fortress above.

" 'Attention! Present arms!' called the captain, and, a moment later, as the men fell into the perfect position, a great horse dashed along the line, bearing the commander of the brigade. The captain saluted punctiliously,—a sight that did my heart good. The officer reined up before us, and asked curtly, 'How many?'

" 'One hundred and twenty-seven, Excellenz,' answered Dumps with a respect new to me, but which became him.

" 'One hundred and twenty-seven!' repeated the officer. 'Outlandish number! Cut off the seven and send them home. Then start the company at once for the training ground.' And the great horse galloped off again, leaving seven absolutely petrified men.

"In a moment I heard confused murmurs on every side. The five feet three man was muttering something joyful about his return to the business

needing his attention in Dresden. Another was wildly anticipating the welcome and the supper,—particularly the supper,—to be bestowed upon him by his delighted wife in Leipzig. I had a dim vision, through my momentary daze, of the company marching away, and a vague sense that one of my former companions, as he passed me, gave me a reproachful, envious glance and ventured to whisper, in spite of Dumps' watchful eye and ears, 'Pumpnickel! what luck!'

"I recovered almost instantly, hurried to the barracks for my civilian's clothes, and took the next northern train. With one idea repeating itself over and over in my mind, I flew back over those weary miles to St. Petersburg. Flew? My thoughts outsped the rapid train by hundreds of miles. They were with Thekla before I had left the station.

"But at last I reached the capital, late in the evening of the third day after I had left it. My rooms had, of course, been given up with everything else; but I hurried to the house of one of my friends, who gave me a place to dress and the information that the Princess threw open her house for the last great ball, that very evening. 'Would I dine?' No, I would not, but I would have a carriage; and with scant courtesy I left my astonished host and drove to the Blavatsky dance.

"The beautiful halls of the palace were crowded with the men and women whose life I had lived three little days before. The hours of rapid travel, the sunny morning in Coblenz, the accident that set me free, seemed like a curious fever-phantasy. I had to pull myself together with an effort before I could begin my search for Thekla. For some time I failed to find her among the brilliant crowd that swayed and surged through the Princess's great rooms. By a chance, the orchestra was playing the Hungarian waltz that I shall never forget,—that I pray never to hear again.

"'Emil's waltz!' I said, with a shiver of recollection, and at that moment I caught sight of them both. It was indeed Emil's waltz. They were coming swiftly down the hall together, Thekla smiling as—as only she can smile; Emil, beautiful as a god. I started towards them, but stopped at the curtains hanging before the little Oriental room, where she had first accepted and then refused my love. There I waited, for they had finished

their dance, and were walking towards me. A moment more and Emil had seen me, and hurried Thekla forward with a glad cry of welcome, and an outstretched hand.

“ ‘Gratulire, allerliebster Karl!’ he said, his eyes alight, his voice ringing. ‘She has promised to marry me!’ ”

\* \* \* \* \*

There was utter silence in my study. Suddenly a log on the hearth broke with a crash and a futile shower of sparks, and sank helplessly into a bed of ruddy coals.

“Dear old fellow,” I began, “what can I say?” Something in his eyes let loose the torrent of indignation pent up within me, and I cried, “The whole thing was for three days, and a mistaken—an entirely mistaken, sense of duty.”

But Karl stopped me. “No,” he said quietly, “it was for the fatherland.”

*Julia Olivia Langdon, '95.*

## THE CATHEDRAL

Softly the echoes move away, between  
Th'uplifted pillars; then the holy air  
Falls to a mellow silence; then the rare  
Windows of olden time, the darkened screen  
Carven to fantastic spires,—more dimly seen  
The emptied choir,—the mighty arcs that bear  
In curving power this beauty up,—declare,  
As man's work may, what Deity should mean.  
Here are two musics met: the chords that run  
From high to low, across the threads of Time,  
Throb with the changing moods and fates of man,  
The unaltered stones, in still harmonious plan,  
Making space beautiful, softening the notes that climb,  
Figure th'eternal Peace,—  
Life's manifold shapes made one.

*England, '91.*

*M. P. C. '89.*



## ON THE BINDING OF BOOKS

NOT long ago I was turning over the pages of "Cranford" with the lingering touches we give to the books we have known and loved longest. There is such a rare pleasure in looking through a book which has, as it were, been lost for years and suddenly found again. How delightfully familiar it all seemed;—those dear, quaint ladies with their prim little tea-parties, their wonderful caps and rigorous etiquette! The awfulness of the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson returned afresh; and I felt the old time shudder of terror steal over me as Lady Glenmire, boldly ringing the bell, presumed to ask Mr. Mulliner, no less awful than his mistress, for more bread and butter. Time had not changed Lady Glenmire's plebeian soul; Miss Matty was as charming as of old, and snuffed the candles with her wonted zeal; little Miss Pole's curiosity was in no wise diminished; and yet, familiar as all these things were, there lurked about them and the whole book a certain strangeness.

"Cranford," as I first knew it, was a small, square, brown book with a blistered cover, printed on thin paper, whose pages had turned yellow with age. The "Cranford" of to-day is very different; has—alas!—been revised, prefaced and illustrated. The dingy brown cover is changed for one of a gay flowery cloth with a red back, in which shine gold tea-cups and saucers. All one's fancies of the old town and its people are destroyed forever by illustrations, charming no doubt in themselves, but painfully of "to-day;" the men and women, very awkward in their oldtime clothes, apparently find the stiff-backed chairs uncomfortable and knitting a foreign occupation. There are glimpses of prim gardens in which such care has been taken to preserve the ancient regularity of the box hedges that the perspective is quite ruined. Yet for all this, the flower-beds which should have been a tangle of bachelor's buttons and lady's slippers, of moss roses and bridal-wreath, bloom with the sunflower, the annunciation lily and other tributes to modern æstheticism. Oh for the musty little brown book where one could make shadowy pictures for oneself! The old pages needed no illustrations, they were in themselves full of suggestions, about which there clung a genuine aroma of the past. There was no enterprising artist, who at every turn thrust on us a

bunch of lilacs, or a full-page illustration—"How Deborah took it to him." A satisfactory portrait of Miss Deborah would under any circumstances be a difficult task. She was not beautiful, her strength lay in an uncompromising severity and firmness rather than in grace. Yet fancy might have softened the hard lines without the inconsistency which we feel obliged to reproach in the artist, who evidently has been trying to portray in her the beauty of one of the famous Miss Gunnings or the radiancy of a Duchess of Devonshire. On the contrary, if he makes her ugly we again demur—Miss Deborah's severity had its charms. It is hard to have all our fancies and conjectures set down on superior glazed paper; we beg that we may be allowed to imagine her exact attitude for ourselves.

"Cranford" is only one of the many old books which have been desecrated by illustrations. In almost any book of any time a clear, full length portrait of the hero or heroine, or a favorite scene depicted in minutest detail is destructive to those preconceived ideas and half formed fancies so dear to us. However much we may choose to question the artist's rights, there is always a haunting possibility of truth in his representation. Above all, the modern illustration does not suit the old book, it is far too-self-conscious, too professedly ancient. Again we plead for blank pages, if we cannot have the original illustrations hallowed by time; and especially we regret the old copper-plate prints, delightful always, and in the old books supremely in place.

Take for example, as a frontispiece, a delicate grey print, a lawn with a queer gabled structure at the back and in the foreground a drooping willow-tree under which is walking an impossible girl carrying a basket, and attired in flowing skirts, a black mantilla and a broad garden hat which discreetly hides her expression. Some dogs are gamboling about her. This is very unpretentious, altogether vague and delightful; it may suggest anything. Perhaps she is carrying jelly to a poor cottager; again, she may be gathering wild flowers and may show a delicate, ladylike taste for botany; she very possibly lives a quiet retired life in the country with her dogs as her only companions, and just at this point be about to meet the hero of the tale, who asks permission to carry the basket for her ever after. We look at this frontispiece, draw our conclusions and then may read the book in

peace, without being interrupted every few lines by a tea-pot or a spindle-legged table.

There are three authors whose books seem to me to have been adequately illustrated. Dickens, read without the Cruikshank illustrations, would be another person. Only by one who is familiar with "The Meekness of Mr. Pecksniff and His Charming Daughters,"—Miss Mercy's ringlets are never to be forgotten,—with the lively representations of the Pickwickian revels, and the benignity of Mrs. Squeers when ladling forth brimstone and molasses to the pupils of Dotheboys Hall, can he be truly appreciated.

To fully enjoy all the pleasure which is to be obtained from reading Thackeray, one should know him in green volumes, of not too serious a shade, with "W. M. Thackeray" in rather straggling letters on the front cover. The illustrations must be those drawn by himself, and nothing more satisfactory can be imagined than "The View in the Dean's Garden," from "Pendennis," or the balls of "The Newcomes," where slim, sentimental youths lean against the walls of long drawing-rooms, while empty-faced ladies, crowned by black circles of hair, waltz languidly with regimental partners.

Just as we delight in the ravishing Fotheringay and her noble parent, in good-natured Jos. Sedley, and Becky Sharp throwing back the dictionary at poor little Miss Jemima, so we are grateful that Beatrix Esmond, most fascinating of heroines, is nowhere very definitely pictured.

Last of the books that I wish to mention as satisfactorily illustrated, are "The Rollo Books." As I knew them, they were thin, faded, grey volumes, illustrated by wood cuts of a sedate youth, by no means a boy, with an innocent smile. He is clad in a baggy coat and a necktie as immaculate as Daniel Deronda's, and is generally engaged in brushing the dust from his museum shelves, or in piling wood with Jonas. No character could be more truly portrayed than is the guileless Rollo's, in these few homely pictures.

To concern oneself with the editions of books and their bindings may be trivial, even frivolous; and frivolous it undoubtedly is as compared with the possession of the books themselves. Yet since books must be bound

and sometimes illustrated, their binding and illustration may be included among the things which go to make life outwardly more attractive. It certainly is no great matter whether Swinburne is in green morocco or blue cloth; whether one's "Paradise Lost" is a century old or the last English edition; or whether the pages of "Marius the Epicurean" are cut or uncut. Yet as men's clothes help in forming or displaying their individuality, insensibly influencing the people about them, so do the bindings go to form the atmosphere of books. Not, perhaps, when one is in the heart of an all-absorbing volume; then it would in truth be ignoble to pause and denounce the publisher who dares gild Pater's pages and bind Shelley in scarlet; but after the book has become a memory or has entered into one's life, then its binding means something. Half unconsciously, we come to associate pale grey with Marius, and wish a crimson for Keats—a rich dark color in full calf, with bright green labels and a fine gold tracery on the back in a pattern of tiny leaves. I am not at all commending the folly of those who find it in their hearts to bind Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women," or Stedman's "Victorian Poets" in superb calf, but surely in regard to the books that are near to us we may be permitted a little sentiment.

As to bindings, I fancy, we are almost invariably prejudiced by the form in which we are accustomed to read a book. Scott, for me, is always associated with great green-backed volumes, too heavy to be held in one hand, and over which one must bend until only the fascinations of the dark Rebecca or Peveril of the Peak could leave one oblivious of aching back and head.

There are, however, certain consistencies to be preserved in binding. This is especially true in regard to old books, which ought to be read in old editions, in order properly to cultivate the historic sense. If that is impossible, let them be simple and modest, and not gay in flowery cloth, because, perchance, our grandmothers worked samplers. The good dames never bound their books with the precious squares. It is all very well when Austin Dobson writes quaint verses, to lend him whatever accessories modern art can give, but Prior does not need our aid to carry him back into the past.

Above all, the old essayists, *The Spectator*, *The Rambler* and *The Idler*, should always be read from musty volumes, which should not be very large but rather thick, and bound either in dingy cloth or well-worn leather. To be perfect, their leaves must be deeply stained and their margins filled with notes and parallels in a crabbed handwriting, while on the fly leaf is the name of the former owner, in dim brown letters, and perhaps the stamp of his college, from which they came to him as a prize.

Unfortunate indeed is the man who must read his Boswell from one of the neat brown and gold editions of modern times, which never for an instant betray the charm of this most delightful of books. Boswell, properly bound, would be in thin, longish volumes, faded yellow with time, whose labels have grown dull and volume numbers difficult to distinguish. With such a book we can soon find ourselves two centuries away, drinking tea with Mrs. Thrale, attacking the obnoxious Goldsmith, smiling at the follies of the irrepressible Boswell, and loving the dear old Doctor with all our heart.

Little books are generally by far the most charming, and above all others, "Pepys' Diary" should be in tiny, fat volumes, rather ugly, but of good clear print, books which we can hold easily in our hand, and lay down when we please. It matters not whether we stop to chat, or even to run away for a little while, since we are always sure to return sooner or later to Pepys and "my wife Elizabeth."

The other day I came upon a charming old dramatist in slender, faded volumes, fast falling apart. The print was very crooked, often a whole page would run askew, and again the letters reach to the very edge, regardless of margin. In the front was a print of the poet in periwig and ruffles. Another appeared further on, of a hideous murder scene, wherein the villain of the piece with a mild and pacific countenance was alternately poisoning the heroine and stabbing himself, while a court lady and gentleman gestured frantically and always gracefully to each other in the foreground. Being old-fashioned, the poet apparently intended to permit a happy dénouement, since men in armor were to be seen coming to the rescue from behind the tapestries.

It is indeed for the old books we must finally plead. New books have youth to help them in bearing the burden of cheap editions and ruthless artists ; the old ones are, as it were, living among aliens, among men who, though with the sincerest attempts at appreciation, cannot read them in the spirit of the age to which they belonged. There is thus laid upon us the almost sacred duty of cherishing and reverencing them, not more in truth for their other virtues, than for the charm of age itself, since, as the Spanish proverb goes, " Age is a recommendation in four things—old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust and old books to read."

*Lucy Martin Donnelly, '93.*



“THY FAULT IS YOUTH.”

I.

*SCENE.—Parlor of Mrs. Flint's boarding school. Miss Sherwin seated at a window, her forehead pressed anxiously against the pane. Miss Kingsley standing before a mirror, critically examining her evening dress.*

MISS KINGSLEY [*meditatively*].—Yes, I think I am very well satisfied with this dress. The color is becoming and the style suits me exactly. And to think that mamma and Madame Blanc planned the whole thing without any assistance from me. It seems like a work of magic.

MISS SHERWIN [*sighing*].—Well, admire it while you can, for unless we start pretty soon it will be time to take it off and lay it away for the rest of the winter. Here is the carriage now. [*She turns quickly around.*] Where is Dorothy? Can't you hurry her?

MISS K. [*revolving slowly before the mirror*].—I do like the back so. What a pity my blue wasn't made this way. You don't half appreciate it, Cathy!

MISS S. [*with a gesture of annoyance*].—I should appreciate it more if you would cover it up with your cloak. I do dislike waiting, waiting, waiting for people that won't hurry. [*She shakes her head defiantly and sinks back into her chair.*]

MISS K. [*putting a finishing touch here and there*].—I don't see how I ever managed to get my hair up this way. Don't you like it high better than low?

[*Miss Sherwin folds her arms resignedly and does not answer. Miss Kingsley, after another glance, begins reluctantly putting on her wraps. A slight, rustling noise from without. Enter Miss Layard in ball dress, carrying fan, gloves and wraps.*]

MISS L. [*excitedly*].—Oh, girls, isn't this blissful? Do you realize that we are actually going to a ball? [*She spins wildly around the room, dropping fan and gloves; then sinks breathlessly upon a chair.*] I had such

fun dressing. A lot of the girls came in to help me, and we were in mortal terror for fear some of the teachers would walk in upon us. [*Looking up suddenly*]. What is the matter, Cathy? You look so solemn!

MISS K. [*handing Miss Layard the gloves she has picked up*].—Not solemn, just dignified. When you and I are seniors, that is the way we shall be expected to behave. But hurry, Dorothy. Put on your gloves. Cathy, for certain reasons [*with a significant smile*], is very anxious to get to the ball, in spite of her seeming indifference, and is getting positively cross because you have kept her waiting.

MISS L. [*jumping up and running over to Miss Sherwin*].—Oh, she can't be cross to-night! Why, Cathy dear, you're all wrapped up. I *must* have a peep at your dress. [*She drags Miss Sherwin from her chair and throws back her cloak*]. How perfectly sweet! Come here, Maud, and let me look at you both.

MISS K. [*laughingly taking her position by Miss Sherwin's side*].—Well, now, what do you think of us?

MISS L. [*falling back a little*].—Oh, you are both too beautiful! Maud is perfectly stunning and Cathy has such lovely, little haughty airs. [*Mournfully*]. I am nowhere! But [*brightening*] I don't care. I am going to have the gayest kind of a time. I never started to a ball at half-past nine before. Bless dear old papa! He was a perfect jewel to write to Flinty and tell her that I *must* go this time.

MISS S. [*warming a little*]. I never enjoyed anything more than to see the way our home letters worked upon her.

MISS K.—It was jolly to hear her say that her principal reason for our not going was that she feared our “parents would object,” and to see her pretending to be glad we were pleased, and all the time doing spiteful little things to get ahead of us.

MISS L.—I don't believe she ever would have said yes, even after the letters, if Mrs. Harvey herself hadn't come and begged for us.

MISS K. [*nodding her head with great satisfaction*].—Mrs. Harvey is the kind of a friend to have. Young and jolly, fond of entertaining, and with a perfect house for it. That ball room is——

- MISS L. [*waltzing up and down*].—Perfectly magnificent. I am crazy to begin the fun. Don't either of you frown or shake your heads at me, no matter what I do. I shan't notice you if you do. I am going to have a recklessly good time, and I *won't* be stopped. [*She taps her foot emphatically on the floor.*]
- MISS S. [*with a condescending smile*].—That means, I suppose, that you are going to flirt desperately. Well, we shan't disturb you. Mademoiselle and I shall have our hands full with Maud, I foresee. All that posing before the mirror wasn't for nothing.
- MISS K. [*quickly*].—Mademoiselle will have a very inefficient assistant, I fear. All that impatience to start might mean something.
- MISS L. [*gleefully*].—Yes, I know. She is afraid he will be waiting and not having a good time till she gets there, and——
- MISS S. [*with dignified resentment*].—You are both very silly. It means simply a most laudable desire to be prompt. [*She steps to the door and looks into the hall.*].—What is Mademoiselle delaying for? She is unusually slow.
- MISS K. [*with a melancholy shake of the head*].—Don't blame poor little Mademoiselle. She has been closeted with Flinty for the last half hour, getting instructions, I suppose. But isn't it jolly [*with animation*] that Mademoiselle can chaperon us? Any of the other teachers would have spoiled the whole thing, but she is just like one of us; not much older, either, I fancy. We do seem to have everything our own way for once.
- MISS S. [*impatiently*].—Except that we can't get started. Mrs. Flint will be down in a moment, and then we shall have a lecture of at least fifteen minutes.
- MISS K. [*mischievously*].—Don't worry, Cathy. Your programme will be filled up for you by the time you arrive. There won't be a great variety of names on it,—but then! [*Miss Sherwin looks exasperated, but does not deign to reply.*]
- MISS L. [*anxiously*].—Oh, do you suppose Mrs. Flint will come down? I shall be sure to say or do something wrong and make her mad. I always do—but there! let's not talk of such unpleasant subjects.

Come, Cathy, pretend, just for a minute, that Maud is Mr. Somebody-or-other at the ball, and bring her up to introduce to me. Please do. [*She gives Miss Sherwin a playful push. Miss Sherwin gravely approached Miss Kingsley, leads her up and introduces her with many flourishing gestures. Miss Kingsley bows low with her hand on her heart. Miss Layard inclines her head slightly, smiles, and waves her fan. Enter, from behind, Mrs. Flint and Mademoiselle. They watch the pantomime with amazement.*]

MRS. FLINT [*in a stentorian voice*].—Young ladies!

[*The girls turn hastily around. Miss Sherwin walks to the table and searches for something on it. Miss Kingsley begins to fasten her cloak, and Miss Layard works nervously with her gloves.*]

MRS. F. [*majestically taking the chair which Mademoiselle offers*].—I see, young ladies, that you are quite ready; and now if you will be seated I have a few words to say to you. [*The girls sigh and take their seats, Miss Layard by the window.*]

MISS L. [*in feigned surprise*].—Why, there is the carriage. You didn't tell me, girls, it had been waiting all this time.

MRS. F.—Ah, the carriage is there, is it? It must be getting quite late. You understand, young ladies, that I do not approve of such late hours, nor of dancing parties, and am running the risk of injuring my reputation by permitting members of my school to indulge in them. However, as your parents desire it, and as I always try to give pleasure to my pupils and to make the life here a happy one, [*the girls exchange glances*] I have consented to run this risk *for once*. Mademoiselle, in whom I have the greatest confidence [*looking fixedly at Mademoiselle, who colors and grows confused*], will be with you. You are to keep in her sight during the evening, and in any perplexity go to her. [*Miss Sherwin smiles scornfully.*] Then, too, should any college men be present, I wish you to have *nothing whatever* to do with them. I object to them; they have no principle and use a great deal of slang. Although I was forced by circumstances to establish my school in a college town, yet I have never permitted my scholars to speak to the students. My school has been—

[*Miss Layard, who has been looking out of the window, starts from her seat with an exclamation.*]

MISS L. [*without seating herself again*].—I beg pardon, Mrs. Flint, but the horses jumped so they startled me.

MRS. F. [*rising*].—It is time you were starting, Mademoiselle!

MADMOISELLE.—Madame?

MRS. F.—You will take good care of the young ladies and remember all my injunctions?

MADMOISELLE.—Ah, oui, Madame. I rayman-berr très-bien.

MRS. F.—And you will see that they are here in the house by twelve o'clock?

MISS S., MISS K., MISS L. [*in a chorus*].—Oh, Mrs. Flint!

MISS S.—That is frightfully early.

MISS K.—We shall just be in the swing of it then.

MISS L.—It will spoil all our fun.

MRS. F. [*standing very erect and carefully folding her hands*].—Young ladies, I am shocked, surprised, and at the same time grieved at such vehement expressions and such a display of discontent after my great leniency. Twelve is the hour I have fixed for your return and it cannot be changed—unless you wish it earlier. [*Mademoiselle slips out.*]

MISS L.—But we begin so late that it will barely give us two hours.

MRS. F.—I am not to blame that Mrs. Harvey did not make her hours from eight to eleven, as is proper. I have overstepped my rules by one hour, and will not do more. Mademoiselle is at the door. Good night, young ladies. [*Exit Mrs. Flint pompously.*]

MISS L. [*half crying*].—I knew it, I knew it, I knew she would spite us some way.

MISS K. [*with lofty indignation*].—That is nothing but pure malice.

MISS S.—Shh! girls. We can't help it. Oh, why did we waste so much time?

MADMOISELLE [*from without*].—Venez, mesdemoiselles, venez vite.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## II.

*SCENE—Tête-à-tête room opening out of Mrs. Harvey's ball-room. Enter Miss Sherwin and Mr. Blair.*

MR. BLAIR.—So you won't cut this dance with Morton and give it to me?

MISS SHERWIN [*smiling and shaking her head*].—Oh, by no means!

MR. B. [*beseccingly*].—You won't even give me half of it?

MISS S. [*composedly*].—Not even half.

MR. B. [*looking at her with a rueful expression*].—You are awfully hard on a fellow. At least you will let me stay here until Morton comes?

MISS S. [*taking the chair he offers*].—I can't think of it. The music has begun. You probably have this dance engaged, and if not, you must find a partner before it is too late.

MR. B. [*earnestly*].—Upon my word, I haven't. I don't want to dance this time, really I don't.

MISS S.—And yet you tried to convince me just now that you were very anxious to dance.

MR. B. [*with a gesture of despair*].—Well, I suppose I have done it now, and there is no use in trying to explain that I meant I didn't want to dance with anyone else?

MISS S. [*waving him off*].—Not a bit; I insist upon your going.

MR. B. [*looking back as he goes out of the door*].—Shan't I find Morton for you?

MISS S. [*languidly*].—Oh, I think he can find the way here.

[*Exit Mr. Blair. Miss Sherwin rises, wanders about the room for a few moments, steps to the door and looks out into the ball-room and then goes back to her seat. Enter Mr. Carter.*]

MR. CARTER [*in surprise*].—Am I so fortunate as to find you without a partner, Miss Sherwin? Won't you let me have the pleasure?

MISS S. [*looking a trifle annoyed*].—Thank you, but I have an engagement for this dance. My partner will be here in a moment, I think.

MR. C.—Oh, I shouldn't wait for him. He has forfeited his right by not being here on time. If he comes before the dance is over I will resign you to him, if you wish. Isn't that magnanimous of me?



MISS S. [*with emphasis*].—Very ! Still I shan't give you a chance to resign me. I shall wait a little longer, at any rate.

MR. C. [*as he goes out*].—Well, I only wish my partner had been as conscientious as you. She went off at the beginning of the dance without giving me any chance to get there.

[*Exit Mr. Carter. Miss Sherwin leans forward and looks at the dancers as they pass, with a determined expression on her face. Mr. Harvey appears at the door, sees her, and utters a slight exclamation.*]

MR. HARVEY [*advancing*].—Why, Miss Sherwin, aren't you dancing ? Where is your partner ?

MISS S. [*trying to appear unconcerned*].—I am sure I don't know. I have been expecting him every minute.

MR. H. [*shaking his head*].—You never can depend upon these fellows, they forget so easily. Who is it ? Morton ? I'll go look him up.

MISS S. [*quickly*].—No, please don't. If Mr. Morton forgets his engagements so easily I should prefer he were not reminded of them.

MR. H. [*laughing*].—Ah, I see. You will give him a little talking to when he does come. Well, I shall not prepare him for it.

[*Exit Mr. Harvey. Miss Sherwin leans back in her chair and plays with her fan ; the music ceases. Enter Mrs. Harvey.*]

MRS. HARVEY [*hastening up to Miss Sherwin*].—My dear Catharine ! Didn't Dewitt Morton come for his dance at all ? Frank told me you were in here waiting for him, but I supposed of course he had come before now. These boys need some one to look after them—they are so thoughtless.

MISS S. [*indignantly*].—This one, I think, was unpardonably rude !

MRS. H.—It is about time to go out to supper. I must get you an escort in Dewitt's place, as there is no telling where he is. Why, of course, my dear [*as Miss Sherwin tries to speak*], you musn't wait for him any longer. There ! I see some one I am sure you will like, and he has been wanting to meet you, too. [*Exit Mrs. Harvey.*]

MISS S. [*rising and speaking vehemently*].—This is too much ! I shan't stay here to be questioned any more about this miserable dance. Where can I go to escape the escort Mrs. Harvey is bringing ? He looks horribly

uninteresting! [*She glances hurriedly around, sees a screen standing before a divan in a corner of the room, and slips hastily behind it. Enter Mrs. Harvey with escort.*]

MRS. H. [*looking about the room*].—Ah, she has gone. Mr. Morton must have come. I must find you some one else.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Harvey and escort. Miss Sherwin gives a sigh of relief, seats herself on the divan, still behind the screen, under a shaded lamp, and picks up a book lying near her. Enter from the ball-room Mademoiselle and Mr. St. John, carrying two plates of ice.*]

MR. ST. JOHN [*aurily*].—Now, Mademoiselle, why isn't this a cosy little place for us to have our refreshments? [*He places a chair for Mademoiselle and hands her her ice.*]

MADMOISELLE.—Ah, Monsieur, eet ees vary well. Ze light and ze warm ees not so much here.

MR. ST. J. [*drawing up his own chair facing Mademoiselle*].—You were telling me, Mademoiselle, that all this kind of thing is new to you. Now what do you think of American men, on the whole?

MADMOISELLE [*with a little laugh*].—Ah, I cannot tell. I haf only met mostly ze Messieurs from ze collège.

MR. ST. J. [*smiling*].—And you do not think they are a fair sample?

MADMOISELLE [*shrugging her shoulders*].—I do not say just so. But zey vary diffayrent. Zey speak so much of—ah! I not raymamberr what. You know—ze words with-out ze sanse.

MR. ST. J.—Slang. Oh, yes. The meaning is sometimes a little obscure. But [*encouragingly*] you will soon pick it up, Mademoiselle, and you have no idea how it will help you to express yourself.

MADMOISELLE [*with a sigh*].—Yas, I learn ze whole tongue sometime.

MR. ST. J. [*with an insinuating air*].—Come now, Mademoiselle, tell me what is your opinion of college men. I shan't let it out, I promise you.

MADMOISELLE [*shaking her finger at him*].—You vary sly, but I know your camarades are Messieurs from ze collège and you are an-other.

MR. ST. J. [*throwing back his head and laughing heartily*].—I am another, am I? You are doing well, Mademoiselle. Is that what Miss Kingsley called me?

[*Miss Sherwin behind the screen looks up from her book in a startled manner.*]

MADemoisELLE [*naïvely*]. Oh non, I haf neverr hear her talk of you.

MR. ST. J. [*placing his plate on the floor with a meditative air*].—That's strange. Never heard any of them speak of St. John?

[*Miss Sherwin puts down her book and rises from the divan.*]

MADemoisELLE [*thoughtfully shaking her head*].—Non, non. I haf neverr hear zem say zat. Zey haf spoke of ze Saint, but I not know what eet ees zat zey mean.

[*Miss Sherwin takes a step forward and stands irresolute with a perplexed expression on her face.*]

MR. ST. J. [*carelessly folding his arms on his knees and leaning forward*]. And what did they say of the Saint?

[*Miss Sherwin looks uneasily about her for means of escape, and seeing none sits down again with a helpless expression.*]

MADemoisELLE [*with an air of abandon*].—Mademoiselle Maude and Mademoiselle Cat-a-rine say zey haf am-use zem at ze name; it so un-ap-propri-ate. But Mademoiselle Dor-o-tee say she pleased be-cause ze owner not like ze name.

[*Miss Sherwin smiles grimly.*]

MR. ST. J. [*Much amused*].—Good for Mademoiselle Dor-o-tee. She's out of sight, anyhow, isn't she?

MADemoisELLE [*looking hastily around*].—Yas, I not see her at all. I have seen zem all vary leetle zees ev-en-ing.

MR. ST. J.—Haven't you seen Mademoiselle Catharine dancing with Morton? You know who he is, don't you?

[*Miss Sherwin leans forward with parted lips.*]

MADemoisELLE [*with interest*].—Ees he ze Monsieur zat studies law?

MR. ST. J. [*looking a trifle perplexed*].—Well, I don't know whether he is *the* Monsieur, but he is in the law school. This is his last year.

MADemoisELLE [*with a quick gesture of the hands*].—Oh, yas. Eet ees he. I haf heard Mademoiselle Cat-a-rine tell of him. She haf say she lof him much be-cause he so difay-rent from ze rest.

[*Mr. St. John gives a long low whistle. Miss Sherwin leans back and closes her eyes. Enter Mr. Thistle and Miss Kingsley. Mademoiselle and Mr. St. John rise as if to go.*]

MR. THISTLE [*blandly*].—Don't let us disturb you, don't let us disturb you, don't let us disturb you!

MISS K. [*to Mr. St. John, with a significant glance toward Mr. Thistle*].—No, don't go. We don't in the least want to monopolise the room.

MR. ST. J. [*wickedly*].—It is very self-sacrificing of you to ask us to stay, but Mademoiselle and I have had our turn and a tête-a-tête room isn't intended for four, you know.

[*Exeunt Mademoiselle and Mr. St. John. Miss Kingsley and Mr. Thistle take the seats they have left; Miss Kingsley very reluctantly. Miss Sherwin looks out from behind the scenes, but withdraws in haste.*]

MR. T. [*speaking slowly and distinctly, on account of his slight deafness, and looking about him with satisfaction*].—A delightful idea this, to have a place where one can withdraw from the whirl and noise of the ball-room and enjoy a quiet conversation. A delightful idea, a delightful idea.

MISS K. [*with a touch of sarcasm*].—The 'whirl and noise' seem very distasteful to you, Mr. Thistle, but, you know, one rather expects that sort of thing at a ball.

MR. T.—That is true, that is true. My retired life at college with those best of friends, my books, has unfitted me for gaiety. But do not think that anything can be distasteful to me in your company, Miss Kingsley. Then even the ball-room grows endurable, and how much do you think must your presence add to this quiet?

[*Miss Sherwin picks up her book and begins to read busily.*]

MISS K. [*with an indifferent laugh*].—Not half so much, I dare say, as your best of friends would.

MR. T. [*mournfully shaking his head*].—Ah, they can do a great deal, a great deal. For many years they have been my one delight, the one solace for every misfortune. They have satisfied every longing.

MISS K. [*calmly interrupting*].—Dear me, if they can accomplish so much, I shall turn student immediately.

MR. T. [*in surprise*].—And are you not one already? Ah [*glancing pityingly at her*], I forgot, I forgot. You have nothing to encourage or inspire you in that paltry boarding school, surrounded by inferior girls. [*Miss Sherwin looks up from her book indignantly*]. But perhaps it is better so. As I was saying [*raising his voice a little*], for many years study has satisfied every longing, but now it has failed. I begin to realize that “They who know the most must mourn the deepest o’er the fatal truth, the Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.”

MISS K. [*with difficulty repressing a yawn*].—I should hope not. Life would be very dull if it were.

[*Miss Sherwin begins to read again.*]

MR. T. [*drawing nearer and speaking more distinctly*].—You are right, you are right. Life would be, life is unendurable without something more, something better, something higher, and that something is love. “There is no good in life but love, but love. What else seems good is some shade flung from love.” [*Miss Sherwin throws down her book and claps her hands over her ears. Miss Kingsley turns suddenly and tries to speak, but Mr. Thistle raises his voice still higher*]. Miss Kingsley, you have made me feel this. [*Miss Kingsley leans back resignedly in her chair. Miss Sherwin presses her hands tighter and tighter and finally buries her head in the cushions*]. You have made me dissatisfied with my life, dissatisfied even with myself. You alone can restore to me my peace of mind, you alone—

[*Enter Mr. Morton in a hasty and agitated manner. He stops short and looks at Miss Kingsley and Mr. Thistle with a dazed expression. At this moment Miss Sherwin moves and the book falls to the floor. Mr. Thistle springs to his feet in alarm. Mr. Morton rushes to the screen, throws it back, and discovers Miss Sherwin, her head still buried in the cushions.*]

MR. MORTON [*with a gasp*].—Cæsar’s ghost, what is the matter?

[*Miss Sherwin starts up, looks around her, and sinks back without speaking.*]

MISS KINGSLEY [*composedly to Mr. Thistle, who stands petrified*].—Mr. Thistle, would you mind looking in the ball-room and dining-room for my wrap? It is getting chilly in here.

[*Exit Mr. Thistle hastily. Miss Kingsley rises and strolls leisurely into the ball-room.*]

MR. MORTON [*looking much distressed*].—Miss Sherwin, I don't know what to say. I didn't intend to leave you so long. Do forgive my rudeness. I, I—

MISS SHERWIN [*sharply*].—Where have you been?

MR. M. [*in great confusion*].—I was in the dining-room—no, I mean the dressing-room. I was where I could not hear the music, and had no idea so much time had passed. I tried to get back, I truly did.

MISS S. [*sarcastically*].—You must have been enjoying yourself very much to make the time seem so short.

MR. M. [*with great earnestness*].—I was alone and having a wretched time. I couldn't help it. I really couldn't.

MISS S. [*looking sternly at him*].—I suppose you couldn't help throwing back that screen and letting everyone see that I was concealed here.

MR. M. [*in surprise*].—I didn't know you were hiding or I shouldn't—

MISS S. [*furiously*].—I *wasn't* hiding. I was driven here and couldn't get out. It is all your fault. Oh, dear! [*She covers her face with her hands.*]

MR. M. [*anxiously*].—Can't I get you some supper?

MISS S. [*without looking up*].—No.

MR. M.—Some water then?

[*Miss Sherwin does not reply. Exit Mr. Morton as Miss Kingsley enters. She sits down on the divan by Miss Sherwin.*]

MISS K.—Cathy?

[*Miss Sherwin looks up. They gaze at each other a moment and then burst out laughing.*]

MISS K. [*looking mystified*].—Explain this to me. I am totally in the dark.

MISS S.—There isn't much to explain. Mr. Morton did not come for the dance he had with me before supper, and I slipped back here to avoid



being questioned. The first thing I knew, here were Mademoiselle and Mr. St. John, and they had reached a point in their conversation when it would have been embarrassing for me to appear. Just as they were leaving, you came. Between the fear of being discovered and the feeling that I was playing the eavesdropper, you don't know what I suffered.

Miss K.—And you heard all that stupid fellow said?

Miss S.—I tried not to, but he shouted so.

Miss K.—Wasn't it dreadful? Thank goodness, I have the next dance with Mr. Carter.

Miss S.—But the Thistle will fly back in a moment with your wrap.

Miss K. [*triumphantly drawing it from behind her*].—No, he won't. He will go on looking for it for the rest of the evening. Ah, here comes Mr. Carter. [*She rises and starts toward the door, then stops.*] What are you going to say to Mr. Morton?

Miss S. [*stiffly*].—I am going to be very cold and severe.

Miss K. [*smiling incredulously*].—Well, I should like to see you do it; but you can't, Cathy. You will forgive him before he asks you.

Miss S. [*defiantly*].—Wait and see.

Miss K.—I'll wait. [*Exit Miss Kingsley.*]

### III.

SCENE.—End of the ball-room at Mrs. Harvey's. Enter Miss Layard and Mr. McClane dancing.

MISS LAYARD [*breathlessly*].—Oh, I must stop. Where can we sit down and rest for a moment?

MR. MCCLANE [*looking about*].—The tête-à-tête rooms are occupied, worse luck! But here is a window seat that looks moderately comfortable. You do not think you will feel the draught here?

MISS L. [*giving him her fan*].—I only wish I could feel a draught. I never was so warm. If I could ever learn to stop dancing at the right time—but I love it too much.

MR. McC. [*fanning her*].—We'll rest and then begin again. So you really are enjoying it to-night?

MISS L. [*enthusiastically*].—Enjoying it! If you had been shut up in a gloomy old boarding-school for about six months you wouldn't ask. Oh, how I hate it! So poky! So stupid!

MR. McC.—Well, now, I prophesy that Mrs. Flint is going to change her tactics and let you have more fun. The very fact of her letting you come to-night means that she is meditating something of the kind.

MISS L.—No, it doesn't. It only means that we shall be kept in more than ever to make up for this. [*She sighs plaintively.*]

MR. McC. [*dropping the fan upon his knee*].—Oh, pshaw, she oughtn't to be allowed to live. Now don't you suppose she would let a harmless person like me come to call upon you sometimes?

MISS L. [*mischievously*].—Well, perhaps if you wrote to papa and he wrote to Mrs. Flint and gave a good account of you, and satisfied her that your ancestors were really good men and that you are going to follow in their footsteps—

MR. McC.—I might come. I'll do it. What is the old gen—, I beg pardon, your father's address? I'll fix my ancestors all right. My great-great-grandfather was a missionary to the Indians, his son a chaplain in the Revolutionary Army, my grandfather was a philanthropist, my father is a minister and I am thinking of studying theology. Will that do?

MISS L. [*clapping her hands*].—Oh, lovely. But you must give good reasons for wanting to come.

MR. McC. [*looking fixedly at Miss Layard*].—Jove! I could give reasons enough. And you really give me permission to come after these preliminary arrangements?

MISS L. [*demurely*].—Oh, yes, then you may come some Saturday afternoon and talk to Mrs. Flint in my presence for half an hour.

MR. McC. [*in dismay*].—Is this to be my reward?

MISS L.—You see you will be such an interesting young man that Mrs. Flint will want to talk with you about your ancestors.

MR. McC. [*energetically shutting the fan.*].—Then I'll dispose of some of them. No, I have it. [*He leans forward confidentially.*] I am interested in you through a mutual friend, hear through same friend that you are growing frivolous, think you a good subject for a little missionary work. How is that?

MISS L.—Very transparent, but—oh, I forgot! You can't come at all. Mrs. Flint particularly disapproves of college men. We were especially instructed to avoid them to-night.

MR. McC.—And this is the way you do it?

MISS L. [*tossing her head coquettishly*].—I don't see how I can help myself.

MR. McC. [*reproachfully*].—Then you would like to?

[*Enter Mr. Blair in great haste. He rushes up to Miss Layard.*]

MR. B.—I've been looking everywhere for you, Miss Layard. Isn't this our waltz?

MISS L. [*glancing quickly at Mr. McClane, who regards her with a most beseeching expression*].—Yes, it is, but if you will excuse me, I think I shall not dance this time. I am a little tired. [*She settles herself more comfortably on the window-seat.*]

MR. B. [*aside to Mr. McClane*].—I'll get even with you for this, old chap.

MR. McC. [*threateningly in an undertone*].—And I'll see that you repent interrupting my tête-à-têtes.

[*Exit Mr. Blair.*]

MR. McC. [*in a pathetic tone*].—Was it much of a sacrifice to give up that dance?

MISS L.—No, I like it better here.

MR. McC. [*brightening*].—Do you really? So do I. Do you know, I should have been awfully wretched if you had gone. I was just thinking—

[*Enter Mr. Morton.*]

MR. MORTON.—Excuse me—but—may I speak to you a minute, Mac?

MR. McC. [*rising reluctantly*].—I suppose so, if Miss Layard will pardon me.

[*They step aside.*]

MR. McC. [*with vexation*].—Now, what do you want? Didn't you see I was busy? You fellows never seem to care when you interrupt.

MR. M.—Come now, just forget about yourself a minute and look at me. Do you see anything strange or conspicuous looking about me?

MR. McC. [*scrutinising him*].—No, only you look awfully rumpled and excited. What have you done to your clothes?

MR. M. [*in a whisper*].—Shhh! They're not mine. Gawky butler met me in the passage and baptised me with a bowl of salad dressing. Ruined my dress suit. Harvey scraped me up this one of his. Had to cut a dance and supper with Miss Sherwin. She is furious. I can't explain. Help me, old fellow, and for heaven's sake, get them to turn out the lights, or the fit of this thing will drive me mad!

MR. McC. [*laughing*].—Well, you do deserve to be pitied. Where is Miss Sherwin?

MR. M.—In the tête-à-tête room, where she has been for the last hour. She will scarcely speak to me.

MR. McC.—Go and get her and take her to the conservatory. We will meet you there.

MR. M.—But I am afraid she won't go. You don't know how immovable she is.

MR. McC. [*after a moment's hesitation*].—Tell her Miss Layard wishes to speak with her.

MR. M. [*suspiciously*].—Now look here, Mac, *don't* get me into any more scrapes!

MR. McC. [*reassuringly*].—Didn't I tell you I would do my best for you? Go along. I'll have all the lights out in the conservatory by the time you get there.

MR. M. [*hesitating nervously*].—Don't tell any of the fellows until after the girls go!

MR. McC.—I didn't promise that, but [*threateningly*] if you don't go and do as I say— [*Exit Mr. Morton.*]

IV.

SCENE.—*Conservatory. Miss Kingsley and Mr. Carter seated within. Enter Miss Layard and Mr. McClane.*

MR. McCLANE.—Hello, Hal, you here? That's good. Morton and Miss Sherwin are coming presently. Then we shall have it all to ourselves.

MR. CARTER [*in a disgusted tone*].—Awfully good of you to come to keep us company.

MISS LAYARD.—Ah! we are not welcome, Mr. McClane.

MR. McC. [*stepping up to the candles and blowing them out*].—Oh, yes, we are; that's just a way Hal has of expressing his pleasure.

MISS KINGSLEY [*remonstrating*].—What are you putting out the lights for, Mr. McClane?

MR. McC. [*sitting down by Miss Layard*].—To reduce the temperature and prevent our presence from being irksome to you. Noble motives, are they not? [*He begins to talk to Miss Layard in an undertone.*]

MR. C. [*to Miss Kingsley*].—Come now, in all seriousness, you didn't really enjoy talking to Thistle, did you?

MISS K.—No, I can't say that I did [*Mr. Carter looks relieved*], but [*emphatically*] I enjoyed immensely hearing him talk.

MR. C. [*incredulously*].—Thistle? Oh, you couldn't! Impossible!

MISS K. [*with feigned displeasure*].—Do you think his conversation is beyond me?

MR. C.—Oh, no, no, never; but he's such a dry chap. An awful grind, you know. Doesn't know any of the fellows, even those in his class—never goes about any. Why, I believe I could show him places about the college that he doesn't know exist.

MISS L. [*laughing aloud*].—Poor Mr. Morton, that is a terrible scrape for him to be in. Can't we help him out?

MR. C. [*turning quickly around*].—Morton in a scrape? That's fine! Don't get him out of it. Let him alone.

MR. McC. [*threateningly*].—Now look here. Don't you give any such advice. Suppose I had let you alone when Miss—

MR. C. [*hastily*].—All right, all right. I'll fix it all up for Morton. I don't know what it's about, but I'll see that it's all straight.

MR. McC. [*to Miss Layard*].—If you could explain a little to Miss Sherwin when she comes in—

MISS L.—Of course I can. I should love to. It will be so funny to hear what she says. Here they come now.

[*Enter Miss Sherwin and Mr. Morton.*]

MR. McC.—Um! how frigid. [*Aloud.*] Shouldn't you like some cushions from the window seat in the other room? [*In a whisper*] I'll make Morton go with me to get them. See? [*Miss Layard nods. Mr. McClane goes up to Mr. Morton and Miss Sherwin and speaks to them. Exit Mr. McClane and Mr. Morton. Miss Sherwin goes over to Miss Layard and they converse in whispers.*]

MISS K. [*to Mr. Carter*].—It must have been a very serious scrape to make the mere mention of it have such a subduing effect upon you.

MR. C. [*confidentially*].—Well, I didn't want Mac to proclaim it to the whole house, that was all. It wasn't anything much. I'll tell you about it. That girl he mentioned was a terror [*drops his voice and continues*].

MISS L. [*to Miss Sherwin*].—Don't let him know that Mr. McClane told me anything or that I told you. Just be haughty for a little while and then be nice, as if all of your own accord.

MISS S. [*with a confident nod of her head*].—Don't be afraid that I shall be too relenting. Whether he was to blame or not, Mr. Morton caused me great annoyance and I am not entirely pacified yet.

[*Enter Mr. Morton and Mr. McClane with the cushions. They arrange them and all make themselves comfortable.*]

MR. McC. [*to Miss Layard*].—How did it work?

MISS L. [*with great satisfaction*].—Beautifully! Cathy isn't going to forgive him right away, and when she does he will think it is from pure kindness of heart.

MR. McC. [*shaking his head*].—It takes a girl to manœuvre. I should never have thought of going into it as deep as that. I thought they would make it all up at once and have it over.



MISS L.—Oh, that would spoil the fun.

MR. McC. [*glancing toward Miss Sherwin and Mr. Morton with a smile*].—Well, it may be fun for us and for Miss Sherwin, but I'll venture it's the most uncomfortable fun Mort's had for a good while.

MR M. [*to Miss Sherwin, with mournful entreaty*].—Are you going to punish me all the rest of the evening and not forgive me at all?

MISS S.—You haven't shown that you particularly desire forgiveness.

MR. M. [*looking hurt*].—Haven't I apologised and done everything but go down on my knees? I'll do that if you say so.

MISS S. [*with a touch of sarcasm*].—Oh, you have told me you were in two or three places at once, if that is what you mean by an apology, and you have said you were awfully sorry. I suppose I ought to be satisfied with that.

MR. M. [*penitently*].—No, you oughtn't. I know I've said a lot of foolish things that weren't to the point, but I've been all upset by one thing and another, and you mustn't judge by what I say. Judge by—

MISS S. [*mischievously*].—Appearances?

MR. M. [*hastily*].—No, no. I don't mean that, I mean—do have a little pity on me.

[*Mr. Blair appears at the door, peers around in the darkness and then enters.*]

MR. BLAIR.—Oh, you're all here, are you? Mademoiselle sent me to find you. She says it is after twelve and the mesdemoiselles *must* come immediately. She is surprised that they didn't come before, and is very angry.

[*The girls jump up hastily.*]

MISS S.—Oh, dear, we should have gone sooner, I suppose.

MR. M.—No, no, sit down, you don't have to go yet. [*Fiercely to Mr. Blair.*] What do you mean by rushing in here in this style?

MISS K. [*decidedly*].—We must go.

MISS L.—Isn't it too mean!

MR. C.—Blair, go out of here. Go back and tell Mademoiselle you couldn't find them.

MISS S. [*anxiously*].—Is she very angry?

MR. B. [*with mock solemnity*].—Awfully angry. The last time I saw her she was just giving it to St. John.

MR. M. [*seizing Mr. Blair by the shoulder*].—Look here! Stop fooling. Mademoiselle didn't send you here at all. Did she now?

MR. B.—Well, don't choke me in the meantime. Mademoiselle sent me [*the girls press forward breathlessly*] to see if the young ladies were enjoying themselves and behaving themselves properly, and—

MISS K. }  
MISS S. } [*sitting down with a sigh of relief*].—Oh!  
MISS L. }

MR. B.—And to tell them if they didn't hurry along this minute—  
[*The girls jump up again in alarm.*]

MR. McC. [*excitedly*].—Don't you say another word.

MR. C. [*menacingly*].—Tell the truth, can't you?

MISS L. [*pleadingly*].—Please tell us what she said. Oh, I know we shall have to go after all.

MR. McC.—No, you won't. It isn't late yet. Say, Blair, this is too much.

MISS K. [*indignantly*].—I don't intend to wait to hear more. I am going this minute.

MISS S.—So am I.

MR. B.—You needn't go. Upon my word, I haven't seen Mademoiselle for an hour.

MISS K.—I don't believe it. I am going.

MR. C.—No, don't. He hasn't seen Mademoiselle. Really he hasn't. It isn't late.

MR. M. [*persuasively*].—Come, sit down. Don't pay any attention to Blair. He doesn't know what he is talking about.

MISS L. [*eagerly*].—Oh, Mr. Blair, do go back and ask Mademoiselle if we can't stay a little longer.

MISS S.—Yes, do, won't you?

MR. B.—Why, I don't know where she is.

MISS K.—What time is it? Isn't she really waiting for us?

MR. B.—It is exactly half-past eight, and Mademoiselle is tête-à-tête with the Saint. I stake my reputation upon it.

MR. M.—You won't lose much if you don't win. Now, have you worried us enough?

MR. B. [*sauntering to the door*].—I am to tell Mademoiselle you are in the conservatory.

MISS K. [*in dismay*].—Oh, no.

MISS S.—Just ask her if we must go now.

MR. B.—Ask her if——

MR. McC. [*rushing toward him*].—Are you going?

MR. B.—To be sure.

MR. C.—Then hurry.

MR. McC.—Fall down and break your neck! Don't you come back here!

MR. B.—Thank you.

[*Exit Mr. Blair.*]

MR. M. [*to Miss Sherwin, as he takes his seat again*].—I suppose you would have gone away then and left me here without a word.

MISS S. [*with assumed indifference*].—I should only have been following your example if I had. I don't remember that you gave me many words of explanation when you left me this evening.

MR. M. [*desperately*].—What *shall* I say or do? [*He leans back with the air of a martyr.*] Well, go on; make me miserable if you enjoy it. I can stand it, I suppose, if it gives you pleasure.

MR. C. [*to Miss Kingsley*].—Twelve is too early for anyone but a Cinderella. Why didn't you make her say two?

MISS K.—Have you ever seen Mrs. Flint?

MR. C. [*flippantly*].—Never have had that pleasure.

MISS K.—Well, when you do you won't talk about *making* her do things.

MISS S. [*to Mr. Morton*].—And you really couldn't help it?

MR. M. [*reproachfully*].—Do you think I should have stayed away from you all that time if I hadn't been forced to?

MISS L. [*to Mr. McClane*].—Yes, to St. Luke's every Sunday. We have to—but we don't mind. It's fun to get out and see people.

MR. McC. [*musingly*].—I wonder if I couldn't get in the choir at St. Luke's.

MISS L. [*with enthusiasm*].—That would be lovely! Do try.

MR. M. [*to Miss Sherwin*].—Won't you take my word for it?

MISS S. [*smiling*].—I suppose I must. You are so pitiful.

MR. M. [*eagerly*].—And you forgive me too?

[*Re-enter Mr. Blair. Mr. Morton, Mr. Carter and Mr. McClane try to make him retreat, but the girls gather around him.*]

MISS L. [*breathlessly*].—What did she say? Where is she? Must we go now? Has the carriage come?

MISS K. [*sternly*].—Tell us the truth.

MR. C.—Tell them she doesn't want them, and then go!

MR. B. [*calmly*].—Mademoiselle has fled. One rumor is that she has gone with St. John; another that she has gone for Mrs. Flint—

MISS L.—Oh, I am frightened to death!

MR. B.—Another that she has shut herself up in the dressing-room in a rage.

MISS K.—Come, girls, don't delay a minute. [*She starts to the door.*]

MISS L. [*following reluctantly*].—Oh dear, oh dear. It's to-morrow.

MR. McC.—Pshaw! this is all a trick. Come back. I'll go see about it myself.

MR. M. [*to Miss Sherwin, as she starts toward the door*].—Let the others go and pacify Mademoiselle. You stay here. Please do.

MISS S.—I can't,—but perhaps we can get our wraps and come down again—unless the carriage is waiting.

MR. M.—Will you really? Don't be long. I'm sure the carriage isn't there.

MISS S.—I'll try.

MR. M. [*detaining her*].—Did you say you forgave me?

MISS S. [*with an exasperating smile*].—I didn't say. [*She joins Miss Kingsley and Miss Layard at the door.*]

MR. B. [*calling to them as they hurry out*].—Mademoiselle said you could stay until day after to-morrow, until next week, until—

[*Exeunt Miss Sherwin, Miss Layard and Miss Kingsley.*]

MR. C. [*energetically*].—Blair, I'll kill you.

MR. McC. [*in disgust*].—Of all contemptible tricks, this is the meanest!

MR. M. [*excitedly*].—Don't waste time talking. We must do something. Fellows, if you don't all turn in and help me, you're no friends of

mine. I must see Miss Sherwin again. You must contrive some way for her to be left behind—

MR. C.—And let the others go? Thanks, I don't go into any such scheme as that.

MR. McC. [*aside to Mr. Carter*].—Come now, don't be crusty. Can't you see it's a serious thing with Mort? Lend a hand and a head, if you haven't lost it, to help a fellow in distress. He's pulled you out often enough.

MR. M. [*to Mr. McClane*].—Mac, what shall I do? If it hadn't been for Blair—

MR. McC. [*turning suddenly around*].—Blair, you're in an inventive frame of mind to-night. Suppose you turn it to a good purpose for sake of variety, and suggest something for us to do.

MR. B. [*glibly*].—Bind Mademoiselle, drug the servants, lock up Mr. and Mrs. Harvey—

MR. C. [*sternly*].—Now we've had enough of that for one night. If you can't say something sensible, just keep still or we'll—

MR. M. [*swrathfully*].—Put you out. I wish we had done it long ago.

MR. McC.—He oughtn't to have been allowed to come anyhow.

MR. B. [*with unruffled countenance*].—Yes, he ought. If he hadn't come, you fellows might have had some reason to complain.

MR. M. [*walking restlessly up and down*].—Some reason? I should like to know how we could well have more! Oh, how I'd like—

MR. B. [*soothingly*].—No, you wouldn't. Just calm yourself a little. If I had known you were going to get into such a desperate state of mind I shouldn't have bribed the coachman—

MR. M. [*stopping short and confronting him*].—What do you mean?

MR. C.—What are you talking about; have you any idea?

MR. B. [*rubbing his forehead*].—A dim one. I have a sort of a recollection of standing out in the rain about an hour ago, haranguing with that old buffer of Flint's, and it *seems* to me that he finally consented to go off and lose himself for a couple of hours,—but I may have just imagined it.

MR. M. [*looking astonished*].—Blair, are you in earnest?

MR. McC.—Well, you are a genius!

MR. C.—Why didn't you tell us? Why did you want to stir up all this commotion for nothing?

MR. B.—I wanted you to appreciate the fact that you were having an extra allowance of time.

[*Enter Mr. St. John.*]

MR. ST. J.—What is this? a conspiracy?

MR. C.—Exactly that. Blair has bribed the coachman to stay for a while.

MR. ST. J.—What good does that do? Mademoiselle and the girls are upstairs waiting for the carriage, and they won't come down again till it comes.

MR. McC.—Mort, shall we give a false alarm and bring them down?

MR. M. [*looking anxiously out of the door*].—No, Miss Sherwin said she would come back.

MR. C.—Are the others coming too?

MR. M. [*absently*].—She said she would try. I think she will. Ah, here she comes now.

[*Enter Mademoiselle, Miss Sherwin, Miss Kingsley and Miss Layard.*]

MR. M. [*to Mr. McClane, in a whisper*].—Make Blair go and see that that coachman isn't lurking around anywhere.

[*They join the others, and all stand talking. Mr. McClane speaks to Mr. Blair, who goes out.*]

MADemoisELLE [*protestingly to Mr. St. John*].—But we can-not hear ze car-riage here.

MR. ST. J. [*with great assurance*].—Oh, yes, we can. Better than anywhere else, really, especially if we sit by that window over there. [*He leads the way and Mademoiselle follows*].

MR. C.—Don't stand here. That carriage isn't coming yet. Let's sit down and make ourselves comfortable. [*He draves up a chair for Miss Kingsley. They seat themselves, and the others follow their example.*]

MISS KINGSLEY [*to Mr. Carter*].—I can't imagine what can have happened. It is so late, nearly everyone else has gone. What will Mrs. Harvey think of us?

MR. C.—Oh, she understands about it. That's all right.



MISS K.—But Mrs. Flint won't. Are you sure the carriage isn't there?

MR. C. [*to Mr. Blair, who appears at the door*].—Blair, see if "thirty-six" has come yet. [*Exit Mr. Blair*]. We'll all come around in the morning and explain to Mrs. Flint. That'll fix it.

MR. B. [*calling from without*].—Thirty-six! Hello there, thirty-six!

MISS SHERWIN [*to Mr. Morton*].—I was a little disagreeable myself, perhaps.

MR. M. [*warmly*].—No, you weren't, not a bit. I never saw anyone so amiable. I thought of course you had gone off and danced with some other fellow. But when I came back and found you still there—that's what broke me all up.

MISS S. [*folding her hands complacently*].—I could have danced a good many times—but I didn't want to.

MR. M.—It's awfully good of you to say that—that is, if you mean it the way I want you to.

[*Enter Mr. Blair.*]

MR. B.—No, signs of him yet [*he beckons to Mr. McClane, who joins him*].

MR. McC.—Well, is it all right?

MR. B.—Coachman's in the kitchen enjoying himself with the servants, good for another hour at least, and the carriage is concealed at the back of the house. But Mrs. Harvey is worrying, rather suspects we have had a hand in this business, and is trying to get Harvey to go out and look for it. If he does it's all over.

MR. McC. [*looking toward Miss Sherwin and Mr Morton*].—Can't you head him off?

MR. B. [*dubiously*].—Well, I don't quite see how I can—but here goes. [*Exit Mr. Blair.*]

MISS LAYARD. [*to Mr. McClane as he joins her again*].—Isn't this jolly and mysterious? After one o'clock and no carriage. I just love that coachman for not coming. [*She laughs gaily.*]

MR. McC.—He is a sensible man. He knows this isn't any time for him to be coming round here.

MISS L. [*regretfully*].—But it would have been much nicer if we could only have known that we could stay. I was positively afraid to look at a clock all the evening.

MR. ST. JOHN [*to Mademoiselle*].—It is the most beautiful language in the world, Mademoiselle. So sort of thrilling.

MADemoISELLE [*with a laugh*].—Ah, Monsieur, you can not tell eef you do not speak eet.

MR. ST. J. [*protestingly*].—But I am going to learn to speak it. Upon my word I am. I'll begin now if you'll teach me. You always begin with *l'homme* and *aimer*, don't you?

MADemoISELLE.—Ah, non! Monsieur. We be-gin with *être* and *garçon*.

[*Mr. Blair appears again at the door and gesticulates wildly, but no one notices him.*]

MR. M.—[*pleadingly*].—Please don't treat it as a joke. I am in earnest. Really I am.

MISS S. [*very softly*].—I have told you I forgive you, isn't that enough?

MR. M. [*impetuously*].—No! not nearly enough. You must tell me. [*He draws nearer and drops his voice very low.*]

[*Enter Mr. Harvey. He stops and speaks to Mr. Blair for a moment.*]

MR. HARVEY [*advancing*].—Mademoiselle, your carriage is here. I hope you and the young ladies have not found it tiresome waiting.

MADemoISELLE [*rising quickly*].—Non, Monsieur, eet has not been so. But eet ces late. Dépêchez-vous, Mesdemoiselles.

MR. C. [*to Miss Kingsley*].—It is abominable for that cabby to turn up just now. You must go?

MISS K.—Indeed we must. I don't know what would happen if we were to delay now [*turning toward Miss Sherwin and Mr. Morton, who are still seated*]. We are going, Cathy.

MR. McC. [*to Miss L.*].—Take your time. We'll see you to the carriage. Have you all your wraps? I am sure you've dropped some. Let us stay here and look for them.

MISS L.—Oh, I musn't. [*She starts toward the door, then stops and looks back.*] Aren't you coming, Cathy?

MR. M. [*detaining Miss Sherwin, as she starts to go*].—Then you won't ask me to wait?

Miss S. [*with a saucy smile, as she hurries after Miss Layard*].—You kept me waiting, you know.

Miss K. [*to Mr. Harvey*].—Where is Mrs. Harvey?

Mr. H.—Just here in the other room.

[*Exit Mr. Harvey, followed by Mademoiselle, Miss Sherwin, Miss Kingsley and Miss Layard.*]

Mr. McC. [*anxiously to Mr. Morton, who is hurrying toward the door*].—All right, Mort?

Mr. M. [*without stopping or looking around*].—Yes, yes, all right.

Mr. McC. [*energetically striking him by the shoulder*].—Is it really? Good for you!

Mr. St. J. [*as they all crowd around Mr. Morton*].—That is fine, Dewitt. I am proud of you, old fellow.

Mr. B. [*seizing one hand and shaking it vigorously*].—You deserve credit, my boy. I congratulate you and——

Mr. C. [*shaking the other hand*].—Wish you joy with all my heart. How does it——

Mr. M. [*breaking away from them*].—Thank you, boys, thank you. I'll see you again.

[*Exit.*]

Mr. St. J. [*in amazement*].—Well! Congratulations are wasted on him.

Mr. C.—Communicative, isn't he?

Mr. McC.—What do you expect? that he will stay here and talk to you instead of seeing Miss Sherwin to the carriage? If we don't hurry he will have the pleasure of seeing them all off.

Mr. C. [*hastily*].—Well, come on then.

[*Exit Mr. Carter, followed by Mr. McClane and Mr. St. John.*]

Mr. B. [*looking after them and singing*].—

Ah, me, 'tis strange that some should take to sighing,

And like it well, and like it well;

For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,

So cannot tell, so cannot tell.

[*Exit, humming.*]

FINIS.

*Ethel McCoy Walker, '94.*

## PIGEON HOLES

## THE THREE YEARS' COURSE

IT is more than a year now since the hot discussion of the sixteen-course or three-year system at Harvard, but a question is seldom closed, especially when any new aspect presents itself, and accordingly I should like to suggest that this one might very profitably be re-opened with regard to women's colleges.

By way of preface let me state what, in its general application, the three-year system means. Its advocates propose, by cutting down the number of courses required for the A. B., to enable any student who desires to take the degree in three years. And be it said just here that there is as ample opportunity for saving the time thus cut out of the college course in the girls' preparatory schools as in the boys'; so that the change could be made without either raising the average age of admission to college, or materially lowering the standard of the degree. In short, there is elementary work of which the college should free the valuable time of her instructors, by requiring it in the entrance examinations.

Now what are the principal arguments against the woman's college? I mean, of course, arguments which can be met and answered; not the impalpable objections of prejudice and conservatism. The one most often insisted upon amounts to this, that the four years from eighteen to twenty-two are the most important years of a woman's life, years in which she re-adjusts her childish relations to family and surroundings, and takes her place once for all in the society in which she must live. The college girl, it is urged, who spends those years making new friends and getting new interests which are often hard to reconcile with her home life, is deprived of this precious time of adjustment, and comes back to her home a woman, her character and tastes formed without home influences and regardless of home requirements. A life-long estrangement from her home and surroundings, and a life-long lack of that tact and adaptability which constitute a woman's greatest charm and are the secret of her greatest power are, it is argued, the natural and inevitable results. Is not a large part—much more than a fourth—of the force of this argument done away with by the shortening of the college course from four to three years? Any college woman would tell you that the fourth year brings little that is actually new except the responsibilities of Seniorship, and makes its force felt chiefly in deepening and strengthening the lines that the three former years have drawn in.

So, too, in regard to the argument that it is not a good plan for women to live together in large numbers at any rate, since of necessity a woman's life has not the freedom that gives broadness to the college life of men. This is not the place for a discussion of that question, but whatever evil effects there may be in college life they must

make themselves felt not at first, but gradually, as the slow formation of narrow habits of thought, and would be greatly lessened with the removal of the fourth year.

So much for the advantages of the three-year system in meeting the special objections raised against women's colleges as such. In respect, now, to the arguments for it which have been urged in the case of men's colleges, I cannot think of one which does not hold for women with the same force. The supporters of the system argue that, as professional and post-graduate training becomes more and more necessary, "if both college and professional training can not be afforded, it is the college training which is sacrificed;" and they "regard the present state of things as very burdensome to parents and as injurious to the state because it tends to confine the benefits of university education to the children of people more than ordinarily prosperous." They "recognize in the fact that the number of students in American colleges has not increased proportionately with the increase of the population at large, and in the very small proportion of college-bred men in the learned and scientific professions, signs that the traditional four-years' course for the A. B. may wisely be made more elastic." And they "believe that the common American college is already in an anomalous and untenable position, and that it will get more and more out of relation with its surroundings, as secondary schools improve, unless it gradually raises the grade of its work, and makes its requirements for the A. B. more elastic."

All this holds quite as true of our women's colleges as of the men's, they, too, wish to extend the higher education to the community at large and not merely to the prosperous few; there are professional women—students, teachers, doctors, ministers, even lawyers—and their numbers are growing all the time; and, on the other hand, the man who comes to college merely for general culture and broadening and ought to get to his business life as young as possible, finds his counterpart in the girl who is losing these valuable years at home. The great argument that is brought up in favor of retaining the four-years' course for such men is that they cannot get the advantages of the college atmosphere in less time; and at this very point, it seems to me, comes in the strongest argument that there is for abandoning the four-years' course for women. Women can and do get the advantages of the college atmosphere in less than four years; they are not obliged to go through the familiar and inevitable stages of Freshman and Sophomore, and the equally objectionable and almost equally inevitable Junior indifference and frivolity; or, if they do, the stages are so short in most cases that one barely has time to notice them before they are gone. In fact, the process of development in a woman's college is so much more rapid than in a man's—at least, as long as girls continue to come to college for the love of knowledge alone—that any girl who is worth anything has come to a realization of the nobleness of college life in itself and as a preparation for life in the world, long before the end of her Freshman year, and by the time she is a Junior has received in full the gift that Alma Mater often refuses to her sons until late in their last year with her.

Is it too late to reconsider our traditions? I think not, and I want to suggest the possibility of some change of this sort, as one that promises to remove a number of difficulties in the way of the higher education of women.

*Elizabeth Ware Winsor, '92.*

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## COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ASSOCIATION

*To the Editors of THE LANTERN :*

I HAVE been delighted to hear that the membership of the College Settlements Association in Bryn Mawr has so greatly increased this winter. The Association intends this coming year to extend its work so largely that we have good reason to redouble our energies to help in every way we can.

The work has been hitherto confined to New York City. In the fall of '92 a Settlement is to be opened in Boston, to co-operate to some extent with the Andover Settlement, and intended more distinctly than that in New York to enable its residents to make independent sociological investigations.

Then, too, the work is to come next winter nearer home, or what is for at least four years nearer home to every Bryn Mawr undergraduate. The Association has agreed to render assistance to the "St. Mary Street Library" in Philadelphia, and to take the work there as the beginning of a Philadelphia Settlement. The "St. Mary Street Library Association," which has been doing work in the neighborhood for some time, contributes a house for two years, one thousand dollars, and the use of a hall, classroom, cooking school and carpenter shop. The work is to be largely among negroes, conducted less through clubs and more by personal work than in New York, and we feel that with the hold already established, the opportunity here is unusually good.

What we need is workers,—resident workers most of all; but there will be classes and other work for such women as are unable to remain permanently in the Settlement. May we not here put in a plea for Bryn Mawr graduates and students who are in the neighborhood to help in the work? One of the greatest desires of the College Settlements Association is in the end to make each Settlement dependent only upon the community about it. Surely, here or nowhere Bryn Mawr is to play her part.

April, 1892.

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## "HIGHER EDUCATION" IN TURKEY

PERHAPS the readers of the LANTERN may care to hear something of a Woman's College on the shores of the Bosphorus. There was once a small western town, the citizens of which were exhorted by the editor of their weekly paper to purchase a fire engine, "lest the town should share the fate of its sister cities of Boston and Chicago." It seems to show something of the same spirit to compare the American College in Constantinople with Bryn Mawr. But both colleges were founded to give to women the opportunities of a higher and better education than they could get elsewhere, and it may not seem presumptuous to tell how the college in Asia is struggling to fulfil this mission.

Its students are of many different nationalities. Armenians, Greeks, English and Bulgarians predominate, but there are also Jews, Albanians, Americans, Roumanians, Turks, Germans, French, Danes and Italians. This fact necessitates much language study. Nearly every student must learn four tongues—English, French, her vernacular, and her ancestral language (as Ancient Greek, Slavic, Old Armenian, etc.) All the students are required to talk English for four days in the week, and French for two days; while on Sunday they may talk what they will; that is the day of Babel.

This diversity of nationality has its advantages. Think with what reality history and legend are invested, studied with Aspasia and Eurydice, with Aglaïa and Ariadne and Euphrosyne, who talk of their brothers Pericles and Socrates and Achilles!

The study of history and art is also greatly helped by the situation of the college. It is easier to appreciate the reality of history in the midst of ruined walls and ancient palaces. When the students picnic by the palace of Belisarius; or gather botanical specimens on the site of the monastery to which the Empress Irene retired in her late remorse; or when they eat lettuce raised in the moat by the gate through which the conquering Turks entered the city; or visit on an afternoon walk the church in which the Council of Chalcedon was held; or watch on every holiday the lineal descendant of the Pyrrhic dances performed by porters; it gives an illumination to many parts of the ancient story. And art-students should certainly enjoy living in the very city with St. Sophia and the church of S. S. Sergius and Bacchus. Then, too, they are within easy access to a museum, among whose treasures (though yet uncatalogued) may be found examples of nearly every phase and epoch of ancient art, from the Hittite sculptures and the colossal figure of Bel of Gaza, to the marvelously beautiful Alexandrine sarcophagus, with its vivid representation in polychrome bas-relief of the Battle of Arbela.

But all these advantages are offset by very great disadvantages. There is determined opposition on the part of the government, manifesting itself in a strict censorship of the text-books used in the college, and in other annoying ways; in the students there is great want of preparation and of habits of study; and we have the most serious difficulty in persuading parents to allow their daughters to remain in school after the age of twenty, as that is considered old for marriage.

There is in connection with the American College a preparatory department with a course of two years. This is an absolute necessity, not only on account of the absence of other preparatory schools, but also because the students must learn English well before entering on the collegiate course.

With a course so limited in time the students are necessarily very much crowded with work, especially as more than half of them study music, without which an education is considered very incomplete in Turkey. So, breakfasting at seven, and retiring at nine o'clock, the more industrious and advanced of the students are engaged regularly in study and recreation for nine and a half or ten hours every day.

There is a growing desire for education among the better classes of eastern nations, and this demand—almost feverish in its intensity in Bulgaria and Roumania and Greece—is the origin of the attempt to build up a real college for women in Constantinople. And in spite of all the disadvantages under which it labors, it is advancing each year, and it is hoped that it will some day be worthy to be classed with Bryn Mawr, and to send its periodicals in exchange for the *Lantern*.

*Isabel F. Dodd.*

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## GERMAN "AFTERNOON TEA"

RECREATION among the German people is essentially different in character from that of Americans. It is sought as a pleasure, not a duty, and is enjoyed in a spirit of quiet. No thought of excitement suggests itself, and no great preparation is necessary.

If the house has a garden, the careful Hausfrau sees that the afternoon coffee is set out there; and a smile of joy illumines her face if a friend or neighbor drops in to join the circle and add a bit of news to the fund for discussion.

Coffee is supplemented by mondscheinbäuchen of black or white bread, a form of refreshment that requires for its preparation a skill learned only through patient practice. The loaf of bread is held close to the body with the left hand and the knife drawn towards the cutter. In this manner, slices of a marvelous thinness can be obtained, so that it is no exaggeration to call them "moon-light slices." Pumpernickle thus prepared brings joy to the soul; it is bread, very black and solid, but its chief attraction lies in its intense sourness; the more sour the better in a German's opinion.

The family, when assembled for this movable feast, presents to the eye of the American a picture as novel as it is enviable in its quiet content. Mütterchen sits behind the coffee-pot, talking and serving the party in a manner seemingly impossible for any mortal under whose hands is growing an affair of indescribable joyousness of color and hideousness of design which posterity will never know whether to classify as rug, shawl

or table-cover. The daughters chatter in whispers, interrupted by suppressed laughter, drink their coffee and crochet lace or embroider something less imposingly large than the mother's, but by the taste therein displayed promising to be succeeded in after years by work of as appalling a type. The Herr Papa and his sons take their delight in puffing at huge pipes, from which circles upward many a blue ring of smoke; or if the family is very progressive, the younger men may content themselves with a cigarette and a look of intense superiority. They are attired one and all in smoking jackets and slippers embroidered by some fair damsel with marvelous flowers or monstrosities fit for the Zoo.

Sometimes the coffee is served on the Bergchen, which plays an important rôle in the enjoyment of the household. An ignorant person might suppose this luxury to be limited to rolling country, but such is not the case. The Bergchen is not a rocky summit, the end of many a walk or drive, whither the inhabitants of the town resort to see the view; it is a mound of gravel just large enough to permit people sitting on its height to look over the hedge upon the passers-by. Two or three steps place the visitor in a position to survey the latest Braut as she passes, the favorite opera singer, or an officer with spotless uniform and hour-glass figure.

As evening approaches, the thought of going indoors to supper grows insupportable, and the suggestion of tea in the "garten" or on the "terrasse" is hailed with delight. With slight preparation the party sets out, fancy work or pipe in hand, and upon arrival at the chosen resort, a table is selected under the trees, far enough from the music to admit of ready conversation. A few minutes are passed in exchanging gay greeting with those seated near, and then the whole party settles down to quiet enjoyment of the music and surroundings and anticipation of supper.

The sight before them is well suited to arouse pleasant sensations in any one,—here a number of corps-studenten, their bright colored caps set at every possible angle and their faces marked by scars as ugly as they are disgusting in our eyes, yet greatly prized and carefully preserved by their courageous bearers. From their table clouds of smoke rise, and through it we see the light figures spring to their feet amid clinking of glasses, and with shouts of hoch! hoch! drink down each new toast as if it had had no predecessors.

Further off half a dozen officers in brilliantly contrasted uniforms with jangling swords and spurs, toss off mugs of beer and criticize the women that pass. The party of tourists near by, who insist upon making personal remarks in their own language, which most of their neighbors can understand, are a source of great amusement and lively discussion. The talk comes to our ears mingled with the shouts of a party of children who get in everybody's way, yet manage to make friends with waiters, musicians and all whom they approach. We should perhaps except a few old ladies, portly in stature and gray-curled, who one and all have a cap or bit of lace on their heads, and a shawl drawn over the shoulders of their second-best black silks. Knitting-

needles click and glance back and forth, keeping up a running accompaniment whose sharp sound well suits the gossip that keeps their tongues going so indefatigably.

The rattle of dishes, ringing of glasses and jingling of money somehow do not seem out of place amidst the trees rustling in the wind and the soft stillness of the sunset hour; while near by, in a pond surrounded with gay flower-beds and winding walks, glides a silvery swan, with a stateliness in keeping with the strains of *Lohengrin* that come to us from under the trees.

*Susan Grimes Walker, '93.*

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### THE EIGHT HOURS DAY

“WHEREAS it is desirable for the general welfare of the community that the hours of daily labor should be such that workmen may have reasonable time at their own disposal for recreation, mental culture and the performance of social and civil duties.”

So runs the preamble of a bill to establish an eight hours day for wage laborers. Its advocates claim that in many occupations a man's physical condition is seriously impaired by more than eight hours' continuous employment. Accordingly they assert that owing to the action of the Law of Diminishing Returns of Labor, a workman will produce, by working eight hours, product better in quality and even greater in quantity than by working nine.

Thus scientific methods have been brought to bear on the question of labor, and reason is in a fair way to accomplish for the working man what pity has never been able to do. But does not the argument apply exactly as well to students as to laborers? and what prospect of reform does either reason or pity hold out for them? Nowadays, I suppose, no one will deny that mental culture is the labor of the student, and mental culture, paradoxical though it may sound, is in one sense very much neglected by us. The fact is that we give so much time to it that we pass the limit of maximum efficiency and defeat our own end. Our recitations day after day are so near perfection that they knock the ground out from under the feet of our instructors. We can find our way through Assyrian history blindfold, but the progress of thought and politics, nay, the commonest events of to-day in this country or any other, are as unknown to us as are those of Mr. Bellamy's era to every one but himself.

Then, too, take the question of social life as a means of mental relaxation. Of course we do not want to try to combine "society" life with student life, but we ought to have an occasional concert and picture-gallery and a chance to meet people not connected with the college; and we ought to be able to enjoy this relaxation with a free conscience. Under our present system, though we often do go out for the evening or afternoon, it is usually with the feeling that we must study twice as hard the next day to make up for lost time.

Extend this sort of thing and you get mental stunting, not mental culture. Distention is not development, and our labor thus becomes unproductive in exactly the proportion of that of the overworked wage-earner. Accordingly there seem to be equally good grounds for limiting the hours of study; but of course we can not say of mental labor any more than of physical labor that an indefinite decrease of the number of hours would indefinitely increase the product. The established fact is that in any occupation there is a definite number of hours which a man must work in order to accomplish maximum results, while both above and below this limit the results will be diminished.

To ascertain just what this limit is in the case of college work is the problem to be solved; a solution is suggested by an old rhyme dating from the time of King Alfred, and familiar to every English laborer:

"Eight hours to work,  
Eight hours to play,  
Eight hours to sleep,  
Eight 'bob' a day."

Let us see how many students in various colleges attain to this ideal. By comparing the statements of students from Yale, Columbia, Harvard and Princeton, I get an average for six days out of the week, of about six hours' work a day, inclusive of recitations, for what, I think, we may call the average student in men's colleges, whereas among the women at the University of Michigan, at Smith, Vassar, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr my information points to an average of nearly nine hours for five days out of the week, and something less on Saturdays.

These statistics show how great a difference there is in the number of hours spent on their work by men and by women. Now, as the number of hours' recitation a week is on the average about the same for both, we may draw our own conclusions as to the causes of this difference. But the result for the average woman is "as inevitable as sneezing." Now, no one will claim that six hours a day is the longest time that the mind can work to the best advantage, and it may seem that the difference between nine and eight hours is too slight to warrant the stress laid on the eight hours day, but as a matter of fact the ninth hour is not only useless itself, but is also a tremendous drain on the energies.

Of course no hard and fast rule can be laid down to apply equally to all students, or to all branches of study. One can translate Greek or Latin with a clear head for a much longer time than one can work on philosophy or political economy. Also, "overtime" must always be allowed in exceptional cases. We do not want to establish an eight hours day by Act of Parliament, but by Local Option. That is to say, we want to enlist the power of public opinion on our side so that the girl who studies more than eight hours a day shall be considered either a dig or a dullard.

*Bertha Haven Putnam, '93.*



## THE COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ FELLOWSHIPS

WE have in this issue of *THE LANTERN* a delightful letter from Miss Ruth Gentry concerning her experiences at Berlin University. Who Miss Gentry is, and how she happens to be in Berlin, it is hardly necessary to explain; but a few words as to the history and meaning of the fellowship she holds may not be uninteresting or superfluous to the general reader.

A half-dozen years ago, the Collegiate Alumnae in the northwest raised the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars to provide a Fellowship for some member of the Association, to be used for graduate study at the University of Michigan. It was called the American Fellowship, and was won by Miss Ida M. Street, a graduate of Vassar College and a brilliant student in philosophy and letters. The following year, also, the Fellowship was raised among the western alumnae and was awarded to Miss Arlisle M. Young, a graduate of Michigan University where she also studied for her Ph. D. degree. Miss Street is still pursuing higher studies in the West, and Miss Young is Instructor of Latin at Wellesley College.

The next year, 1889 to 1890, the committee of the whole Association, whose chairman was Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin of Johns Hopkins University, raised the European Fellowship of five hundred dollars, to be awarded only for study abroad. The first European Fellow was Miss Louisa Holmay Richardson, B. A. and M. A. of Boston University and Professor of Latin in Carlton College, Minnesota. She went to Oxford and returned at the end of the year to take her Ph. D. at Boston University.

Last year an effort was made to raise two Fellowships at the same time, one of five hundred dollars for study abroad and one of three hundred and fifty dollars for advanced work in some American College or University. The committee was successful in raising the money and over twenty applicants applied. Of these Miss Gentry, a graduate of the University of Michigan and Fellow in Mathematics at Bryn Mawr for 1890-91, was appointed European Fellow, and Miss Alice Carter, Ph. D. of Syracuse University received the American Fellowship and is studying botany at Cornell. Miss Julia M. Snow, B. S. and M. S. of Cornell University, was so strong a candidate and it was so difficult to decide between her and Miss Gentry, that the Association, wishing the honor of assisting her to go abroad, voted an extra sum of money and awarded her a partial Fellowship for foreign study in botany. Miss Snow is now studying in Leipsig with great success.

These two Fellowships—the American and the European—are offered again for the coming year, and the award is to be made in May.

It may interest the readers of *THE LANTERN* to know that the Women's Education Association of Boston has also offered for the coming year a five hundred dollar European Fellowship which is open to all members of the Collegiate Alumnae Association and the graduates of the Harvard Annex.



There is certainly no doubt now that women can make the best of teachers and physicians, but to many people it is still a mooted question whether they are capable of becoming real scholars. For this indirect reason, therefore, as well as for the direct one, those of us who do believe in woman's capability for scholarship must rejoice most heartily in the opportunities offered her by these graduate Fellowships, as the opening of a new era in her career.

*E. W. W.* '92.

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### "SELECTIONS FROM LUCIAN"

*By Emily James Smith (Harper & Brothers).*

**E**VEN scholars can hardly read the whole of their Lucian in these busy times. But everyone can read the charming little volume of selections from Lucian in which Miss Emily James Smith, '89, has given us the essence of that delightfully modern ancient in such English as he would have used himself had he been a contemporary of Andrew Lang and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Miss Smith's admirable introduction, which is a marvel of condensation, contains all the information needful for the enjoyable perusal of these translations. She pretends to be very frivolous, as befits a Bryn Mawr Alumna, but in the space of ten pages she contrives to initiate us into the manifold erroneous views of the erudite Alemanni whom she smites hip and thigh; to sketch broadly, but truly and vividly, the main characteristics of the life of the Roman Empire in the age of the Antonines; and to tell us all we need to know of the life, studies, opinions and style of her author. Among the selections chosen are the autobiographical sketch, "The Dream;" "Zeus, the Tragedian," perhaps the most amusing of the satires in which Lucian unconsciously helped the Christian Fathers to laugh down the gods of the pagan Olympus; "The Sale of Lives," which illustrates his merry war on the pedantries and affectations of contemporary philosophy; "The Cock," a realistic elaboration of an extravagant Pythagorean fancy; "The Ferry," perhaps the best of the dialogues of the dead. By judicious omission and compression she has also been able to give us all that anybody need care to read of the longer works, "The True History" and "The Ass."

In the last selection, "The Halcyon," Miss Smith is competing with Walter Pater, who has incorporated in his "Marius" a version of this pretty expression of that pensive wonder which Plato thought the beginning of philosophy. We trust it is not merely Bryn Mawr patriotism that makes us think that Miss Smith's rendering quite holds its own.

*P. S.*

## COLLEGIANA

**D**URING the past college year the Reform Club has been successfully maintained. An account of its origin and history is given in the LANTERN for 1891.

The club includes all the members of the college, its aim being, through addresses delivered at the regular meetings, to keep us in touch with some of the earnest work outside our own walls.

The speakers this year have been as follows :

In November, the Rev. Mr. Gibbons, a native Esquimaux missionary, addressed us; in February, we had a visit from Miss Helena C. Dudley, a former graduate of Bryn Mawr, whose account of the "College Settlement" at 95 Rivington Street, New York, increased the list of our members to fifty-three names; in March, Mr. Boker Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala., told us of his work among the colored people; and in May, we had an address on "Manual Training," by Prof. J. L. Tadd, of Philadelphia.

Besides this, Miss Umé Tsuda has given a talk on Japan; and Mrs. Barnes, the National Superintendent of the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union, presented some of the more general aspects of the Temperance work.

*H. T. C. '92.*

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**I**T is a pleasure to report the increase in the College Settlement Association in Bryn Mawr this winter. For the first time we have had results to show at all proportionate with the size of the college and with the interest and enthusiasm that have been felt, at least by some of us, from the very first for the Association and its work.

In the last report of the Association we were credited with a membership of twenty graduates and seven undergraduates—not an altogether satisfactory number. But we have had one very enthusiastic meeting, when Miss Dudley, one of our own graduates, came on to tell us what she could of the settlement in New York. The result speaks for itself. The membership was increased at once to fifty-three undergraduate members, and though we are, of course, never satisfied, we feel the greatest encouragement from the enthusiasm felt through all the college and hope for a proportionate increase next year.

*L. S. B. '93.*

MISSIONARY interest in Bryn Mawr is not confined to one branch, but includes both Home and Foreign Missions; the yearly pledges of the College Missionary Society amounting to \$320, part being devoted to the support of a foreign missionary, and part to the education of an Indian girl at Hampton.

Miss Agnes Orbison, toward whose salary the college contributes, is now engaged in teaching and zenana visiting at Laharapue, India.

The fact that she was formerly a student at Bryn Mawr of course adds greatly to our interest in her work.

Occasional meetings of the Society are held for the purpose of learning more about the methods and results of missionary work, and there is a deepening interest in the work.

*E. D. B., '94.*

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AMONG the new things which the past year has brought us is the "Sunday Evening Meeting," and we feel that it has been a decided advance in the religious life of the college. We have always had each week meetings for devotion of various sorts among ourselves, but until this year they have, without exception, been held in the separate halls of residence and, although very helpful in many ways, they did not bring us together as we desired. The spirit of unity and good fellowship in Bryn Mawr which each one of us loves so well, and which makes us feel like one large family, needed, we thought, to be brought more prominently into our religious life. It is true we all come together for worship every morning at nine o'clock in the chapel and again on Wednesday evening, but it seemed to us that these meetings should be supplemented by some effort on the part of the students themselves. This feeling led, last autumn, to the serious consideration of the matter, and it was finally decided to hold a meeting of all the students in the gymnasium on Sunday evenings. In spite of the fears we entertained at first as to our power of making such meetings interesting, they have proved to be in every way a great success. They are extremely simple and their greatest attraction is the spirit of reverence and union in which they are carried on. The attendance has been large, and throughout the college the deepest enthusiasm has been manifested concerning them. They have, indeed, become a most essential and helpful feature of our college life and one which we feel will grow in usefulness and strength in the years to come.

*H. W. T., '93.*

THIS year has seen the formation of an Athletic Association at Bryn Mawr. All the students are members, and by paying a small fee any member has the right to play upon those tennis courts which are kept in order by the Association. A tournament held in the fall, by which Miss Bertha H. Putnam became the college champion, is to be followed by another as soon as the courts are in summer condition again. In indoor athletics all members of the Association are candidates, and at our annual sports and drill early in April ribbons were awarded to Miss Elizabeth G. Guilford and Miss Mary H. Ritchie respectively, for breaking our records in vaulting and jumping, and to Miss Emma L. Atkins, for excellence in general athletic work, especially Indian clubs.

The general interest in athletics, which has been very much quickened by our own Association, we hope to make still more general and permanent by the formation of an intercollegiate athletic association, for both tennis and gymnasium work. With the cordial interest and co-operation of our college authorities we last June proposed the formation of such a league to the leading women's colleges of the East. Discouraging replies have been received from them all, but we have not lost hope for next year. We are more than anxious that such a league should be formed, not only for the sake of encouraging athletics among us, but quite as much for the sake of that intercollegiate intercourse which is practically unknown among women's colleges and which constitutes such a large part of the value of men's intercollegiate leagues.

*E. W. W., '92.*

\* \* \*

THE much-vexed question whether work in the gymnasium invigorates or enervates women's physical state has been pretty decidedly settled for us in Bryn Mawr in favor of gymnastics. The few girls who have shown signs of breaking down were not gymnastically minded, though they might have been so, had they been strong enough for vigorous exercise or hopeful enough to begin slowly.

The Freshman class is most refreshing in its devotion to daily exercise. Another such enthusiastic class next year would crowd the gymnasium full to overflowing with Indian clubs and flying figures poised in mid-air. Their work in both drills and individual exercise has been better than that of any one class before them; they put the older classes quite to shame by their constant attendance and excellent work.

The interest in individual work has lately been much increased among all the students by the establishment of a system of records by the Athletic Association. These records (chiefly in jumping and vaulting) are usually made on Thursday afternoons, and all the students who can make the effort take part. In the course of ten minutes the

contest narrows down to some half dozen, and this number gradually dwindles to two or three. We find that the interest taken in our sports has had great effect in inducing less agile students to practise, so that we have now many very promising beginners.

The accommodations afforded by the gymnasium building have been sufficient for our needs this year, but it will not be long before we shall begin to feel crowded, and then will come the dreaded necessity of restricting our hours of work to more specified times. Even now there are but three afternoons and one evening in the week really common to us all, the rest being devoted to the drills and individual work of special classes.

Our most crying need is for a swimming tank. If we may believe the word of the powers that be, this blessing is surely coming when the Science Hall is finished and a few more fellowships have been established. Meanwhile we prepare for the great event by increasing our muscular endurance and, when impatience overcomes us, practising swimming motions on the floor or any other medium that is convenient.

*E. L. A., '93.*

\* \* \*

WE are glad to note in this number that the walls of the new Science Hall are rising. This building will relieve the enormous and increasing pressure now felt in the various scientific departments on account of lack of room. The building is to be of stone, three stories high, about 130 feet long and half as wide. The first story will be devoted to physics and botany, the second floor will be occupied by the Biological Department, the third floor given up to chemistry. In the central part of the roof space, a number of other rooms will be made which will be used for the newly created department of physiological psychology, for special research in physiology and physics, for a museum, etc. In addition to the space for the heating apparatus and store rooms, the basement will have special rooms for studies in magnetism and also a constant temperature room.

The building is to be called Dalton Hall, for John Dalton, the founder of the Atomic Theory. The old laboratories in Taylor Hall are to be converted into commodious lecture rooms, which will enable the Library greatly to enlarge its accommodations and will relieve the much crowded English Department. The humble quarters of the Department of Physics are, we understand, to be transformed into an Infirmary.

*L. G., '89.*

THE career of the Glee Club for 1891-92 is very similar to its career last year. As before, its meetings and public performances have not been distinguished by any great excellence of singing, but by a spirit of hearty enjoyment and good fellowship. When Bryn Mawr grows large enough and musical enough for us to pick and choose, we may form a small and select Glee Club like the Glee Clubs of other colleges; at present we prefer the fun and enthusiasm of a larger number and the opportunity of giving Gilbert and Sullivan in the Spring, as the successful result of our winter's work. We have also this year tried to do our part in the musicales which make our gymnasium so full of pleasant associations.

The chief advance which music has made this year has been in the formation of a banjo and guitar club which, it is universally agreed, would do great credit to a much larger institution. There are mandolins in college too, and perhaps another year will add a mandolin and guitar club to our resources. One thing is certain, every effort made in the direction of giving us more music will be heartily appreciated, for never was there a body of people more enthusiastic on the subject than the students of Bryn Mawr.

*E. W. W., '92.*

\* \* \*

IT is understood that the organization of the Department of Philosophy will be completed in the autumn of 1893 by the appointment of Mr. Dickinson Sergeant Miller as Associate in Philosophy. Mr. Miller has been studying philosophy for the past four years in the graduate departments of Clark and Harvard, and will receive his Ph. D. from Harvard in '92. He will spend next year in university study in Germany.

Miss Harriet Randolph has been appointed Demonstrator in Biology. Miss Randolph graduated from Bryn Mawr College in 1889, held the Fellowship in Biology here, 1889-90, and for the past two years has studied at the University of Zürich.

\* \* \*



THE appointments to Fellowships in Bryn Mawr College for the year 1892-3 are as follows:

Annie Crosby Emery, *European Fellow*;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1892.

Emily Wilmer Cave France, *Fellow in Greek*;

Girton College, Cambridge, England, 1889-92.

Esther B. Van Deman, *Fellow in Latin*;

A. B., University of Michigan, 1891. Graduate Student, University of Michigan, 1891-92.

Florence V. Keys, *Fellow in English*;

A. B., Toronto University, Canada, 1891. Fellow in Greek, Bryn Mawr College 1891-92.

Jane B. Haines, *Fellow in History*;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1891. Graduate Student, Bryn Mawr College, 1891-92.

Ruth Gentry, *Fellow in Mathematics*;

Ph. B., University of Michigan, 1890. Fellow in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1890-91. Collegiate Alumnae Association European Fellow, 1891-92. University of Berlin, 1891-92.

Ida H. Hyde, *Fellow in Biology*;

S. B., Cornell University, 1891. Senior Student-Assistant in the Biological Laboratory, Bryn Mawr College, 1891-92.

The George W. Childs Prize, which is to be awarded annually to the best English Essayist in the Senior Class, has been awarded this year for the first time.

Abby Kirk, *Prize Essayist*;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1892.

# “LEVIORE PLECTRO”

*“born to be  
An hour or half's delight.”*

## TRIOLET

“’Tis well to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new;”  
I’m sure you are too kind to scold, love,  
(’Tis well to be off with the old love)  
Nor think yourself awfully sold, love,  
To know that the “old love” means—  
you.

“’Tis well to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new.”

*E. C., '90.*

## IN CAP AND GOWN

In cap and gown I saw her go—  
The daintiest sight the world could show;  
The cap aslant with mocking air,  
The gown blown lightly here and  
there—  
I watched her with my heart aglow.

Throughout the passing centuries slow,  
In many garbs maids come and go.  
Sweet souls! they had been twice as  
fair

In cap and gown.

O Grecian girls in robes of snow  
O satin belles of long ago,  
However gay your dress, or fair,  
I tell you ye could not compare  
With the new maid ye cannot know,—  
In cap and gown.

*J. O. L., '95.*

## HISTORY VS. HERALDRY

I met a little pussy cat,  
Wild were its eyes and sad.  
It seemed to think that all was lost,  
And times were very bad.

“Now, prithee, tell me, little one,  
Why salt tears wet thy cheek,  
What poignant grief oppresses thee?  
Oh, answer, pussy! speak!”

The little cat with choking voice  
Did thus reply to me,—  
“The cause of all my sorrows  
Lies in my pedigree.”

“What cause hast thou for grief in this?  
The honors paid to them,  
Thine ancestors, are dated from—  
Why from the time of Shem.”

" Ah Shem was but a modern !  
 'Tis here I feel the sting,  
 Unto the ancient Aryans  
 A cat was an unknown thing.

" O sheep and oxen had they,  
 And flocks and herds galore !  
 A cow was 'good as gold' then,  
 Of cattle was many a score.

" To think that from that ancient time  
 Dates a dog's pedigree !  
 And even mice were well known then  
 Authorities agree.

" The eastern stories they matter not  
 And the books of that glowing clime,  
 For further back we can go you see  
 To the ancient Aryan time."

What could I say to the pussy-cat ?  
 What comfort could words bring ?  
 'Twas true, to the ancient Aryans  
 A cat was an unknown thing.

*Estelle Reid, '94.*

WITH SOME HOT-HOUSE FLOWERS ON  
 MAY-DAY

I wish that on this sweet May-day,  
 Mid blooming flowers I might stray,  
 With great white boughs of dog-wood  
 spray  
 Above the pathway meeting.  
 Then I should gather violets blue,  
 Or apple blossoms bright with dew,  
 Or butter-cups, the sun's own hue,  
 To send you as a greeting.

But Bryn Mawr woods, where flowers  
 grow,  
 Are very far away, you know,  
 Instead we have row after row  
 Of red brick houses glaring.  
 And though the lawn is lovely here,  
 Only the dandelions dare  
 To lift their brave, bright faces there  
 Up at the great sun staring.

And so, perchance, you will not scorn  
 My greeting on this sweet May morn,  
 Although these poor things were not born  
 Amid the April showers ;  
 Nor have they felt God's breezes sweet  
 About them, growing in the heat  
 Of some hot-house in some close street,  
 Unhappy city flowers !

IN ANSWER

If browniës and fays were around, love,  
 Engaged in their quips and their pranks,  
 When the sweetest of presents was found,  
 love,  
 If brownies and fays were around, love,  
 Making dainty surprises abound, love,  
 I should know where to offer my thanks.  
 If brownies and fays were around, love,  
 Engaged in their quips and their pranks.

But brownies and fays are no more, love,  
 To whom can I turn, then, but thee,  
 When May-day is brought to my door,  
 love ?  
 Since brownies and fays are no more, love,  
 My questions and puzzlings are o'er, love,  
 'Twas love brought my May-day to me.  
 Since brownies and fays are no more, love,  
 To whom can I turn, love, but thee ?

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN  
ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF  
BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

BY A WOULD-BE FRESHMAN.

Ye buildings grey, ye buildings red,  
That crown the "high, high Hill,"  
Where blue-hosed maids to learning wed  
Can cram it as they will,  
And ye, that from the towered Hall,  
Yon lonely spire, gaunt and tall,  
The campus' stretch survey,  
Where sharpened stakes, that to the eye  
Of faith, a Science Hall imply,  
Wind their meandering way!—

*(To be continued ad libitum.)*

"CENABIS BENE."

Thou shalt feast well, Fabullus, in my  
house  
At Kalends, since the kindly god allows,  
If thou bring with thee to my  
barren hearth,  
The wine, the song, the maiden  
and the mirth,  
A generous guerdon of the night's  
carouse.

Thy poor friend's tiny scrip with naught  
endows  
The common stock save cobwebs,  
nothing worth,  
Yet if, in truth, thou com'st to ease  
his dearth,  
Thou shalt feast well.

For in return, sweet loves thy soul shall  
rouse;  
Balm, Venus' gift, shall make thy spirit  
drowse,

Which smelling, thou wilt wish  
that at thy birth  
Senses divine, partaking not of  
earth,

The gods had sent thee. Heed my earnest  
vows,—  
Thou shalt feast well.

*E. C., '90.*

TO THE SCIENTIFIC STUDENTS

[Song from the Presentation of Lantaras, '90 to '91.]

Welcome, O comical, chemical class!  
Gloat on your glorious, glittering glass!  
Blow, blow-pipes, blow! Set the wild  
gases flying.  
Blow, blow-pipes, blow! The art may  
come by trying.

CHORUS.

When the gas is over-rich isn't that a  
trial?  
That's the way the money goes, and pop  
goes the vial!

Sometimes they "pass" in yonder class,  
But reach no higher grade.  
Do what they will they cannot rise  
To ninety in the shade.

CHORUS.

When the gas is over-rich isn't that a  
trial?  
That's the way the money goes, and pop  
goes the vial.

1887.

## A SONG OF IDLENESSE

A large, untidy room in sunshine steeped  
 All through the afternoon ;  
 A broad, chintz-covered couch, with  
 cushions heaped ;  
 A table overstrewn  
 With books and papers ; and, upon the  
 wall,  
 Sketches pinned carelessly as chance  
 might fall.

There, to the idle tinkle of guitar,  
 Songs ring out on the air,  
 And joyous laughter echoing afar.  
 Amid the cushions there,  
 Curled up together, lazily we lie  
 While the bright moments slip un-  
 noticed by.

There flit before us all our girlish dreams,  
 All that we long to be,  
 All that to us—much wiser grown—now  
 seems  
 Nothing but vanity.  
 All questions that have vexed this human  
 mind,  
 Through our philosophy their answers  
 find.

"Twenty years hence," one chants all  
 carelessly.  
 Twenty years hence !—we four,  
 Who are but twenty now, what shall we be  
 Within another score ?  
 Forty is not so old, and yet by then  
 All these long years will have passed by  
 again.

What they will bring—-who knows ? And  
 yet, indeed,  
 E'en if our dreams come true,  
 E'en if we all should verily succeed  
 In what we plan to do,—  
 Still, as we lie together here, we say  
 "Could we be happier than we are  
 to-day ?"

*Mathilde Weil, '92.*

## A PROBLEM

In cap and gown, a maiden rare,  
 With downcast eyes and thoughtful air,  
 Who wanders there so carelessly,  
 While academic breezes free  
 Caress her cheek and golden hair.

What deep reflection makes her wear  
 A look so far away ? What care  
 Of Greek or Sanskrit ponders she  
 In cap and gown

Is't Calculus ? or is't Voltaire—  
 To darken thus a brow so fair ?  
 She gazes up ; then, anxiously,  
 "Whom *shall* I ask to my next tea ?"  
 Thus meditating walks she there,  
 In cap and gown.

*Mary Bidwell Breed, '94.*

## AFTER THE BALL

Lady, you were false and fickle,  
 And my heart is sore,  
 Thinking how you basely flirted,  
 Leaving me alone, deserted,  
 On the ball-room floor.

You were false—but to forgive you,  
 Sooth, I'm scarcely loth,  
 For my fond heart loves you duly,  
 And I think that I have, truly,  
 Truth enough for both.

*M. E. H., '92.*

### BALLADE OF "LA GRIPPE"

'Tis hard to be prostrate in bed  
 By ills that one cannot subdue,—  
 With bad-tasting things to be fed,  
 A spoonful each hour or two,  
 (They taste like an old witch's brew)  
 Your nutriment doled you in grams:—  
 Not study? But what shall I do  
 In the day of impending exams?

I have been in the state aforesaid  
 With a nurse who is faithful and true,  
 She fattens me up till I dread  
 Apoplexy or malady new;

But I hear to my sorrow that you,  
 Past possible power of shams,  
 Have been felled by the enemy too  
 In the day of impending exams.

How swiftly the hours have sped,  
 And now there comes clearly to view  
 The day when all hope will have fled,  
 We shall writhe 'neath a terrible screw:  
 The strong, robust student, ehcu!  
 Her cranium ceaselessly crams,—  
 I think of it sadly, and rue  
 The day of impending exams.

### ENVOI.

Fellow-victim, Dame Fortune's a-shrew,  
 Let us bear it, as patient as lambs,  
 It *is* hard, but don't let us be "blue,"  
 In the day of impending exams.

*E. C., '90.*



EVOLUTION.

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THE LANTERN

DRYN MAWR

1893





# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1893



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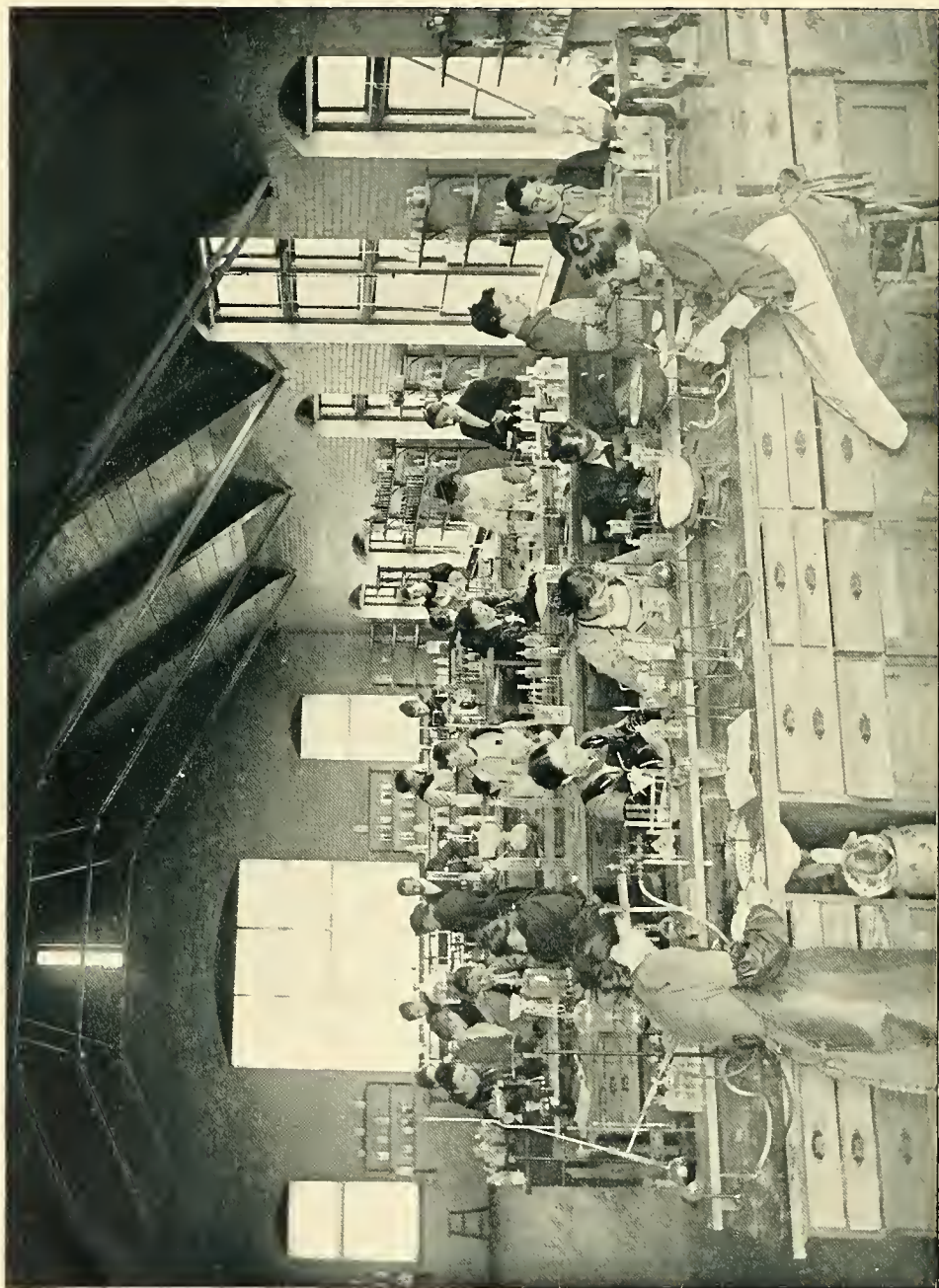
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# THE LANTERN

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No. 3

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1893

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## EDITORIAL

WHEN Lord Chesterfield was writing from Cambridge two hundred years ago to his former tutor, he said with a pretty pedantry, after giving the details of his study of Greek and Latin: "But I reserve time for playing at tennis, for I wish to have the *corpus sanum*, as well as the *mens sana*. I think one is not good for much without the other." Two centuries have worked many changes in college life, and to-day the excessive ardor with which foot-ball and general athletics are cultivated, is, perhaps, rather to be feared than any overweening zeal in the pursuit of the *mens sana*. At least this is said to be true in the colleges for men. The higher education of women being of more recent date, we are still old-fashioned in many respects and must speak in trite phrase with Lord Chesterfield of the necessity for exercise when we are working hard mentally.

Moreover, since it is considered by the world at large far more reprehensible to injure one's health in the cause of knowledge than in that of society, it becomes the duty of every college woman to guard her physical well-being with the most jealous care. It is certainly true that there is a tendency among women in general, from the very eagerness they feel for this mental work which is as all-absorbing as it is new to them, to linger over their books and cut their time for exercise down to the absolutely required limits. At best they will perhaps devise some such deplorable

methods as quizzing while they walk or discussing "courses" on the running track. In the face, then, of such facts as these, it seems that too much cannot be said on this very old subject of the *corpus sanum* which has furnished the theme for so many discourses from Horace down to the present time.

To the Freshman on entering Bryn Mawr there are few places more attractive than the gymnasium, and nothing can be more pleasant than her introduction to it, which usually takes place on one of the late autumn afternoons, when it is beginning to be bleak and wintry out of doors, and the ground too frosty for easy walking, while the wind plays mad tricks with the tennis balls among the dry leaves. Then the gymnasium is opened with its gay music and bright colors, and the mysteriously fascinating machines which invite investigation. There are merry rivalries over the Indian clubs and fencing, and after the hour or half hour's exercise, whichever it may be, there comes the pleasant glow of muscular vigor and sense of increasing power, which sends the novice away with the firm resolution of becoming the gymnasium's most ardent devotee. And, if nothing happens to cool this early enthusiasm, she will perhaps develop into one of those eager athletes who think nothing in the world so altogether desirable as exercise at all seasons and in unlimited quantity. But then, sometimes, a student beginning with the best intentions will become more and more absorbed in her regular college work, and, after a long day spent over her books, will prefer to use her recreation time for walking in the open air instead of exercising in the gymnasium. Such misguided souls may in time become members of the unhappy band who make up their gymnasium work in the warm May afternoons when every one else is rejoicing out of doors. These, however, are extremes, and between them comes the cheerful mediocrity who, with Lord Chesterfield, "reserve time for playing at tennis," who walk and go to the gymnasium regularly and yet find opportunity to study as many hours each day as they desire. Every year this class of the students is growing larger, and, as a college, we are coming to feel more and more strongly that the walk of ordinary length or the set of tennis must be supplemented by something of greater strength-giving power than conversation or "a tea." And it is only when we have realised this thoroughly, that we can hope to gain, each one of us, that "*corpus*

*sanum*," which will make for the glory of Bryn Mawr even before the highest standard of scholarship.

A very great stimulus has been given to the general interest in athletics by the organization in the spring of '92, of the Athletic Association. The enthusiasm and energy of the founders of the Association has spread through the college, and although we did not all at once begin to play tennis and go to the gymnasium with that assiduity which neglects everything else, yet athletics have come to hold a more prominent place in our college life than ever before, and we too recognise more perfectly the demands which they justly make upon our serious consideration.

A system of keeping records in the gymnasium has been established and of awarding ribbons for the best records at the annual drill. All this year the gymnasium has been thronged on Thursday afternoons with students who come to make records themselves in running and jumping or to see them made, and in the evenings, with athletes eager to learn to run a mile without stopping, or to execute dazzling contortions with Indian clubs. As the spring comes on we naturally turn from the gymnasium to tennis and to long walks over the pleasant rolling country, where however far one goes she can never lose sight of the tall gray tower of Taylor Hall. The woods directly back of the college are the favorite haunt of the students, and we all have the most loyal affection for the little myrtle-grown "Harriton Family Cemetery" in their midst. The steps of the old stone wall which surrounds it are a chosen resting place for violet gatherers or weary pedestrians, who like to come home from long walks through the grateful shade. Or sometimes a party trying to trace the first spring birds by their notes will start out through the woods and make their way to the meadow land beyond, or go around by the clear little pond edged with willows and the old mill, and if very adventurous, all the way to "Black Rock" in search of the wild scarlet columbine. But all this is, of course, very dilettante, and bird clubs and walking clubs and wild flowers shrink into insignificance beside the serious occupation of tennis which reigns supreme in our Bryn Mawr out-door world. Its followers toil early and late on fine afternoons, driving balls as vigorously as though the sun and weariness were not. Only the ringing of the six o'clock bell from Taylor



has power to scatter them and give over the campus to its rightful owners, the robins and grasshoppers.

It has always been our custom to hold in the autumn of each year a tennis tournament. The Athletic Association, by improving the courts and maintaining strict surveillance over the games, has greatly increased the interest felt in these tournaments, and under its superintendence an invitation tournament was held in the autumn of this year between students of Girton, England, the Harvard Annex and Bryn Mawr. On those two sunny days when it took place, we put aside our books and college gowns and crowded round the tennis courts ready to applaud and to grow as excited as possible. The maples glowed their brightest, the halls were gay with flags, while the blue and crimson and yellow and white ribbons floated amiably together from every shoulder. And when at last the victors were declared, the happy spectators had the pleasure of escorting them off the field, fêting and congratulating them to their hearts' content.

The success of this tournament has strengthened the interest in a plan which had already suggested itself to the members of our Athletic Association, namely, that of forming an intercollegiate athletic league among the women's colleges of the East. The advantages of such a league we feel would be numerous, judging from the impetus which has been given to wholesome exercise in every form by the formation of our own Athletic Association, and the holding of the invitation tournament. Organization can in all cases effect so much and offer so many privileges not to be obtained by the individual. Moreover, we have found by experience that our Association has stimulated that general interest in athletics which seems so necessary for the well-being of students, and that it has not, as might very naturally have been feared, merely subserved the interests of a few "stronger spirits." While the mass of students can never play the best tennis or make the highest gymnasium records, yet the Athletic Association by its energy has left almost no one indifferent to the claims which exercise has upon us.

We are therefore convinced that a league among the women's colleges would have very great stimulating power, more, indeed, than any single association could hope to possess, and that the contests and tourna-



ments which it would be the main purpose of such a league to hold would greatly further individual athletic interest. Through this means also a union of sympathy and interests might be brought about among women students which cannot, it seems, be so easily effected in any other manner, especially since, aside from the College Settlements Association, there are few matters in which we are mutually concerned, at least during our actual college life. And whatever be our college we are surely all working for the same end, the advancement and perfection of women, and if union will aid us, let us have it whether the college settlements or high scholarship or athletics be its immediate object.

## AN OLD-TIME NOVELIST

In 1778 the anonymous publication of *Evelina; or, the History of a Young Lady's Introduction to the World*, threw London into a tumult of admiration and curiosity. Beaux and wits, blue-stockings and ladies of fashion read it, and could talk of nothing else. Mrs. Cholmondeley kept a copy on her drawing-room table and recommended it to all her friends; Mrs. Thrale was equally zealous, and even the severe Mrs. Montagu, without whose sanction its fortunes might still have been insecure, declared herself charmed. Dr. Johnson, the inveterate enemy of novels, when once prevailed upon to attempt *Evelina* became more enthusiastic than all the rest; and the great Mr. Burke, perhaps the greatest man in England, sat up all night to finish the story. Sir Joshua Reynolds, too, fell a victim to Evelina's charms, and offered twenty pounds to anyone who would tell him the name of its author. But his curiosity was as vain as other men's; the secret still remained unrevealed. Conjectures there were, of course, in plenty, but all alike amusingly far from the truth. Now one and now another of the well known wits of the day was pitched upon and duly complimented, but each in turn was forced to disclaim the honor.

Meanwhile the cause of all this disturbance was sitting quietly at home, suspected by nobody; for how could anyone suspect little Fanny Burney of so much wit and wisdom? Nevertheless it was Fanny Burney, and none other, for all her youth and her shyness, who had written *Evelina*; and in spite of her earnest desire to remain unknown, it was impossible that she should long escape detection. Her father was ambitious and her sisters indiscreet, and so it came about that before Evelina had fairly made her entrance into the world, Evelina's author followed and became in her turn the talk of the town. The astonishment of every one was ludicrous to behold. Indeed, at first, it seemed impossible to believe that this dark-haired, silent girl of twenty-six was she who had made all London laugh and weep at her pleasure. Where had she seen Madame Duval, how could she have created Captain Mirvan? It is little wonder that Fanny Burney became the greatest lion in England. Her popularity grew

greater as time went on, and was considerably increased by the publication of her second novel, *Cecilia; or, the Memoirs of an Heiress*, about six years after *Evelina's* appearance. Here, however, the list of her successes ends. Her two later novels, *Camilla* and *The Wanderer*, added nothing to her fame. After the first stir caused by their appearance, they were completely forgotten or remembered only with regret. They are in fact utterly unworthy to rank with their famous sisters.

It is difficult for us, who live in an age that has produced a *Richard Feverel* and a *Robert Elsmere*, to understand the interest which such simple stories as these excited. The popular admiration is indeed easily enough accounted for; but that men like Johnson and Burke should have been so warm and so evidently sincere in their commendation shows us perhaps more clearly than anything else, the wide difference between the past century and our own.

In those days the world of London society was given up to frivolity and affectation of every kind. All the old magazines and journals, which it was so much the fashion to write, tell us the same "strange story of manners and pleasures." At whatever page we open we find ourselves plunged into such a world of gossip and finery, of wit and wisdom, as we never dreamed of before. There are the fine ladies, the patched and brocaded beauties, "who reckoned the sorting of a suit of ribbons a good morning's work," and who might be met of an evening at the balls and assemblies, like Millament, "full sail, their fans spread, their streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tender"; there are the wits who sat in the famous bow-window of "White's" at the top of St. James' street, who read the latest "Grub Street" behind the red curtains and sparkled over the follies of their acquaintances as they passed; and there are the young men of pleasure and fashion, who frequented the Ridotto Frescoes at the Ranelagh Gardens, and sipped their coffee at the "Cocoa-Tree" where years later young Rawdon Crawley lost his money to the distress of his affectionate aunt. Indeed, London was thronged with these young Maccaronnies, fresh from Italy with the latest fopperies. All Arabia breathed from their scented handkerchiefs, and they carried a watch in either breast pocket, "one," Horace Walpole said, "to tell what time it was, and the other what time it was not." To be different

from others and to call attention to himself, seems to have been the aim of every young man of rank, and to attain this, there was no end to the absurdities they practised. Sometimes their manners were rough and noisy; sometimes they sought to distinguish themselves by a strained elegance, a fastidious conformity to the newest mode from the Continent. Nor was the excessive straining after effect confined to the beaux and Maccaronnies; the ladies, too, were eager to distinguish themselves in this direction. Perhaps their favorite was that of *bas-bleu*; they studied Greek like the beautiful Miss Streatfield, or were ladies of literary coteries, like Lady Miller of Bath or Mrs. Montagu. Frivolity, too, they cultivated; they were silent and languid or talkative and gay, as her individual humor prompted each one.

To such a society as this Miss Burney held up the mirror; and it is little wonder that young and old, wise and foolish, alike gazed in astonishment at their own forms reflected in it. The preface of *Evelina* tells us in Miss Burney's own words the purpose and scope of her story. We cannot do better than to let her speak for herself.

"To draw characters from nature, though not from life, and to mark the manners of the times, is the attempted plan of the following letters. For this purpose, a young female educated in the most secluded retirement makes, at the age of seventeen, her first appearance upon the great and busy stage of life, with a virtuous mind, a cultivated understanding, and a feeling heart; her ignorance of the forms and inexperience in the manners of the world occasion all the little incidents which these volumes record, and which form the natural progression of the life of a young woman of obscure birth, but conspicuous beauty, for the six months after her entrance into the world."

This *Evelina* of obscure birth and conspicuous beauty is, to my mind, the most charming heroine in all fiction; not even *Beatrix Esmond* or *Elizabeth Bennet* can vie with her. It is, I think, her irresistible *naïveté*, shown on every occasion and always to her own infinite embarrassment and distress, which gives her this pre-eminence. Others have had as virtuous minds, as cultivated understandings and as feeling hearts, others have perhaps equalled her in beauty, although *Evelina's* beauty is of a rare and distinguishing type, but nowhere else do we find so

fascinating a combination of innocence and ignorance, with such truly exuberant wit. In her letters to the Reverend Mr. Villars and to her dear friend Maria, she describes the varying scenes of her daily life. The people whom she meets are characterised, their conversations recorded and commented on, each one with the same enchanting innocence. Two successive visits to London, made under very different circumstances, and her final journey to Bristol Hotwells, give her every opportunity of seeing the world and of judging of all types of people.

Like Sir Roger de Coverley, she goes to the play in London, and her experience there is hardly less amusing than his.

“‘For my part,’ said Mr. Lovel, ‘I confess I seldom listen to the players; one has so much to do in looking about, in finding out one’s acquaintance, that really one has no time to mind the stage. Pray’ (most affectedly fixing his eyes upon a diamond ring on his little finger), ‘pray, what was the play to-night?’

“‘Why, what the d—l,” cried the captain, ‘do you come to the play without knowing what it is?’

“‘O yes, sir, yes, very frequently; I have no time to read playbills; one merely comes to meet one’s friends, and show that one’s alive.’

“‘Ha, ha, ha!—and so?’ cried the captain, ‘it costs you five shillings a night just to show that you’re alive! Well, faith, my friends should all think me dead and under ground before I’d be at that expense for ‘em. And so you’ve been here all this time, and don’t know what the play was?’

“‘Why, really, sir, a play requires so much attention,—it is scarce possible to keep awake if one listens;—for, indeed, by the time it is evening, one has been so fatigued with dining, or wine, or the House, or studying, that it is—it is perfectly an impossibility. But, now I think of it, I believe I have a bill in my pocket; oh, ay, here it is,—‘Love for Love,’ ay,—true, ha, ha!—how could I be so stupid!’

“‘O, easily enough, as to that, I warrant you,’ said the captain; ‘but, by my soul, this is one of the best jokes I ever heard! Come to a play, and not know what it is!—Why, I suppose you wouldn’t have found it out, if they had *fobb’d* you off with a scraping of fiddlers, or an opera?—Ha, ha, ha! Why, now, I should have thought you might have taken some notice of one Mr. Tattle that is in this play!’”

Lord Orville, the hero of the tale, is the pink of perfection, social, moral, and intellectual. The absurdities which result from Evelina's position and ignorance of the proprieties, stand out in amusing contrast to his polite and distressed superiority. Of all her lovers, high and low, and she has many, he alone treats her with due respect. Sir Clement Willoughby, the beau and wit, is adoring but insolent, Lord Merton insufferable, and Mr. Smith with his importance and vulgarity, worse than all. Here is an example of Sir Clement's behavior. The scene is at Vauxhall, where Evelina has been taken against her will by Madame Duval and the Braughtons. She has lost her party, and at last, wandering alone in a vain effort to find her way, she comes face to face with Sir Clement.

" 'So you will not explain to me your situation?' said he, at length.

" 'No, sir,' answered I, disdainfully.

" 'Nor yet suffer me to make my own interpretation?' "

" 'I could not bear this strange manner of speaking; it made my very soul shudder, and I burst into tears.

" 'He flew to me, and actually flung himself at my feet, as if regardless who might see him, saying, 'O, Miss Anville, loveliest of women, forgive me—my—I beseech you forgive me; if I have offended, if I have hurt you, I could kill myself at the thought!'

" 'No matter, sir; no matter!' cried I; 'if I can but find my friends, I will never speak to, never see you again!'

" 'Good God!—Good Heaven! my dearest life, what is it I have done? What is it I have said?'

" 'You best know, sir, *what* and *why*; but don't hold me here; let *me* be gone! and do *you*!'

" 'Not till you forgive me! I cannot part with you in anger.'

" 'For shame, for shame, sir!' cried I, indignantly; 'do you suppose I am to be thus compelled? Do you take advantage of the absence of my friend to affront me?'

" 'No, Madam,' said he, rising; 'I would sooner forfeit my life than act so mean a part. But you have flung me into amazement unspeakable, and you will not condescend to listen to my request of giving me some explanation.

" 'The manner, sir,' said I, 'in which you spoke that request made, and will make me scorn to answer it.'

" 'Scorn!—I will own to you I expected not such displeasure from Miss Anville.' "



How different is Lord Orville.

"When at length he went away, Lord Orville took his seat, and said, with a half smile, 'Shall I call Sir Clement, or will *you* call me, a usurper for taking this place? You make no answer! Must I then suppose that Sir Clement—'

"'It is little worth your Lordship's while,' said I, 'to suppose anything upon so insignificant an occasion.'

"'Pardon me, said he, 'to *me* nothing is insignificant in which you are concerned.'

"To this I made no reply; neither did he say anything more till the ladies retired to dress; and then, when I would have followed them, he stopped me, saying, 'One moment, I entreat you!'

"I turned back, and he went on: 'I greatly fear that I have been so unfortunate as to offend you; yet so repugnant to my very soul is the idea, that I know not how to suppose it possible I can unwittingly have done the thing in the world that, designedly, I would wish to avoid.'

"'No, indeed, my Lord, you have not,' said I.

"'You sigh!' cried he, taking my hand; 'would to heaven I were the sharer of your uneasiness, whence soever it springs! with what earnestness would I not struggle to alleviate it!—Tell me, my dear Miss Anville,—my new adopted sister, my sweet and most amiable friend!—tell me, I beseech you, if I can afford you any assistance?'"

Of course, in the end, Lord Orville is rewarded for his virtue and to Sir Clement's eternal chagrin, triumphantly carries off Evelina, now, as it turns out, the acknowledged daughter and heiress of the richest knight in England. The book ends with this characteristic and touching letter from Evelina to Mr. Villars:

"All is over, my dearest sir, and the fate of your Evelina is decided. This morning, with fearful joy and trembling gratitude, she united herself forever with the object of her dearest, her eternal affection.

"I have time for no more; the chaise now waits which is to conduct me to dear Berry Hill, and to the arms of the best of men."

*Cecilia* is very like *Evelina* in many ways, but is not, I think, so successful. It amuses and interests us perhaps as much, but the charm which distinguished the earlier work is wanting here. It is less artless, and far more elaborate; we feel that it pretends to be something which it is not. We are

annoyed by the endless little teasing distresses of the plot, and finally leave the poor heroine so worn out and degraded by her trials, that we cannot think of her with pleasure. The book is, however, in spite of its faults, a charming one; it contains many amusing episodes, and abounds in witty criticism of the prevailing fashions, while its language is so grandiose as to bring a smile to the lips of the gravest reader. Nowhere in *Evelina* can we find anything more entertaining than the account of Cecilia's first night in London; and her adventures at the masked ball, where she is imprisoned by a surly devil in black, and released by a gallant Don Quixote, are thrilling indeed. Delvile, though he perhaps lacks Lord Orville's exquisite politeness, still far exceeds the expectations of a modern reader. And when, on the occasion of Cecilia's resting the tips of her fingers on his arm, he passionately exclaims, "Sweet, lovely burthen! Oh, why not thus forever!" we feel we cannot, in reason, complain.

To the end of her life, both before and after her marriage, whether in France or in England, Miss Burney was known as "the authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*;" and it is thus that she is still oftenest spoken of. Nevertheless, her fame no longer rests on her novels; they are for the most part known by name only, or read simply as literary curiosities. It is by means of her diary and her letters that she now lives. All the wit, the almost intuitive knowledge of character and the keen powers of observation shown in *Evelina*, are used to describe the daily incidents of her life and the people by whom she was surrounded. She began her diary a few months before her sixteenth birthday, on March 27, 1768, and continued it at intervals until May, 1821, when the last entry was made, fifty-three years later, but still some years before her death.

Fortunately for us, Miss Burney's life was very eventful. From her earliest childhood she was thrown with interesting people, and thus she has given us a minute account of the appearance and conversation of almost all the famous men of her day. Her father, Dr. Charles Burney, was during his life-time well known in England as a musician and a composer. It has been said of him that "owing to the charm of his manners and the vivacity and readiness of his wit, he was the man of the eighteenth century that gained and kept the greatest number of friends." Certain it is, that

his children loved him with a love rising to enthusiasm, and that in almost all the chronicles of the time we find him spoken of with admiration. "I love Burney, my heart goes out to meet him," says Dr. Johnson, "I much question if there is, in the world, such another man as Dr. Burney."

Fanny was more like her father than any of her brothers and sisters. From him she inherited the painful shyness which distressed her to the end of her life; from him, too, she got her wit and quick powers of observation. But, strangely enough, until the publication of *Ecclina*, Dr. Burney never appreciated her powers; she was neglected and pushed aside, while her two sisters, Hester and Susan, were sent to school in Paris and given all the advantages of a foreign education. She was continually scribbling, it is true, but her father took no notice of it whatever, and her step-mother showed, in a very emphatic way, her disapproval of such a waste of time.

Nevertheless Fanny was by no means wholly without sympathy; in her sister Susan she had a constant and devoted admirer, who was always ready to aid and applaud. Susan had herself a very decided talent for writing, as is shown by her letters to Fanny, of which a few have recently been published; she seems, moreover, to have been in many ways the most charming member of this charming family. Count Louis de Narbonne, we are told, said of her that she was "All that is '*douce*,' with all that is '*spirituelle*!'" Indeed, everyone who knew her was loud in her praise. Between her and Fanny there existed a very strong devotion, they seem to have had but one soul and one mind. No two sisters were ever more congenial companions. Second only to Susan in Fanny's affections came her "dear daddy Crisp," the "Misanthrope of Chesington," of whom we hear so much in the diary. He had been in his time a wit and a man of fashion, and, like the rest, had wasted his fortune and written his play. Now, in his country solitude, the chief delight of his life was in Fanny's letters, in which he caught a glimpse of the world he had left forever. She was his favorite of all Dr. Burney's children, and even as a very young girl, it was her habit to give him minute accounts of her daily doings. Indeed a large part of every day was spent in writing, either to Mr. Crisp, or in her journal for Susan's private perusal; or else she would lock herself up

for a whole long delicious morning in "the den" and compose some extravagant romance in secret. We are told that in her fifteenth year she spent many months in writing a *History of Caroline Evelyn*, but in a fit of repentance over her disobedience to her step-mother she burned it, together with her whole stock of prose compositions. Caroline Evelyn had made, however, a lasting impression. Fanny's imagination was haunted by the singular situation in which her heroine's daughter would be placed, and by degrees every incident of *Evelina* was stored up in her mind before ever a single sentence was put upon paper. We have only to turn over the first pages of her diary to see how exuberant and boisterous were her spirits. She was overflowing with life, and writes for the pure joy of writing, taking pleasure even in the mere mechanical part of it. She fairly riots in words; the slightest incident is magnified and related with wonderful humor.

"I am prodigiously surprised, immensely astonished—indeed absolutely petrified with amazement—and what do you imagine the cause? You can never guess; I shall pity your ignorance and incapacity, and generous, noble minded as I am, keep you no longer in suspense. Know then—Ha! this frightful old watchman, how he has startled me—past eleven o'clock! bless you, friend, don't bawl so loud, my nerves can't possibly bear it. No, I shall expire—this robust, gross creature will be the death of me—yes, I feel myself going, my spirits fail—my blood chills—I am gone! To my eternal astonishment I am recovered! I am really alive. I have actually and truly survived this bawling. Well, and now that I have in some measure *reclected my scattered spirits*, I will endeavor sufficiently to compose myself to relate the cause of wonder the first. Would you believe it—but, now I think of it, you can't well tell till you hear—well, have patience, all in good time, don't imagine I intend to cheat you; no—no—now attend. Miss Tilson, a young lady of fashion, fortune, education, with accomplishments and beauty, has fallen in love with my cousin Charles Burney. She is about seventeen, and she wrote her declaration to him on her glove, which she dropt for him to pick up. But Charles, not liking her, is above the temptation. Well, I'm so sleepy, I must . . . you may hear more anon."

Fanny read constantly and eagerly; her taste in novels is as characteristic and amusing as everything else about her.

"I have this very moment finished reading a novel called the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' It was wrote by Dr. Goldsmith. His style is rational and sensible, and I knew it again immediately. This book is of a very singular kind. I own I began it with distaste and disrelish, having just read the elegant 'Letters of Henry'—the beginning of it even disgusted me—he mentions his wife with such indifference, such contempt—the contrast of Henry's treatment of Frances struck me, the more so as it is real, while this letter is fictitious—and then the style of the latter is so elegantly natural, so tenderly manly, so unassumingly rational—I own I was tempted to throw the book aside—but there was something in the situation of his family, which if it did not interest me, at least drew me on—and as I proceeded I was better pleased. The description of his rural felicity, his simple, unaffected contentment and family domestic happiness, gave me much pleasure. . . . And before I was half thro' the first volume I was, as I may truly express myself, *surprised into tears*—and in the second volume I really sobb'd."

The record of the ten years which elapsed between Fanny's sixteenth birthday and the publication of *Evelina* fills two large volumes, every page of which is alive with interest and charm. It is simply the story of the life of a young girl who lived now in London, now at Chesington with Mr. Crisp, and again in the small country town of Lynn. She was the constant companion of her sisters, and served as amanuensis to her father; she went to a few balls, and had a lover or two, but there the events of her life end. She reveals herself to us freely and fully; whole pages are given up to reflections, sometimes sportive and sometimes sad, but always showing a disposition tender and affectionate to a high degree. She loved her friends with a warmth not often to be met with, and thought no sacrifice too great to make for their sake. Every now and then we find a character sketch which shows the masterly hand of a born writer. Garrick was a constant companion of the Burneys', and we have many pretty pictures of him and of his affection for them. His little shabby scratch wig, his preposterous attitudes and his overflowing love of fun and of children, are all vividly represented. But here Charlotte, the youngest and most irrepressible of the sisters, has excelled Fanny. In her ill-spelt and headlong diary, she has described him for us irresistibly, and has given Boswell's famous story of his imitation of Dr. Johnson with twice Boswell's humor.



Around Dr. Burney gathered the celebrated musicians of the day, and Fanny has given us more than one amusing account of the Sunday evening concerts held in Poland Street, when the narrow drawing-rooms of her father's house were crowded by the wit and fashion of London. It was at one of these gatherings that Fanny saw for the first time her future friend and admirer, Dr. Johnson. He made, naturally enough, a very vivid impression upon her imagination, and her description of him is so amusing that we cannot pass it over.

"In the midst of the performance Dr. Johnson was announced. He is, indeed, very ill-favored; is tall and stout, but stoops terribly; he is almost bent double. His mouth is almost constantly opening and shutting, as if he was chewing. He has a strange method of frequently twirling his fingers, and twisting his hands. His body is in continual agitation, see-sawing up and down; his feet are never a moment quiet; and, in short, his whole person is in perpetual motion. His dress, too, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on his *best becomes*, being engaged to dine in a large company, was as much out of the common run as his figure; he had a large wig, snuff-color coat, and gold buttons, but no ruffles to his shirt, doughty fists, and black worsted stockings. He is shockingly near-sighted, and did not, till she held out her hand to him, even know Mrs. Thrale. He poked his nose over the keys of the harpsichord, till the duet was finished, and then my father introduced Hetty to him as an old acquaintance, and he cordially kissed her!

"His attention, however, was not to be diverted five minutes from the books, as we were in the library; he pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost touching the backs of them with his eye-lashes, as he read their titles. . . . Mrs. Thrale said, in a laughing manner, 'Pray, Dr. Burney, can you tell me what that song was and whose, which Lavoie sung last night at Bach's concert, and which you did not hear?' My father confessed himself by no means so good a diviner; however, wishing to draw Dr. Johnson into some conversation, he told him the question. The doctor, seeing his drift, good-naturedly put away his book, and said very drolly, 'And pray, sir, *who* is Bach? Is he a piper?' Many exclamations of surprise, you will believe, followed this question. 'Why, you have read his name often in the papers,' said Mrs. Thrale; and then she gave him some account of his concert, and the number of fine performances she had heard at it.

"Pray," said he gravely, "Madam, what is the expense?"



"‘Oh!’ answered she, ‘much trouble and solicitation to get a subscriber’s ticket;—or else, half a guinea.’

"‘‘Trouble and solicitation,’ said he, ‘I will have nothing to do with; but I would be willing to give eighteen pence’——

"Ha! ha!"

Throughout the time covered by the early diary, Dr. Burney was busily engaged in writing and publishing his books of travel, and in bringing out the first volumes of his *History of Music*. It is not surprising that his daughter, who shared with him the labors of composition and was gifted with equal powers, should have felt the desire to see some work of her own in print. She wrote out on paper the story of *Evelina*, which was, as we have said, already stored up in her mind, and with the help of her sisters and her younger brother, Charles, set about finding a publisher. She had no desire to be known as an author; on the contrary, her secret was to be inviolably kept, and her father was told of her plan only at the very last minute, and because she felt it her duty to obtain his consent. He asked the name neither of the story nor of its publisher, and seems to have felt very little interest in it. Mr. Lowndes, a book-seller in Fleet street, finally agreed to give her twenty pounds for the copyright; and in January the book appeared. Miss Burney begins her *Journal* for 1778 with the following amusing sentences:

"This year was ushered in by a grand and most important event! At the latter end of January, the literary world was favored with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney! I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island!

"This admirable authoress has named her most elaborate performance *Evelina; or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World.*"

She was, in truth, far from expecting that her little book would attract attention of any sort. She had written it solely because she could not help writing, and had published it rather as a joke than with any desire for fame. It was not, however, many weeks before *Evelina* was in all the circulating libraries, to be read by people of every sort; and its success was secured by a favorable notice in the *London Review*, for February. After that, it grew daily more popular, until the excitement it aroused was such as we

have already described. Miss Burney's diary and letters at this time are full of her secret terror and delight at the turn affairs had taken. In May she went to Chesington to visit Mr. Crisp, and took *Evelina* with her, intending to read it aloud to her dear daddy, and to give herself the delicious pain of hearing his unsuspecting comments. But the uncontrollable trembling of her voice rendered her self-imposed task so awkward that she was obliged to hide the third volume and to pretend she had forgotten it. Mr. Crisp's extreme testiness over this delay showed his deep interest, and caused Fanny such delight that she almost betrayed herself.

During her absence from home, Dr. Burney guessed her secret, and read the book with gratifying, if somewhat tardy, eagerness. Susan kept Fanny posted as to the state of affairs in London, and evidently took infinite pleasure in every one of the many compliments she retailed. On the 4th of June she writes :

"But, my dear Fanny, my father has at last got *Evelina* ! Charlotte has written you all the account ! I have been monstrous vexed that I was not at home when he first got it—I am sure I should have cried had I been present upon his opening the *Ode* (to himself), for the idea of it never occurs to me without bringing tears into my eyes. However, he has never mentioned it to me, tho' it affected him so much at the time—but yesterday morning, when I was alone with him a few minutes while he dressed—

"‘Why, Susan,’ said he to me, ‘I have got Fan’s book.’

"‘Sir ! have you ?’

"‘Yes—but I suppose you must not tell her—Poor Fan’s *such* a prude.’

"‘Oh ! I don’t know, Sir, she knows *you* know of it—’tis only *others*.’

"‘Oh,’ said he, quick—‘I shall keep it locked up in my sanctum sanctorum,’ pointing to his bureau, ‘I would not betray the poor girl for the world—but upon my soul I like it vastly. Do you know, I began to read it with Lady Hales and Miss Coussmaker yesterday.’

"‘Lord !’ cried I, a little alarmed, ‘you did not tell them—’

"‘Tell them, no, certainly—I said ’twas a book had been recommended to me—they’ll never know and they like it vastly, but upon my soul there’s something in the preface and dedication *vastly strong and well written*—better than I could have expected—and yet I did not think ’twould be trash when I began it.’”

A few days later she tells how Charlotte and she had stood “cramped to death, not daring to move and almost stifled with laughter” in the

morning outside of Dr. Burney's door, while he read aloud the "Ridotto scene" to his wife. "I wished with all my heart," she ends, "you had been with Charlotte and me—for 'tis impossible by letter to convey an idea to you how thoroughly he enjoyed every line of it—but I believe it was near twelve before we breakfasted."

When at last Mr. Crisp was told, his surprise knew no bounds. He evidently had never suspected his "Fannikins" of so much power, although we cannot but wonder at his blindness. Dr. Burney now whispered the astonishing news to Mrs. Thrale, and at once it became an open secret. In August, Fanny went to Streatham, where she was warmly welcomed, and given the seat of honor by the side of Dr. Johnson. From this time forth she was a constant inmate of the house, the devoted friend of Mrs. Thrale and the avowed favorite of the Doctor. She gives in detail the sayings and doings of this extraordinary household, and above all of Dr. Johnson. Although his strictures on others were often so sharp and bitter that he was far more widely feared than loved, he never was anything but kind and attentive to Fanny. He even went so far as to volunteer advice as to her frocks and her caps, and to praise her taste in colors. He delighted to draw her into long conversations and continually teased her by dubbing her his "character monger," and to her infinite confusion often rallied her upon the observant silence she maintained while others were "showing off" for her benefit.

In London, as at Streatham, Fanny had now become the most honored member of every company. She was fêted and caressed and complimented until we could hardly have wondered if her head had been completely turned. But we find her still the same, always modest and shy, always tender and thoughtful. In the midst of her many engagements she seems never to have been too busy to write to Susan and Daddy Crisp those long letters that were their greatest delight. She recounted for their benefit all the fine things that were said to her, she described the behavior and dress of every person of importance; and the hours of the day spent thus with those she loved were evidently pleasanter to her than any others.

This was just the life that suited her; she had many opportunities to study character; her intercourse with people of the highest wit and intelli-

gence must have sharpened her own faculties, and we cannot regret too deeply that she was so soon to be taken away from it and shut up at court.

Not very long after the publication of *Cecilia*, Mrs. Delany, who together with the Duchess of Portland had long constituted the "old wits," expressed a desire to see the young "authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*." She took an immediate fancy to Fanny, and from that time until her own death, kept her with her constantly. When she moved to Windsor, Fanny went too, and there saw for the first time the king and queen. Queen Charlotte seems to have been strongly attracted by Mrs. Delany's silent companion, for a few months later she offered her the post of maid of honor which had become unexpectedly vacant. This was, indeed, a great honor, and completely overpowered the humble recipient of it, who, however, never for one moment considered acceptance possible. But she soon found that her father had set his heart on her going to court, and that all her friends upheld him. So with many misgivings and forebodings of evil, she said good-bye to her old life, and took up the new.

In those days the position of maid of honor was by no means a sinecure; it meant actual hard work from morning until night, and complete retirement from her family and friends, with only the society of his majesty's equerries as a substitute. In all England there could have been found no one less suited for such a position than Fanny Burney. Her health was delicate, her eye-sight bad, and her spirits unequal to the wearisome round of court etiquette. In addition to these evils, what little comfort she might still have had was wantonly destroyed by the enmity of Mrs. Schwellenberg, the chief keeper of the robes. Before she had been at Windsor many weeks, she realised with terrible distinctness the importance of the step which she had taken. She found that her position was little superior to that of a lady's maid; she was summoned to the royal presence by a bell which rang in her room, and her duties consisted chiefly in the mixing of snuff and the sorting of laces.

That part of the diary which covers the five years at court is very dreary reading. Except for here and there an interesting bit, such as the description of the trial of Warren Hastings, it is all a dead level of weariness. We get to know the members of the royal family, it is true; we

see the whole household before us, but we are forced to ask ourselves from time to time, whether it is possible for any human beings to have had so stupid an existence. Poor, mad King George with his frank kindheartedness, wins our sympathy at once, but the Queen from first to last appears hard and cruel. That she was sincerely fond of Miss Burney we are forced to believe, yet not for one instant did she relax her vigorous rules, even when common humanity would have prompted another to spare the overtaxed strength of her suffering companion. It was not until the whole court and many people outside had remarked Miss Burney's rapidly failing health that the Queen seems to have noticed anything amiss. And when Miss Burney finally summoned sufficient courage to offer her resignation, her royal mistress showed her displeasure in a very marked manner. We find this entry in the diary for July, 1791 :

"I come now to write of the last week of my royal residence. The Queen honored me with the most uniform graciousness, and though, as the time of separation approached, her cordiality rather diminished, and traces of internal displeasure appeared sometimes, arising from an opinion I ought rather to have struggled on, live or die, than to quit her,—yet I am sure she saw how poor was my own chance, except by a change in the mode of life, and at last ceased to wonder, though she could not approve."

Miss Burney's health and spirits were now completely broken, the best years of her life were past, and she came back to the world very much changed by her long exile. Her talent had never been of a very high order and it seems to have depended almost entirely upon the buoyancy of her spirits. *Evelina* had succeeded precisely because she had put into it the vigor and liveliness of her youth, and the workings of an imagination untrammelled by serious thoughts or experience. All her keen wit and quick powers of observation could not save *Cecilia* from being tinged with dullness. The moral, as soon as it came in, crowded out the charm : and it was only when she forgot all serious things and gave free play to her fancy that she was really at her best. Her experiences at court had aged her and saddened her so greatly that she was no longer capable of being wholly light-hearted. Only now and then there came a faint glimmer of the old humor, and even that died away quickly. Indeed, every year the



entries in her diary grew less frequent and less interesting. The rest of her life can be told in a few words.

In 1793, she made a marriage as strange and romantic as could be desired, even of one of her own heroines. At Juniper, near the home of her sister Susan, now Mrs. Phillips, there was situated a little colony of distinguished French exiles. Here she met and fell in love with M. d'Arblay, and married him, in spite of all opposition and without regard to the fact that he was utterly penniless. Miss Burney, however, had a small pension from the queen, and upon this they managed to live in a tiny house with the utmost economy. It was in this little house that she wrote her third novel, *Camilla*; which was to make their fortune, and here M. d'Arblay worked from morning until night in the garden. Here, too, their only son was born.

In her letters to Dr. Burney, Madame d'Arblay gives us a very pretty picture of their happy life in the country. No one who has ever read it will forget her description of M. d'Arblay's labors.

" ' Abdolmine ' has no regret but that his garden was not in better order ; he was a little *piqué*, he confesses, that you said it was not ' very neat,'—and, ' to be shor ' !—but his passion is to do great works ; he undertakes with pleasure, pursues with energy, and finishes with spirit ; but, then, all is over ! He thinks the business once done always done ; and to repair, and amend, and weed, and cleanse—O, these are drudgeries insupportable to him !

" I wish you could have seen him yesterday, mowing down our hedge—with his sabre, and with an air and attitude so military, that, if he had been hewing down other legions than those he encountered—*i. e.*, of spiders—he could scarcely have had a mein more tremendous, or have demanded an arm more mighty. Heaven knows, I am the most ' contente personne ' in the world, to see his sabre so employed ! "

It was Madame d'Arblay's earnest wish to remain always in England, but changes in France soon required the presence of her husband, and she accompanied him to Paris. It is impossible for us to follow her in all her wanderings in France, and again back to England. Her diary grows less and less interesting. She was very much occupied with her husband and her son, and appears to have found little time to devote to other things,



so that, although we hear a faint echo of the events that were shaking Europe to its very foundation, much that she might have told us is passed over in silence. After twenty-five years of happy married life, General d'Arblay died and left behind him a glorious memory. His widow survived him for twenty-two years, and of these years we have little record. Towards the end Madame d'Arblay's life grew terribly lonely. She had out-lived all those whom she loved, her sisters, her father, her husband, and finally her son. A new generation had grown up around her, and at last, in her eighty-ninth year, on the sixth of January, the anniversary of the death of her beloved sister Susan, she died. The last letter we have from her hand is dated March 5, 1839.

"Ah! my dearest! how changed, changed I am, since the irreparable loss of your beloved mother! that last original tie to native original affections!

"My spirits have been dreadfully saddened of late by whole days—nay weeks—of helplessness for *any* employment. They have but just revived. How merciful a reprieve! How merciful is all we *know*! *The ways of Heaven* are not *dark* and intricate, but *unknown* and unimagined till the great teacher, Death, develops them."

*Helen Whitall Thomas, '93.*

## BELOW.

Out of the busy morning of the house  
They beckon me, the rippling sunny leaves,—  
The bending boughs, that stir a little space,  
And then are still, and then are farther stirr'd,  
As a new wind comes,—till at last the trees  
Yielding, harmonious, surge along the air  
With one deep chord, of movement and myriad sound.

## ABOVE.

How slowly floateth every quiet cloud  
In the still sky, nor dips a forward bow,  
As would a cargo'd ship, whose rounded sail  
The wind had put his strength to; yet mine eyes,  
That watch this lofty squadron, shadow-keel'd,  
Coasting the horizon, ache to look instead  
Over the remote, blue, traffic-roughened sea.

*M. P. C., '89.*

## BETTY GLINN'S HOME

"If Betty Glinn doesn't rue her bargain, then I shall miss my guess; that's all I have to say about it." Mrs. Winship, a tall slender woman, of handsome severe features, settled herself more firmly in her straight-backed chair—she affected that kind—and looked at her guests with an expression intimating that though they might reserve the liberty of disagreeing with her, they did it with the certainty of laying themselves open to most egregious error. No such mistake on their part, however, seemed imminent. Dissent in any form was utterly foreign to Mrs. Glover, whose broad comfortable form quite filled the rocking chair opposite Mrs. Winship, and whose mild gray eyes and placid face beamed forth a kindly indiscriminating interest and approval for all the world. On the other hand, her niece, Miss Luella Glover, was discriminating enough; she prided herself on that very thing, in fact; but one of the niceties in the exercise of that quality she recognized as being assent to the opinions of Mrs. Winship.

Miss Glover was arrayed that afternoon in a wine-colored silk, further adorned by a pink satin bow at the neck, and a considerable quantity of gold watch-chain. She wore her light hair brushed smoothly back from a round shining forehead, and her eyes looked upon the world through a pair of gleaming gold-bowed spectacles.

"How very odd," she said, addressing her hostess with a certain unctuousness of tone, "that she should be willing to leave your charming home for that deserted place. I wonder if she really has a sentiment of tenderness for the farm because she was born there. But at any rate, I should think gratitude—"

"Sentiment and fiddlesticks!" interrupted Mrs. Winship energetically, thereby giving Miss Glover a slight shock. This young lady was a teacher in one of the public schools of the nearest city, and she favored little elegancies of speech, so that Mrs. Winship's directness was at times

startling to her. "I don't care anything about gratitude," continued the latter. "I guess the favors are as many on one side as the other in the long run. But it is the most arrant piece of folly I ever heard of. Just as soon as she heard that place was for sale, she must have it. Takes her money out of the bank—a good round sum, too, she has saved, in all these years—and buys it. It's just for the sake of having her own way—nothing else in the world. She'd be a great deal better off here, she needs somebody to look after her—though almost everybody does, according to my way of thinking. She ought to have stayed for her own good. But she'll be back, you mark my words. And as for gratitude," she went on more slowly, as though, having given due consideration to her own views, she was beginning to see some force in Miss Glover's suggestion—"Well, I do need her enough, goodness knows." Mrs. Winship was knitting an elaborate pattern of linen lace, and her speech was punctuated with sharp needle clicks.

She was proud of her skill in knitting—in truth she was proud of many things: of this big bright sitting-room of her's, with its red flowered Brussels carpet and white woodwork; of the broad fields flanking her home standing at the edge of the village; of her husband's position as leading merchant in the place. Proud of all things connected with her and her's, save the one of whom she would fain have been proudest, and that was her son, her only child, handsome reckless John Winship. Of him she dared not be proud; she had great confidence in her disciplinary methods, and yet she was never without a lurking suspicion that her son might prove traitor to these methods. This suspicion, not too carefully concealed, was hardly salutary in its effect on his character; yet it was in a manner justified, it is to be feared, by the boy's conduct, and still more perhaps by something in the nature of the methods themselves. It was undoubtedly a consciousness of all this that had led Mr. Winship to an action as surprising to his wife as Betty Glinn's defection had been—the surprise to Mrs. Winship consisting, in both instances, in the prevailing of any other will than her own. John had been offered, some time ago, a position in a private banking house in the city, and his father had insisted upon his accepting it, though greatly in opposition to his mother, who believed that

the interests of her son, as well as of her servant Betty Glinn, were best advanced under her supervision.

The conversation in regard to Betty was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Winship, who stopped in the open door balancing his straw hat in his hand. He was a tall, spare, large-featured man, slightly bald—wearing an alpaca coat and white vest, in deference to June, though the air, while the sun was still high, had a bracing quality prophetic of a cold evening.

"Oh, Mr. Winship!" cried Miss Glover with sweet effusiveness, stretching out her hand, "you really have come too late. Auntie and I are soon going."

"I am very sorry," he answered slowly, with the grave courtesy of a kindly nature, in which a sense of humor is not highly developed. "I couldn't get away sooner. And then, too, I had an idea that you ladies rather liked to be alone to talk over your secrets—and other peoples'," he added, with a serious attempt at the jocoseness the occasion seemed to demand. "I hope you are well, Mrs. Glover."

"Oh yes; I'm well," with an accent as though she were prescient of some state of existence where mere physical well-being was a very minor factor in the whole sum of human happiness. "But we ain't so young as we were once." She gave him her hand while remaining seated, having a very good excuse—had she ever dreamed of the necessity of one—in the fact of her lap being full of sewing material. An afternoon visit in the country is a serious matter and cannot be given up wholly to idleness.

"But I declare," she said suddenly with as much briskness as her dragging voice could assume. "We must be starting. If we don't get home by sundown, Abner'll think I've run away with you, Mr. Winship."

A certain innocent latitude of speech that obtains in rural districts gave this remark the nature of a very harmless play of humor.

"I guess he can trust you; but if you think you must go, I'll get up your horse and buggy."

The buggy in which Mrs. Glover and her niece finally departed was a substantial affair—its one seat perched high on a triangular shining box—drawn by a sturdy, well fed, white horse, who travelled with his fore feet well apart.

It was nearly sunset when Mrs. Glover stopped her horse almost at the foot of a long stony descent. Here she had a choice of two roads, one skirting the hill, the other, after a few abrupt plunges, turning sharply into the wide green level of the creek meadows where Betty Glinn's farm lay. Into the latter road she turned, slapping her horse's broad back vigorously with the reins. "If we go a little faster," she explained, "we'll have time enough to go around by Betty Glinn's."

The long stretch of road, on which the only buildings were Betty's dilapidated house and sheds, was very narrow, being closely encroached upon by the luxuriant growth of grasses and bushes from the meadows. The fences were hidden in woodbine, clematis and bitter-sweet vines, the ditches were filled with blue iris and the cat-tail flag, and elderberry bushes still white with bloom brushed the sides of the buggy. All this green was in that peculiarly brilliant stage, transitional between the tender tints of spring, and the deep color of midsummer. The now level rays of the sun illumed to a golden cloud the dust rising about the wheels.

As they drew near the house a small figure darted from the gate, across the road and into the bushes of the opposite side—very much after the manner of a partridge skurrying to cover. But the moment Mrs. Glover drew up her horse with a gentle "Whoa!" the figure reappeared.

"Now, Betty Glinn, what were you doing?" demanded Mrs. Glover.

"Well, you give me such a scare," panted Betty—"I thought you was Mrs. Winship, an' I won't go back, no I won't," she reiterated with mild fierceness. She was a small, bent, brown, thing, with muscles like fine steel wire, and with half-frightened dark eyes giving an oddly contradictory expression to a face whose whole contour denoted determination.

"Don't you think you ought to go back?" suggested Miss Glover sweetly. Betty's reply to this was a queer little twitch of her shoulders. She listened only to Mrs. Glover's droning account of Mrs. Winship's prediction.

After they had gone she went back into the yard. Behind the house lay a long low shed, known as the milk-house. Here she had just placed several pails of foaming milk inside the door. She now put a row of bright tin pans on a shelf by the open barred window, and poured into them the



milk, still warm and fragrant. This done she pushed her way through the long damp meadow grass to the small enclosure where the cows had stood to be milked. She spoke to them and they followed her into their stalls—their heads so close to her shoulders that she could feel their warm breath on her flesh. She talked to them as though they were children; so too, to her horse, a shambling creature with wicked eyes, who received her attentions, nevertheless, as though he had entered into a compact of good faith with this innocent being who supposed she owned him.

When Betty came out again the sun had already dropped below the horizon line. The west was burning with a deep orange light, which shaded off into the cold still blue through infinite gradations of its own hue, and opaline blendings of palest pink and green. Betty sat motionless on her steps till the sky was one far-off curtain of darkness stabbed through with the myriad golden points of the stars. Finally she said, as though in conference with the trees and bushes lying so closely in shadow about her:

"I wonder if Mis' Winship ever thinks that mebbe some other people like to look at the sky from their own doorsteps."

Betty had always been a faithful adherent to the Presbyterian church, which the Winships also attended. But she had now ceased going to church.

"It's no use talking," she said to the minister who drove out one afternoon in July to expostulate with her, "I ain't goin' to church nor nowhere else where I'll see Mis' Winship, till she's reconciled. She's an awful good woman—about the best I ever see, but she don't understand other folks wantin' to be independent; and anyway she ain't goin' to have 'em so, if they do want it. I know my Christian duty, an' I'm doin' it by stayin' out of her sight." With this, good Mr. Manners was obliged to go away satisfied.

The afternoon on which this call was made was dull and grey, with rain coming on, Betty noticed as she looked after her departing visitor. She went into the yard and gathered a large bouquet of the flowers in bloom—bachelor's buttons, sweet Williams, a few late lemon lilies and

some tiny slender-stemmed pansies—the last flowering from the roots of a long neglected garden. Earlier in the season the wide space from the old well to the house had been blue with wild forget-me-nots. Now only a few remained, these nearly hidden in the thick grass. She carried the flowers into the house, put them into a heavy tumbler, and placed it on the oilcloth covered table. She had hardly done this when she heard an uncertain knock at the outer door; her mild surprise at a second visitor in one afternoon changed to alarm as she opened the door and saw John Winship leaning against the door-jamb, evidently too ill to stand.

“Betty, for pity’s sake give me a place to lie down. I think I am dying.” The words came as though forced by great efforts through his parched lips, and dragging himself into the kitchen, he threw his body like a dead weight upon the old rocking settle. Betty was inclined to taciturnity where action was more needed than words, and she now devoted herself silently to the care of the young man whose confidante and friend she had been from his earliest recollection.

When she had done all she could, she took her sunbonnet from a nail behind the door and went out. The rain had begun and its fine slanting lines blurred the sombre sky and the distant hills into one indistinct mass. She went along the road till she came to the field where old Bonaparte, her horse, was grazing. Docility was still part of this wily creature’s policy so he allowed himself to be easily caught; and when Betty knotted his halter into a bridle and sprang upon his bare back, and he discovered from the suggestions of a little elder switch, that haste was evidently wanted, he even broke into an awkward plunging run.

It was quite dark when Betty turned in at Dr. Pomeroy’s gate; the short drive led up to a door opening directly from the dining room where Betty could see that the family were at a late supper. The doctor himself, a portly, gray-haired man, with his napkin in his hand, opened the door, and in the block of yellow light projected into the darkness, Betty’s little dripping figure was seen. She told her errand hurriedly, urging speed even to the extent of offering her horse for the doctor’s use.

“But my dear Madam,” exclaimed the dignified doctor, “I can’t ride that—that bare-backed beast!” At that there was a soft murmur, very

like laughter, from within, and a young boy darted down the steps saying as he went, "I'll have the horse for you in a jiffy, papa." The doctor did, indeed, reach the farm almost as soon as Betty.

They found John no worse, and Dr. Pomeroy soon relieved Betty's anxiety; at the most it was only a severe cold, the fever evidently being aggravated by some mental unrest. The doctor looked sharply at John, but he accepted with professional reserve Betty's almost instinctive suggestion that John's presence and illness be kept secret.

John was not delirious, but many times through that night, Betty could have wished that he were, as she watched by the light of a single tallow candle, the handsome, still boyish face flushed with fever and drawn with pain; and listened to his broken, disjointed utterances making a disclosure, hard and bitter for her to bear, yet horribly and unmistakably true. He flung out the words, the bare outline of facts, without attempt at palliation—only his tone revealed his inward shame. True, indeed, there was no delirium now; rather, this was the agony of escaping from the madness that had blinded and driven him for months. He had betrayed a position of trust, and though others had profited more by the betrayal than himself, yet he was the actual criminal. Disclosure was imminent, and the only saving thing—confession with immediate restitution—was not in his power. He had come home with some thought of asking his father to save him, but he could not bring himself to do it; he would go back to meet the punishment he deserved. In his illness he had sought a single night's shelter with Betty. All this was said with a terseness and determination that showed that the layers of impulse, thoughtlessness and folly hitherto disguising his real nature, had been struck through at a single blow and swept away, leaving bare the solid substratum of manliness and stubborn honesty.

Morning came at last. The rain had gone in the night and when Betty stepped out, the fresh strong wind was already piling up the mist in opaque creamy masses against the sky. Betty gave one quick look around; she saw the long grass bending in the wind, the trees shaking off the rain drops; she caught the damp, earthy fragrance the wind brought from the woods and meadows; she heard the cows mooing, the chickens

clucking and crowing, Bonaparte stamping in his stall. Then it seemed as if she suddenly barred all avenues by which these impressions could reach her: she kept fixed in her mind one thing only, her determination that no one, not even John's father, should know of his disgrace.

That afternoon she made another journey to the village, and on her return gave John the money he needed. He, thinking that his father had sent the money without the knowledge of his mother, readily acquiesced in Betty's injunction of absolute secrecy.

One afternoon, about three days after this, Mrs. Winship from her sitting-room, heard unusual noises in the kitchen. As the seventh of Betty's successors had been dismissed the week before, these indications of a presence in the kitchen were somewhat startling. She went through the dining-room and threw open the kitchen door. A fire was burning in the stove which she had left cold an hour before, and a thin white vapor was beginning to come from the mouth of the tea-kettle. At the table stood Betty Glinn, peeling apples. Her sunbonnet and shawl hung in their old places. She turned as Mrs. Winship opened the door, "I've come back," she said, and began on another apple.

Mrs. Winship stared at her a moment in silence, then saying "Hmp, I thought you would," turned and went back to her sitting-room. The subject was never mentioned between them again. Betty offered no explanation for giving up her farm, and Mrs. Winship needed her too greatly to run the risk of asking questions, being, moreover, quite well satisfied in her own mind in regard to the matter.

It was nearly two years before John Winship came home again. When he did, it was that he might tell his father and mother that he had been made cashier in the bank.

The evening of his return, Mrs. Winship stood watching him as he walked with his father up and down the walk to the gate. John had thrown his arm lightly across his father's shoulders, subtly trying to express by this slight pressure something of the grateful affection he must ever keep silent in his heart. Mr. Winship's face wore a look of mingled tenderness and pride in this boy of his. As Mrs. Winship watched then, the deepest emotion of her heart was one of pure, grateful joy; yet there

was mingled with this feeling a very definite sense of self-congratulation on her success in bringing up her son.

John and his father paused in their walk for a moment.

"What is Betty doing down there in the garden?" John asked.

"Oh," answered Mr. Winship, "she is working over some little plants she brought from that place of hers. Queer what an attachment she had for that old farm."

"What made her leave it then?" asked John idly, picking up a stone, and sending it swiftly towards the top of a tall elm across the street.

His father waited till a sharp rustle of the leaves told that the stone he could not see for the gathering dusk, had reached its goal. "I don't know, I suppose your mother was right, she couldn't get along alone over there."

*Elva Lee, '93.*

## SAPPHICS

Great as gods themselves is to me that lover,  
Dare I call him greater?—to linger near thee,  
Sit before thy face, and again and ever  
    See thee and hear thee.

That sweet laughter, Lesbia, did undo me,  
That soft speech at once of my senses reft me;  
All my heart leapt up and a fire thrilled through me ;  
    Nothing was left me.

Now mine ears are ringing, my tongue doth stammer  
As from one that dies doth a darkness hide thee,  
White as grows the grass in the scorching summer,  
    Grow I beside thee.

*Alice Bache Gould, '89.*



## A QUOI RÊVENT LES JEUNES FILLES

I was eighteen yesterday, and it has set me thinking. Papa and mamma gave me charming presents, and so did the boys, with the prettiest brotherly speeches, and other people sent me flowers and letters and so forth, and one and all said, "I congratulate you on being eighteen." Now, why is this? Why did everyone seem particularly pleased with me as though I had somehow distinguished myself? I thought about this a long time last night, after I went to bed, but I found that I was in a mood fitter for fancies than for thought and but little likely to come to any sound conclusions, so I gave the matter up, after resolving to sit down in calmness to-day and have it out. When I attempt to have it out on any point I am in the habit of writing down my thoughts as I go along. This is necessitated by my age and sex. I find that there is no way of keeping the school girl who is as yet part of me out of my graver discussions save this one, to give myself time to keep on the lookout for her and snub her at her first appearance. I have sometimes brought an unwritten argument to what I thought an unavoidable conclusion, and then in a moment of keener insight detected some fallacy which showed that the trail of the school girl was over it all. But the expedient of thinking on paper prevents this occurrence. My head feels clear to-day, and I ought to be able to find sound answers now if ever to the questions I propounded to myself last night. I intend to keep these questions and my answers, if I find any, together with my train of reasoning, for my edification eighteen years hence. I wish I had celebrated each of my self-conscious birthdays by a similar ceremony. It would have done me good at the time, and would probably have been very amusing reading at present. I rather think, however, that every five years would be often enough for such an examination. If for instance I had chronicled my thoughts and feelings on the highest subjects when I was eight and again when I was thirteen I should have an artless and authentic record of my moral growth. If I find that it is an assistance to

me in any way I shall continue the practice. At all events this present attempt shall be sealed and filed for perusal by myself at the age of thirty-six.

I will begin as I did last night with the inquiry, why do people congratulate me with apparent sincerity on becoming eighteen? It is incredible that each person who makes the remark goes back in his own experience to his own eighteenth birthday, remembers a peculiar halo of happiness about it, and, inferring that I am surrounded by the same halo, rejoices with me on that account. There are two reasons why I cannot think this. In the first place I happen to know that papa for instance was the most miserable person on earth from seventeen to twenty, being fairly addled by the amount of study demanded of him by his father. Such instances would of course be multiplied by extended experience; and in fact, considering that the pain of minds laboring with questions too high for them is the last discovered degree of agony, I am sure that most candid persons would rather be forty-eight than eighteen.

In the second place it is not in accordance with human nature as I understand it to suppose that even if each person who congratulates me had the memory of a happy eighteenth birthday of his own, that would be enough to account for his felicitation of me. For instance, mamma has repeatedly said to me and to others in my hearing that the greatest delight of her girlhood was to ride the most refractory horse she could find; and yet she was excessively distressed one day at Newport last summer to hear that I had gone off alone on papa's Bess, who shies; and she sent a man to fetch me home instantly, and fainted during the delay caused by his going the wrong way to find me. Another case very much in point occurs to me. Mr. Crichton was one day praising French literary methods to papa at the expense of English ones, and spoke of Bourget among other writers, saying he had been a good deal interested by *Mensonges*; and yet when he came into the library next day and found me just cutting the leaves of the book, he was annoyed and begged me to put it aside, without assigning a reason for his request. These instances show indubitably that the sight of another person enjoying what we have enjoyed ourselves is not enough of itself to produce the congratulatory emotion, the timidity natural

to my mother's increased age and the dread of imitative disciples peculiar to Mr. Crichton's temperament being in each case sufficient to overcome it.

But there is one more possible explanation that is worth examining. Perhaps the form of the greeting is euphemistic. Perhaps the real thought is, "you may thank your stars that you are no worse off. Who knows what may have happened before you are nineteen?" There is sense in that as well as good feeling, and I believe it is the truth of the matter. Why people should clothe the idea in misleading language is another question that it would be interesting to pursue. Perhaps my smiling reception of the formula is equally misleading. And yet I don't know about that. My attitude is that of a man starting on a lonely, perilous voyage of discovery. When he sights another craft he signals "all's well," meaning, not that he thinks his cruise is blissful and will be crowned with glory, but that he has enough provisions aboard and can handle his boat. I was aware yesterday that though I am but standing off and on as yet, not having my course settled, yet I am well provisioned and mine is a good sea-boat.

But what about my course? Why not stand off and on all my life? The answer to the second question is prompt though unphilosophical,—I can't. Something impels me constantly towards open water. Whatever it is, whether biological or supernatural, it is forever insinuating that there is work to be done outside. My lines are cast in undeniably pleasant places. All knowledge of the world is studiously kept from me by mamma, and all other knowledge is urged on me by papa. It is a great boon to know Mr. Crichton, and a yet greater boon to read Homer and write sonnets with his assistance. He tells me that I am very well equipped. Now, what does he mean by that? Equipped for an active, useful life like mamma's I certainly am not, because of my ignorance of people and my inability to understand things for which there is no reason. That last is mamma's strong point. People like to tell her their secrets, but she can't play whist. Well, I can play a fair game of whist, but people don't confide in me.

For life in papa's sense of the term I may have a somewhat better outfit, but I don't know. He lives in a rut. He boasts of it, and says that

true wisdom is judiciously to choose your rut and then let nothing throw you out of it. In pursuance of this theory he has done a good deal of work and is, I believe, an authority on Indo-European war-cries, and he has accomplished this by working five hours a day for twenty-two years. I sometimes feel myself inclining to his way, but I am so subject to volcanic upheavals that my ruts never have time to get very deep. Time may alter that however, and at thirty-six I may be as invariable in my ways as the square of the hypotenuse.

For the sort of life naturally open to me I am manifestly incapacitated. I like to dance, but I like to sit at home with a book much better. I have not the least taste in life for what they call society. I am afraid of clever people and I hate stupid ones. Mr. Crichton says I make a mistake in supposing everybody to be the one or the other, for there is a great middle term. If that is so I am in the unprecedented position of one who is excluded by the middle, for I have seen nothing of it thus far. Besides this, I have no idea of marrying, and why should I put myself to the trouble of going through the course if I don't intend to take the degree?

So for that sort of life I do not seem to be equipped. In short, the sort of usefulness I am best fitted for is Mr. Crichton's own, and that supposition explains his remark, though robbing it of all width of meaning. I can do almost everything that he can, though in a feeble and imitative way, and I think I might develop some force in applying the shovel after his pickaxe. His life seems to me very complete in its balanced universality, and he is a living refutation of my father's theory. Or perhaps his rut is simply so broad that I can't find the limits of it. He says that he doesn't dare to specialize, for intellectual interests are delightful servants but terrible masters. And he also says that it is arrogant as well as absurd to put a high polish on one's mind without being sure whether its grain is fine enough to warrant it. Just at present he is running a woodyard down in the East-side slums, and lives there for weeks at a time. He is willing enough to talk about the theory of his work, and it is interesting, for it adds a third stage of philanthropic development to the two that I can observe at home. Grandmother up in the country still clings to personal bounty. The sportula is still dispensed at her back-door and the poor of the neighbor-

hood wear Uncle Jack's effete top-hats. Mamma disapproves of her methods and accuses her of needing personal gratitude to keep her enthusiasm alive. Mamma herself is all for system and is the patroness of an orphan asylum, where the orphans receive a classical education and eat asparagus in March. But Mr. Crichton finds each of them wanting, declaring that they keep only the worthy who would do very well without help, and that his mission is to the reprobates. And sometimes I can worm out of him something of his life down there, and the unobtrusive heroism of his adventures is far more inspiring to me than the old commonplace business of saving drowning people and that sort of thing.

However, though I hope I shall still be interested in Mr. Crichton eighteen years hence, I don't think that hypothetical interest justifies me in writing any more about him now. It is odd that I cannot overcome this habit of wandering from the point. But perhaps the study of Mr. Crichton will help me to my end as soon as anything else. If I were to model my life after his I fancy I might make a success of it, but he would be excessively annoyed. After all, why do I talk about modelling my life? The direction of least resistance is the one in which my path will lie, and that sounds gloomier than it really is. I have inherited a fair assortment of motives and ideals which make the wrong act in many cases the more difficult one. It is easier for me to oblige people than to disoblige them, and it would require a pressure greater than has yet been applied to make me tell a lie. With this I have had no more to do than with the color of my eyes, and so when I speak of modelling my life I am talking nonsense. At all events what I am trying to do now is only to forecast the probable tendency of me; to discover by studying the laws of my previous development, the direction and extent of my future growth. Everyone likes to think himself headed for somewhere if he is only on a pleasure-cruise, but then there is always the chance of setting out for India and being brought up short by some obstacle like the American continent. If my ideas were not so fine I might stand a better chance of doing something. Out of respect for Sophocles I won't try magazine articles, and out of respect for Titian I refrain from showing my water colors to any one but Mr. Crichton. I should despise anyone who would read what I might write or look at my



sketches. That is not modesty. I know whether work is good or bad; and if mine were good I should be charmed to say so. One of the greatest advantages in writing your reasons is the dramatic ability you gain to look at yourself impersonally. When I really allow my consciousness to play about such subjects as these while I am walking or riding I am much less able to get an outside point of view,—the view of the benevolent spectator,—than when I write, keeping my mind altogether on the subject, even as regards the control of the muscles. I can know much more surely that my sketches are bad when I write down the fact than when I merely glance at it in the course of a train of thought. Yes, they are undoubtedly bad,—no hope there. I don't care a bit for fame or money or admirers, but I do care bitterly to make my life good all around. When I think what a world of trouble my hard-headed ancestors might have saved me by handing down a little more religion along with their morality, I am inclined to wish that they had been wickeder and more credulous. I have not enough religious emotion to poultice my virtue when it aches. Now mamma, for instance, is emphatically two things, a homœopath and a ritualist. She likes to be ill so she may cure herself with little pills, and spiritual trouble is almost welcome because the treatment is so soothing. Why we should not all share in this beautiful provision of nature, I am sure I don't know. Probably it is only temporary, however, and when the race has worked past sickness and suffering, those who have no sentimental attachment to medicines of any kind will come out ahead.

I am afraid I am not coming to any very definite conclusions. I have discovered a sufficiently plausible reason for congratulating people on becoming eighteen, but for the rest I have merely rambled. I wonder whether I shall still be a Rambler at thirty-six?

*Nausikaa Elsmere.*

*Emily James Smith, '89.*



## BAUDELAIRE

" Sous une lumière blafarde "

Dancing 'neath the waning light,  
Life the brawler impudent  
Writhing, runs without intent :—  
While afar voluptuous Night  
Mounting to the zenith's height  
E'en to sorrow brings content,  
E'en to shame medicament :  
Cries the Poet ; " Cease to fight  
Wearied limbs and baffled mind,  
Heart o'er-spent with futile aching,  
I will seek in curtained rest,  
Lapped upon thy ample breast,  
Sleep unspoiled by thought of waking,  
Darkness comforting and kind ! "

*Edith Child, '90.*

## DICKENS' USE OF FOOD

Although the world at large is in the habit of breakfasting and dining each day, and of taking luncheon and tea on occasion, this is not a matter on which we ordinarily lay very great stress, nor has it ever been required of fiction to give particular attention to a fact, which, we will all acknowledge, is commonplace in the extreme. It will indeed be readily admitted that there may be eventful dinners in a heroine's life and critical breakfasts in a hero's, which it is necessary for the author to dwell upon in the development of the plot or the characters of a novel. But, since of the making of many books there is no end, it seems preferable in most cases to trust to the honor of the author in this respect, and leave him to provide proper food for his creatures at proper times, without sacrificing our reading hours to these details.

Any theories, however, which one may have to the above effect will be very speedily contested by the authority of no less a person than the incomparable Dickens. One has only to glance through the pages of half a dozen of his novels, to read over the chronicles of pots of porter and knuckles of cold veal and the unfailing "greens," whatever this article of vegetable life may be which in Dickens' estimation serves to dignify any repast,—to be convinced that he felt eating to be as important a part of a person's career as anything else. He cannot carry his character through the events of a single day without describing at least one of the meals which they take together. They can no more begin a morning without breakfast than could real flesh and blood, and it is of great importance for us to know whether their *pièce de résistance* consisted of fried soles or mutton chops. Although to the mind nurtured on the modern novel, dinners appear the most proper subject for discussion, if such there must be, Dickens has I think a decided preference for breakfasts. *David Copperfield* fairly teems with breakfasts; it was on these occasions that Mr. Murdstone passed judgment on the criminal conduct of his step-son, and that Miss Murdstone lent him her two cold fingertips to shake as she measured

out the tea. Later when he dwelt with the Micawbers, on Sunday mornings he "mixed the portion of tea or coffee bought over night, in a little shaving pot," and sat late over his breakfast while Mrs. Micawber confided to him her domestic difficulties, and the melancholy fact of there being "nothing left in the larder with the exception of the heel of a Dutch cheese, which is not adapted to the wants of a young family." And it was on going downstairs after the first night spent in Miss Betsey's "very neat little cottage with cheerful bow-windows" that David, whose name was to be changed to Trotwood during the day, and marked thus on his new suit of ready-made clothes—that Trotwood then, found his aunt not in her flower garden, busy with her roses, nor even chasing away the abhorred donkeys from her little green grass plot, but "musing so profoundly over the breakfast table with her elbow on the tray that the contents of the urn had overflowed the tea-pot, and were laying the whole table cloth under water."

Perhaps the most amusing meal described in *David Copperfield* is the dinner he ate at the inn when on his way to Salem House, as a very little boy. The waiter kindly offered to drink his pint of ale for him, because the ale had killed a stout gentleman in breeches and gaiters, gray coat and speckled choker the day before, and when he had drained the glass, said, putting a fork into the dish, "What have we here, not chops?"

"'Chops,' I said.

"'Lord bless my soul,' he exclaimed, 'I didn't know they were chops. Why a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain't it lucky?'"

Hereupon the waiter devoured the chops and then ran a race with David over the batter-pudding, using a tablespoon against his teaspoon, which was certainly a very hard-hearted proceeding. So poor little David went hungry all night and had to spend one of his new shillings the next morning on his breakfast, which, we are carefully told, consisted of a nice little loaf of brown bread that cost three pence, an egg and a slice of streaky bacon.

Now very possibly this incident is necessary to the development of David's character, and all these curious breakfasts make for the final dénouement, and enable him in the end to marry Agnes and live happily

ever after. Moreover in justice it must be acknowledged that Dickens has, in other instances as in these, made very legitimate use of food. Mrs. Joe's "trenchant way of cutting bread-and-butter" for Joe and Pip; Mr. Squeers' putting water in the mug of milk, which was to serve as breakfast for the three small boys he was taking down to Yorkshire, and his allowing them to drink in turn as he counted, one, two, three; hungry, pathetic, little Oliver Twist advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, and begging timorously for more gruel; all these are perfectly justifiable and give a quick insight into character and situation, such as pages of careful analysis and description could not effect. And here, indeed, Dickens is by no means alone. His master, Smollett, allowed the guileless Matthew Bramble at Bath and London, and at other places in his pilgrimages, to give dinners at which Humphrey Clinker officiated. And, next day, Jack Melford would write to Sir Watkins Phillips of Jesus College long accounts of the dishes and of the erratic persons whom the Squire entertained.

When Becky Sharp first went to Sir Pitt Crawley's in Great Gaunt Street, she found the baronet cooking his supper of tripe and onions over the fire with Mrs. Tinker, and was thus introduced to her future master's parsimonious habits. There is the little dinner which Timmins could not afford, with made dishes from the pastry cooks, the green grocers' boys dressed up as footmen, the tiny dining-room too small for the company, and poor little hostess Rosa so miserable in the midst of her hired "splendor." Miss Austin carried Elizabeth Bennett to numerous sleepy dinners at Lady Catherine's, and, to be slightly more modern, it is through the ordering of a luncheon, that Mr. Henry James makes us acquainted with the character of Lady Agnes in *The Tragic Muse*—a high, executive woman—"the mother of children, the daughter of earls, the consort of an official, the dispenser of hospitality, looking back upon a lifetime of luncheons. She carried many cares, and the feeding of the multitudes (she was honorably conscious of having fed them decently, as she had always done everything), had ever been one of them." But, perhaps, the most delightful meal in all fiction, and one which certainly justifies its own existence many times, is "The Mad-Tea-Party," in which Alice participated in Wonderland with the Hatter, the Dormouse, and the March Hare.

What one objects to in the case of Dickens, is not an occasional repast of the kind I have just been mentioning, and one which brings with it incident and humor, but the fact that he introduces food in one form or another every few pages, without any apparent purpose. Now, when George Meredith opens a chapter of *Richard Feverel*, with Richard and Lucy breakfasting by "an open window that looked on the brine through nodding roses," while "files of egg-cups with disintegrated shells" stood on the table at which they sat, it is in order that when Adrian interrupts them a little later, Lucy may win the crusty epicure to her cause, through her tact in rectifying the mistake made in boiling his egg three minutes and three quarters. Again, if Pendennis goes to dine with Clive Newcome off the cold beef which "the day before had weighed eighteen pounds," Mrs. MacKenzie emphasises, Thackeray does not bring in the incident merely for the purpose of telling us that the meal consisted of the beef from which Maria had purloined three pounds since yesterday, and of the remnants of the Christmas mince pies and plum-puddings, but to show us to what a condition Clive and the old Colonel are reduced, and to bring to a culmination the outrages of "the campaigner."

Dickens on the other hand is constantly introducing food into his novels merely with the object of assuring us that his characters have dined, about which we must frankly confess we are not at all concerned. Moreover it is entirely unnecessary to tell us that the dinner in the "Patriarchal Household" began with "some soup, some fried soles, a butter-boat of shrimp sauce and a dish of potatoes." All these details are most annoying, dinners do usually begin with soup and often include a leg of mutton and even the inevitable "greens" as did Madame Mantalini's. These menus, for they are in fact nothing better, might easily be omitted without once breaking the thread of the story. Indeed, in addition to the serious artistic objection to their constant recurrence, there is the still graver charge to be brought against them of making the reader exceedingly hungry. It is a fact which I have long observed with the deepest concern that even the best intentioned person cannot read more than twenty pages of Dickens without feeling a light inward craving for food, which increases in

strength with such rapidity that, by the time the fiftieth is turned, the demands of appetite are no longer to be resisted. Subdued in spirit, convinced against our will that we are the slaves of a passion of mean order, we must lay aside our book and go meekly in search of a cracker. In all seriousness we may assuredly be permitted to require of fiction that it shall not rouse such feelings in us except on extraordinary occasions, and that we shall not be forced to sacrifice the pleasures of the intellect to the demands of so humble a sensation as hunger.

Surely, there awaits Dickens the fate which has overtaken Homer. When in after years out of one man have been evolved seven novelists, it will be argued, and perhaps not unjustly, that one of the seven went through his works, and carefully inserted all the passages concerning food.

*Lucy Martin Donnelly, '93.*



## TRANSLATIONS

## I

The grave said to the rose,  
Of the tears of the dawn, what grows  
    In thy heart, O passionate bloom ?  
The rose said to the grave,  
To thy ever-yawning cave  
    What dost thou with all that come ?

The rose said, " Sombre tomb,  
Of those tears I make in the gloom  
    A perfume of honey and wine."  
The tomb said, " Plaintive flower,  
Of each soul that comes each hour  
    I make a spirit divine."

*From the French of Hugo.*

## II

I wander through the silent night,  
The moon slips softly into sight  
From out her sombre cloud array,  
    And somewhere in the vale  
    Awakes the nightingale,  
Then all again is still and gray.  
  
O wonder-bearing night-song ! hark—  
Faint shudderings in the leafy dark,  
Far, far away the course of streams—  
    Perplexed my thoughts in me ;  
    My wandering melody  
Seems but a cry from out the land of dreams.

*From the German of Eichendorff.*

*Emma Stansbury Wines, 94.*

## STUDIES IN COLLEGE COLOR

The great bell clangs out through the morning air—through the snow-flakes that thicken it, sending its summons over the white-cruised campus. The slippery walks are crowded with black figures moving towards Taylor Hall, single, in groups of twos and threes, wrapped close with shawls and hoods, half of them umbrellaless. Voices fall as they enter and amid friendly jostling around the bulletin board and in the cloakroom whispered greetings are exchanged. Then upstairs to the silent chapel, with its white windows made whiter by the frost; a stillness seeming to fold it round. The black mortarboards nod their tassels in cheery greeting; subdued talk between neighbors fills the room with a low hum. A sudden hush; the talk stops; the heads are still; a moment's pause and the service has begun. All are together for once in the day, with no distinction of class or grade. All are alike children, and children of Bryn Mawr. At the close of the prayer another moment's silence. Then a sudden movement. The bell clangs out again. A general rush to classes, to the office, to one's room. The day has begun.

\* \* \*

The sunlight is streaming in through the broad windows. It dances among the leaves of the red geraniums on the window-sill and falls upon the carpet in bright spots and bands. The bookcase and the two shelves of the little mahogany desk are crowded with a confusion of much worn, many-colored volumes. Over the Dresden inkstand and disordered piles of papers and pencils a small brass dragon mounts guard. Dainty cups shine on the white tea-table, which bears for its motto the words of the March Hare:

“It's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the tea-things between whiles.”

On the Turkish scarf which drapes the mantel stands a ginger-jar full of yellow roses. Across the rocking chair is thrown a college gown, while tennis balls and rackets strew the floor. The divan is piled with flowered cushions innumerable, and half-buried among them is the mistress of all this color and confusion. She is reading “The Republic.”

\* \* \*

It was a warm afternoon in May. The shadows were lengthening on the campus, and the air had all the stillness of midsummer. On the grass near the gravel walk a robin was hopping and pecking. Two black-gowned figures had just passed slowly by, and now all was still again. A sparrow who had been hovering for several minutes overhead alighted close by the robin.

"Ah!" said the robin, "could you but fancy what you have lost! Two seniors conversing together. Did you not perceive them?"

The sparrow would gladly have concealed his ignorance on such classic ground, yet, constrained by curiosity, with hanging head he asked, "What may seniors be?"

"Seniors," replied the robin, "Do you not know, then, that seniors are the sovereigns of this place? Indeed, I assure you, it is true. We have their own confession for it. Listen while I tell you the words of these two as they passed by.

" 'Well, it is almost over,' said one. 'And next year what do you suppose will become of the college?'

" 'It is too dreadful to think of,' said the other. 'Some of our class may come back as graduates. That is the only hope.'

" 'And even then they cannot help the Undergraduate Association. And they will be too few to manage Self-Government. Oh, this dear old college! It is too terrible to think of leaving it to go to rack and ruin. And just when everything is in the best condition possible! Imagine the Editorial Board without some member from '93! And the standard of class work is sure to fall next year.'

" 'And the gymnasium, too. To be sure most of us are making up conditions in the gym, but then——'

" 'Oh, there is no help for it! The college is sure to go down now. And it has been rapidly rising for four years! It is too cruel!'

The robin paused. Then he hopped confidently towards the sparrow and, cocking his head on the side, whispered, "If you will take the trouble to listen you will hear conversations like that every spring on this campus. Now you know what seniors are."

*L. S. B., '93 ; G. E. T., '93.*

## CHILDREN OF LIGHT

(*"Il faut souffrir pour être"*)

SCENE.—*Lydia's study.*

*Phyllis awaiting her hostess.*

ENTER PORTIA.

What! Phyllis, dear, *you* reading Scott!  
This really is so strange, you know;  
Methinks you said sometime ago,  
You thought,—you surely know it's *not*. . .

PHYLLIS.

Of course, it isn't, Portia, dear,  
But then the binding caught my eye,—  
I picked it up, I don't know why,  
It lay upon a table near.

PORTIA.

Oh candor! Well, come what's the book?

(*Horror-stricken.*)

My dearest child, what's this I see?  
It can't—it is a "Waverley!"

(*Laughing, then serious.*)

Oh Phyllis! Come, let's have a look.  
Lovely! Here's Brian Bois-Guilbert,  
I fondly loved him, didn't you?  
And thought not half those tales were true  
That called him wicked, for—why there  
Rebecca is and Ivanhoe,—  
Rowena was, I thought, so cold—  
There's Athelstane, the warrior bold,  
Whom I thought stupid, dear, and slow.

PHYLLIS.

Here is the "Lay;" here's Michael Scott,  
Girt with a baldric strangely wrought.

PORTIA (*Thoughtfully*).

"Baldric," impressive quite, I thought,

PHYLLIS (*Reflectively*).

Malcolm, Douglas and Rod'rick Dhu—

(*Tentatively*).

Come, let's read Scott once more, will you?

PORTIA (*Sadly, but sternly*).

No, Phyllis, dear! 'Tis better so,  
*Unesoteric*, don't you know?

*Mary Owen Brown, '96.*

## LONDON CLUBS FOR WORKING GIRLS

It is difficult to estimate the number of clubs for working-girls in London, because there are so many, conducted either in connection with the different churches or by private individuals, that do not issue reports. The four Associations that attempt to link together scattered clubs either by direct supervision or by affiliation are the Girls' Club Union, the Factory Helpers' Union—under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association—the Girls' Friendly Society and the Girls' Evening Homes—under the Recreative Evening Schools' Association. About two hundred clubs report to these Associations, and there are perhaps, by a rough estimate, as many more unclassified clubs in and about London. The object of all these clubs, however conducted, is to take up the education of girls at the point where the Board School leaves them, and, by endeavoring to give them right principles and teach them right habits, to fit them for mature life. This end is accomplished by evenings devoted to classes of various kinds, such as sewing, knitting, cooking, painting, singing, etc. Some clubs provide exercise and amusement in the form of dancing and acting, and others in musical drill, elocution lessons and discussions.

Where several clubs belong to a Club Association, yearly competitions in all these various branches are held in some large central hall, where the different clubs exhibit the work of their members, and compete in drilling and singing. Prizes are given to those that excel; and, whenever it is possible, a member of the Royal family or some one of high rank is secured to make the presentation. These competitions not only rouse the feeling of *esprit de corps* among the girls, but they also bring them into contact with a wider world and give them a larger view of life. For one especial aim of all clubs, though their methods may be different, is to exchange in the girls' minds a new ideal of associated life for the old one,—hardly defined enough to be an ideal,—of individualism. Rank individualism and jealousy are the worst faults of these working girls, and they have very little idea of the citizen's life of common interests and common action. The prac-



tical isolation of their lives, an isolation of ignorance and poverty, is most disastrous, and makes it extremely difficult to awaken in them a sense of the duties they owe to one another as members of one community. Dr. Stanton Coit says in his book on neighborhood guilds, that the supreme aim to be kept in view is "the complete efficiency of each individual, as a worker for the community, in morals, manners, workmanship, civic virtues and intellectual power, and the fullest possible attainment of social and industrial advantages." It has been felt that perhaps the first step towards developing a feeling of responsibility is the formation of a girls' committee to assist in the management of the club. These committees are started in most of the clubs I know, but have been worked with a success so varied that the principle involved can hardly be said to be absolutely proved as yet. In clubs of long standing, like Miss Stanley's or Miss Honor Brooke's, the conception of self-government has indeed developed into a steady principle of daily practice, but whether it can be worked profitably at first in a new club of very rough girls is still a question. I know, for instance, of one club of laundry girls, a flighty, careless and particularly unreliable class of girls, where the workers, after a year's trial of such a committee, felt it to have been an utter failure, except in the practical work of the club. It gave the girls a sense of power that they were unable to use, being utterly untrained in habits of self-control, and unable to form correct judgments on even the most trifling matters. It made them feel they had a right to criticise what was done for them, though in the end they always fell back on the workers; and in all matters of conduct they positively refused to have any voice in the matter, and definitely asked the workers to keep the authority in their own hands. "We don't want none of their 'Ome Rule business," some girls from a neighboring club, after spending an evening at the Girls' Evening Home in Somerstown, where I work, exclaimed to their own workers. And, indeed, my own committee is not a success as yet. It has taken several months to make the girls understand the meaning of the words "committee," "address the chair," "adjourn," etc., and now they never do, by any possibility, "address the chair," and any member "adjourns," whenever she feels like it. It means twice the work to make them attend to anything themselves, or to

take any part in their own government, and nothing would be easier than to develop into an absolute autocrat. But, personally, I believe that we must persevere in our efforts, because of the principle involved, and that even a less perfect action, the result of their own convictions, is worth far more to the character of the girls, than a right action imposed from the outside.

I have been told that there is a great difference between American and English working-girls, that the American girls, feeling they are as good as ladies, only not so well off, have a more independent spirit; whereas the English girls believe that they never can be ladies, and that the gulf between themselves and the workers is irrevocably fixed. I was surprised to hear from a well-known club worker the other day that she regarded this feeling in English girls as a distinct advantage. "They are much more happy and contented than your girls," she said, "for they know they can never be like us, and they are content to be like working-girls." No one can wish them to be other than contented to be working-girls, realising the use and dignity of honest manual labor, but it is a different thing to be contented to be "like" working-girls. If being a lady means being courteous and refined, educated and self respecting, I think it is fatal to say they can never be ladies. So many times in argument with them I have said, "But, girls, supposing I was to do this or that," and I have been overwhelmed with a chorus of, "O, Miss, you're different, we are not like you." I am afraid it will be many years before they can be made to realize that there is not the slightest reason why they should not be as refined as any of the ladies they know.

Even in their own class, they seem to have endless and almost insuperable distinctions of rank. The servant or shop girl in a simple hat and black dress is very much above the factory girl, who, though she may have more money, has neither the taste nor training to make her dress quietly. This gaudily-dressed girl, in her turn, is infinitely higher than the "feather-hat" girl, who, though she have no umbrella to protect herself from a sudden shower, will ask in a millinery class for a large masher hat with three long feathers to put on it. And lowest of all, distinguished by her large white apron and her little shawl, is the "apron" girl. The axiom

"The higher the hat, the lower the girl," does not apply to this last class, for with them an enormous front and side fringe entirely takes the place of a hat.

The different dresses indicate a real difference of character, and it is better not to attempt to mix these classes in one club. One girl of the rougher sort will often lower the standard of manners of a whole club; and the priggishness that comes from a conscious superiority means a great advance in manners and in the feeling of *esprit de corps*. It is a mistake to try to teach the girls ideals that are too far above them. Make use of the impulses and motives they already have, and it will be far easier to lead them to higher ones. For instance, many people maintain that it is nobler to be a moderate drinker than a total abstainer, but all workers are agreed that the ideal of moderate drinking is an impossible one for factory girls. Indeed, this question of drink among working girls is certainly far more serious in England than in America, and the difference in dress, manners, and appearance of the same class of girls in the two countries—for I have been told that American girls earning exactly the same wages are far more refined and self-respecting—must be ascribed to the fact that in England almost every girl goes constantly to public houses, or has beer fetched to the shop for her at the dinner hour.

For the practical working of a club, the weekly or monthly committee meeting of workers is the most important thing. Every arrangement, especially if it is to be brought before the Girls' Committee, should be discussed in detail, and compromises, when there is difference of opinion, decided upon, so that the workers may be united in action before the girls. Humility to begin with, and then loyalty, are indispensable qualities for this work. New workers, for instance, should not be critical or full of suggestions at first, and no worker should ever give food, clothes or money to the girls without consulting her committee. Remember that the best committee work is always done beforehand. Think out what you wish to have done, and then try to work with individuals before they meet in their collective capacity.

Even if you do very little at the committee or in the club, do it very thoroughly, and not in a haphazard amateur fashion. Bad system and bad

teaching are fatal to the girls. At a Conference on Clubs lately, one of the speakers, after inveighing against amateur work, said she did not believe in making East-end clubs the places of "labor-tests" for the wealthy unemployed classes in the West end, and she thought that workers should be very wary of admitting ladies into their clubs at all. Although there was some truth in this statement, it was much too sweeping, even when applied to ladies that are only playing at this work because it is the correct thing to do. They may, indeed, destroy the discipline and ruin the peace of the regular workers, but they must be dealt with gently, remembering how grateful we ourselves, beginning as amateurs, were to those who kindly and patiently undertook to train us.

The more I see of this work the more I feel how indispensable is my college training, though it may seem that Middle High German and French literature are not directly useful to work among factory girls. But if they have given one the habit of hard work, the power of thinking out problems, and the capacity to form wise judgments, if, in short, they have made one into a better working-machine, they cannot be too highly valued. And the community life at college, the committees, and discussion societies, form a most practical training for this sort of work.

Among the most immediately useful things I learned at college, musical drill is perhaps as important as anything. There are very few amateur drill teachers in London, and yet the drill teacher holds, in one sense, the most influential position in the club. For discipline in its most severe form, and yet in such a form that it is not possible for the girls to resent it, comes through her, and she has always this advantage outside the drill that the girls are accustomed to listen to and obey her.

A wide knowledge of literature and mythology is also of immense help in teaching reading-classes, but the method of teaching reading or anything else must be left to each individual. Very often hints may be obtained from friendly mistresses of Board Schools.

Most clubs provide distinctly religious teaching for the girls, perhaps at a Bible class, or at Prayers the end of each evening. Personally, I believe it to be a great help to close the evening with hymns and a short address, though attendance at this should never be obligatory.

All methods are necessarily experimental. Nobody has yet discovered the perfect way. But, like students in science, we are all at work in the laboratories, trying first to see clearly present conditions and their causes and effects, and then to offer some solution of the problem that will lead to a cure. No work is so fascinating as this, no work so interesting and even beautiful from every side. The discouragements are many, but the encouragements are more, and never has there been such a chance to labor intelligently as now. Proper work among poor girls done in a simple, straightforward way, with little romance and no shirking of disagreeable duties can never be stigmatised as "pauperising philanthropy." The duty of the State is to educate its members, and we, who have every advantage of education offered to women, cannot do better than take up this work of education for girls where the State has failed.

*Alys W. Pearsall Smith, '90.*

*London, 1893.*

*Honorable Secretary, "Girls' Evening Homes."*

## AVENGELINE

Once as at home of an evening I, weary of Homer and Virgil,  
 Probed with an ear delighted a rare imitation in English.  
 Piped up a quavering Voice that seemed in a rage to accost me :  
 "*When you have finished your work I have something important to tell you,*"  
 (Just the identical words I was reading addressed to Miles Standish !)  
 Scared, I stood in amazement, nought replying, and heard next :  
 "*Are you so much offended you will not speak to me ?*" (This, too,  
 Right from the volume before me !) "Hark now, what's a hexameter ?  
 "I am the metre primeval, the murmuring parent of dactyls.  
 "Stiff with wonder, and pallid with tears, I behold how my children  
 "Stand like nothing of eld, with voices sad, retrospective,  
 "Wailing in accents disconsolate, bearing a load on their bosoms.  
 "Slowly, slowly, slowly syllable crawls after syllable.  
 "Fie on your English hexameters ! Where is amongst them a dactyl  
 "Worthy of ancient poet ? Musical, even, unhindered,  
 "Sailing away to the port as a wing-borne dactylus ought, till  
 "'Stop there !' cries an inactive spondee—pausing, it halts then  
 "Speedily, waits, hesitating, yet only an instant's time, for  
 "Onward now, tumultuous, eager, in haste unabated,  
 "Swift as a bird to the nest it dances along to the haven ;  
 "Not retarded in this way by consonants doubled and trebled,  
 "Nor by vowels too long for the foot that must carry them, thus, but  
 "Free, harmonious always, smooth to the ear, and, if artful,  
 "Rhythmical, easily uttered, softly melodious ; oftentimes  
 "Fleet as a galloping horse in a race contending ; and e'en made  
 "Loud, with a beat iterated of hoofs upon hard earth pounded ;  
 "Often again deep-rolling it, answering well to the master,  
 "Moves with a sound as of ocean's long waves, breaking afar off.  
 "Slow the spondee's two steps, each one stately, unhastened ;  
 "Bounding, a dactylus' heart ; and averse to iambical English."  
 Here became silent at last the Voice, and, provoked at such sentiments,  
 I resumed without farther delay the instructive perusal  
 Of the elegant verses which we are all so proud of,  
 Written by Mister Longfellow in the old classical metre.



## ANNE EMMONY

The two stood together, looking over the deck-railing of a White Star liner, on her speedy way up the harbor of New York. The pilot had been taken on hours before, the decks had been cleared of such superfluous sea-luggage as steamer chairs, rugs and cushions, and from the state-rooms below came steadily pouring that interesting crowd of new faces and figures, hitherto unknown to the smaller number of passengers, whose privilege it is to spend the six days of the voyage outside the cabins. The *Gigantic* had again beaten her record, but the mighty "run" posted in the companion-way had at last lost its attraction in the face of the New York papers that the pilot had brought on board. The voyage was incontrovertibly at an end.

There were not wanting, as final proof of this most interesting fact, those pleasant little meetings between such of the more sea-seasoned fellow-passengers as had borne each other constant company above decks for the past five days, nineteen hours, seven and one-half minutes, to be exact. Several such re-unions had taken place around the two friends standing silent, a little apart from the rest. Mr. White, most nautical in tam-o'-shanter and ulster of many capes, leaves Mr. Green, in similar costume, with the words, "We shall be in soon. I'm off to make myself presentable. Good-bye till later." An hour after, in the accepted dress of reputable citizens, they pass each other unrecognizing, stop, smitten simultaneously with the conviction, "I've seen that man somewhere. There's surely something familiar about him,"—turn and confront each other. "Haven't I the pleasure," begins White, "Of-er—Green! Upon my word you are so fine, I never knew you."

"White, as I live! What have you done to yourself?" And the two, their vanity tickled rather than stabbed, are reunited.

Of the men who stood together at the railing, only the taller and older gave the slightest attention to the surrounding passengers and ship's people. To him the experience was evidently new, and he watched the moving crowd intently, a highly diverted expression on his English face. But his

companion had not taken his eyes from the Quarantine station, since first the lower end of Staten Island had come into sight. He was little more than a boy, and he was obviously in a boyish fever of expectancy.

It was just as White and Green had recognized each other, and strolled away arm in arm, to the amusement of the Englishman, that the other cried,

"There they are! Hurrah! They have come, exactly as I said they would. I told you the Colonel never does things by halves. Do you see the little yacht putting off, the one with the red pennant? That's his, the *Totem*, and I'll wager anything the dear old governor has a crowd of men on, and a lunch fit for royalty. Where are the glasses, Beauchamp? I believe we can make out who's on deck there. Where *are* those glasses?"

The steamer was so close now to the Island, that the passengers had begun to crowd the left side, watching the two boats that had put off, the dainty *Totem* flying her red pennant, and the small white steamer bringing the health officers and the army of reporters in wait for the new German pianist and the returning native statesman, whom the *Gigantic* had brought with her. The yacht swerved from her straight course towards the ocean steamer, with the evident intention of crossing her stern, and coming up on the right, where the young men could be taken off without the supervision of the entire ship's load.

"Now I call this uncommonly jolly of your people," said Beauchamp, unstrapping the glasses he carried over his shoulder, "you can't mean, Jack, that your uncle has travelled three hundred miles from the West, or wherever he lives, to take us off on that little craft?"

"Exactly," answered the other, briefly, his glasses fixed on the approaching yacht. "There he is now, bless his soul! But I don't see any men. What—*Who*?" There was a moment of intent silence. Then Jack, with a jubilant start, snatched off his hat, and waved it frantically.

"By Jove, old man, there's Anne!"

"I say, let me have the glasses a bit, while you shout, you know," suggested the Englishman, alert at the sight of his companion's enthusiasm.

"Take them and gaze. I'm going down to see if anything's left in the stateroom—back directly."

The steamer's engines stopped and she lay quiet. Beauchamp poised the glasses, and looked off at the little yacht rapidly ploughing her beautiful curve to the right. The tall man, whose light overcoat the breeze blew about in discourteous fashion, was evidently the Colonel; the crew betrayed themselves, wherever they moved on the small deck, by their blue uniforms. The only other figure, then, on the *Totem*, the slender one holding on its hat, was "Anne." It was on this figure, at least, that the glasses fixed themselves.

Beauchamp was recalling the conversation that had kept him and his American chum on deck in the starlight of the night before.

"You will see no end of things and people in New York that you'll not like," Emmony had said. "But, if my uncle asks us down to Wilton his country place, you'll see my cousin, and she's the best girl in this world. No, I am not joking. She has sense, you know, and plenty of it. Not that she can't dance with the best of them, and all of that; but she's honest and straightforward, and she doesn't go in for flirting and nonsense. She can drive now better than I, and horses and children and old people get foud of her. I think it's a sin, mind, to spoil girls by praising them, but nine times out of ten, I'd choose Anne for a companion sooner than a man. She's an out-and-outer, I can assure you."

Beauchamp had been struck with the combination of names. "Anne Emmony!" he said: "How delicious!"

"Fetching, isn't it?" answered Jack. "Oh, you'll be the best of friends, never fear. But there's just one thing, Arthur, it doesn't do to fall in love with Anne, I'm perfectly honest about it. Several of the best men I know would tell you just the same. She has very sensible ideas as to *that*."

"I hope so, I'm sure," Beauchamp had replied rather stiffly, and the conversation had ended.

It was undoubtedly a laudable desire to discover exactly the distinguishing features of "an out-and-outer," that kept Beauchamp's glasses riveted on the *Totem*. But the yacht herself was graceful enough to challenge attention, as she finished her coy detour, and then, tired of coquetting, drew near the right side of the *Gigantic*, and, with countless mocking

bows, came to a stop under her prodigious sister. The Englishman had crossed the deck, and waited, looking down, as the Colonel and his daughter, very near now, sent their inquiring gaze up to the place where he stood, and along the deck beyond him. He could plainly see the pretty color in the girl's cheeks, and the grace of the little gesture with which she finally turned to her father, and motioned towards the other side of the steamer. Then Beauchamp hesitated no longer.

"Isn't it Colonel Emmony?" he said, leaning over, and speaking distinctly, "your nephew will be here directly."

The Colonel smiled cordially. "Thank you," he answered, "You are Mr. Beauchamp, without a doubt; and this is my daughter, Anne."

His daughter Anne looked directly at the stranger, smiling in her father's way. "An out-and-outer" was distinctly charming, Beauchamp noted in passing.

"Good morning!" she said; "I am glad to—Oh, Jack! *Jack!*"

With young Emmony's tumultuous arrival on deck, there was an end of introductions, of formality, of everything but the business of boarding the *Totem*. Under his generalship, it was not long before the yacht, with pretty disdain, turned from the inert steamer, and made for the docks.

"You have had a wonderful run, my boy," began Colonel Emmony, looking back at the *Gigantic*.

"Glorious!—but that's over and done with. Do tell us about Wilton, heavenly place! aren't you going to take us down there, after the way I've been slaving at Magdalen? How are the dogs? how are the stables coming on? And, oh Anne, how is Warwick? as ugly as ever?"

"Just as ugly," Anne responded, adding affectionately, "and just as dear. Warwick is my father's old pacer," she explained to Beauchamp.

"And the homeliest horse in the State," put in her cousin, "Anne thinks the world of him for some occult reason that I could never fathom—possibly because he's almost unmanageable with everyone else."

"He's still one of the fastest horses, as well as one of the ugliest, in the State," said Anne. "And if he's fond of me, what does it matter that he's cross with other people? They may be uncongenial to him. Every one knows how that is." She was evidently a little roused.

"Mr. Beauchamp shall see Warwick at Wilton," interposed her father. "No third person should interfere to form a friendship, you know. It may be that he and Warwick will be congenial, Anne."

He turned to the young men. "I am sorry that the new stables are not finished;" he said, "We have changed the old granary near Stubbs' Cottage on the lowland, you remember, John, into temporary quarters for the horses. But the stalls are cramped, and I understand that Warwick has decided objections to the place."

"Not to the place, exactly," corrected Anne. "He is disturbed by the noise of the creek outside. He has an insane fear of water, Father, you know."

"Tell Arthur about the new stables, Uncle," said Jack. "He's building some after our American plans, on his ancestral acres at Kennington." And the conversation drifted away from the ugliest horse in the State.

To-day, if Arthur Beauchamp were asked what summer of his life he would least willingly forget, beyond a question the weeks at Wilton, the "heavenly place" half farm, half villa would come into his mind, even if only to be dismissed in favor of seasons showing still better rights. Of course he ruined his tennis service, an Englishman should expect no less on American amateur courts. Of course he had no hunting, or, more properly speaking, with the most diligent hunting, he had no shooting. But the summer was a success none the less, and that, too, when he had left Devonshire persuaded that for him there was no success anywhere.

"Isn't he stunning? Don't you like him?" Jack asked Anne, one morning soon after their arrival.

"Oh,—yes," his cousin answered indifferently. "He's finely tall and strong, so far as that goes. But I must say, I think he was rather dull not to understand your splendid pun on the *Totem*, and when you took such pains to explain it."

"H'm! Yes, that *was* a little slow," admitted Jack, ruminating. "*Totem*—tote'em." Rather a neat pun as puns go. But then, child, you can't dislike a man for being English and unable to understand American anacronisms—I mean colloquialisms."

"I don't mind his nationality, now that I know how to pronounce his name. But he will trot when he rides, and he'd never even heard of a 'lope.' He thought it was a kind of fruit," objected Anne.

"That's no reason," Jack cried quickly. "It's not like you, to be hard on a man for such small things. What *is* the matter, Anne?"

"If you want to know," said the girl, facing him, "Mr. Beauchamp has been criticizing Warwick in a most unfeeling way. For a wonder, Warwick was friendly with him, quite friendly. But, in spite of that, he said he had a Roman nose, and he didn't believe he was any larger than a pony he had when he was a boy. Yes, I know the pronouns are wrong, but you understand exactly what I mean. I shall never like Mr. Beauchamp."

"By the spoon! I believe you want simple perfection," cried Jack, after a moment's astounded silence. "Here's the finest man in England, and you find fault with him. You're very difficult all of a sudden, I must say. The man *you* want to know is Charles the Great, I suppose," with elaborate sarcasm, "or what's-his-name the Fourteenth, that had the manners. Possibly one of those gentlemen would satisfy you." But Anne had fled.

Whether Jack gave some hints to his delinquent friend or not, this matter soon blew over. To begin with, Beauchamp made certain offers of friendship, on the whole kindly received, to Warwick; moreover, Anne remorsefully remembered that, before they had left the yacht on the morning of landing, Jack had admonished her, "Be nice to Beauchamp, and cheer him up. He's very down, I can tell you, although he's not the man to show it."

"He failed in his examinations, probably, at Oxford," Anne had said sagely to herself, and, after her early distrust of him on Warwick's behalf had worn away, she set herself to work after a fashion calculated to be eminently successful. The horses were an unfailing source of entertainment, for even Beauchamp, with his English breeding, could find nothing to criticise in Colonel Emmony's taste and judgment, and the stables he boasted as their result. In their younger days the Colonel and Warwick had indulged, on occasion, in various friendly trials of speed with their



neighbors, and Uncle Toby Johnson had told the entire story when he said, "Dut small little hoss of de Cunnel's is a monst'ous good little hoss for winning. He don't try *unless* he kin beat."

It was unquestionably this unbroken record of "first" that had fostered in Warwick a hauteur wholly disproportioned to his size. He had scornfully refused, of late years, to yield willing obedience to any but Anne, her father, and, occasionally, the old coachman. On the day when he bowed to Beauchamp's hand and rubbed the Roman nose on Beauchamp's shoulder, his acknowledgment of the Englishman's merit went to Anne's heart.

With driving and boating, with tennis and divers other diversions, Anne so assiduously "cheered up" her cousin's friend that, towards the close of the summer, she had begun to hope that the unfortunate examinations were forgotten. It was at this time, early in September, that an unseasonably heavy rain set in, cutting off every out-of-door pleasure, and making the great house, according to Jack, "most unconscionably dull." To crown all, business had called Colonel Emmony from home, and the younger men had accepted, weeks before, an invitation, for this time, to a house party at a country place fourteen miles away.

"I declare I hate to leave you alone, Anne," said Jack, at the moment of departing. But it's for hardly twenty-four hours after all—that is, if Uncle John's train isn't stalled anywhere by this terrific storm. Three days of it now! Stubbs says he never saw the creek so high. It must be pleasant for that fanciful little animal of Uncle John's to listen to its roar. Lend a hand with my mackintosh, will you, please, Beauchamp?"

"But, Jack," cried Anne, "you don't think the creek will overflow, surely—*our* little creek?"

"Only its banks, in any case it won't come near Stubbs' cottage or the granary, if that's what worries you. Don't forget to start the carriage for the station early, to-morrow,—the road is flooded by the rain, they say. Oh, and send Stubbs to the train, too, to attend to Uncle's luggage. Have I forgotten anything?"

"Nothing, except to go," answered Anne. "Good-bye, dear boy. Good-bye, Mr. Beauchamp. When do the prodigals return to us?"

"Oh, in time for Arthur to sail. Good-bye!" The carriage door slammed. Anne shivered, without in the least knowing why, and went in.

"I think it was awfully shabby of us to leave Miss Emmony alone, do you know," said Mr. Beauchamp, as they drove away in the steady rain and the gathering darkness.

"She *did* look a little mopy," admitted Jack. "I've wondered for several days what was up with Anne. She's usually so gay, but she seems to have lost her go lately. Still, she's an unmitigated dear, of course, and Uncle John will be glad enough to have her to himself for a while, I fancy." Jack settled himself in the corner to the contemplation of joy to come at Merrivale. Horace Grant had a certain sister with blue eyes—

Beauchamp's voice broke the silence

"I say, who built the dam a mile or so above Wilton?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Why do you ask?"

"Is it old? It looked precious old fashioned; but I mean, are the timbers old, or has it been put into shape lately?"

"How should I know! What are you driving at?"

Jack abandoned his corner.

"I'm wondering whether the reservoir above can take care of the water this deluge brings with it," said Beauchamp, slowly. "I'm wondering whether the dam can stand the extra pressure if the reservoir overflows. Oddly constructed creek, that one of yours. But I dare say it's safe enough."

"It's all right, of course," answered Jack, sharply. "Man alive! Uncle John looks after that sort of thing!"

"Naturally!" Beauchamp relapsed into silence.

Anne finished her solitary dinner, and spent the evening dreaming, in a curiously unwonted mood, over the fire. But at bedtime she rang for Uncle Toby, the old butler.

"Johnson, is the creek still rising?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss; it's a-raising de whole blessed time. Stubbs, he say as how he never see it do—"

"Does Stubbs think there's any danger that the water will creep up very near the granary? Warwick would be wild!"

"Oh no, Miss! Stubbs an' Watson, dey shorely keep a good watch-out."

"So they would, Johnson. That is all. Good night."

In the morning, the heavy rain was still mercilessly falling. Anne found no letters awaiting her at the table, and it was nearly noon before Johnson brought in the tardy mail.

"Postman say as how he couldn't scarcely get here. De road's flooded dreadful. He had a letter for Mr. Beauchamp, but I done told him tote it right along to Merrivale wid de Grantses mail."

"Quite right, Johnson. But Stubbs and Watson, they can't start too early, since the road is so bad. If the train is late, they must wait for it, if they wait all night."

"Yes, Miss,—if they wait all night." Johnson departed.

The day wore slowly on. At four o'clock darkness fell. Anne wandered, in a loneliness she could not understand, from window to window, looking out on the lawns, here and there entirely submerged by the unprecedented downpour. "They seem like little seas," she said to herself, thoughtfully enough; then, reminded of Jack's parting words, she wondered aloud, "Can Mr. Beauchamp be going to sail soon?" and again that inexplicable shivering seized her.

Her restless glance finally fell on the dark roofs of the new stables. If only the horses were there!—if only Warwick, in especial, were beyond the sound of the element he so dreaded! But Watson had gone, hours before, to meet her father, and she could send no one else to move the little horse, whom he would obey. She could not help him. There was nothing to do but to wait.

Uncle Toby, touched by the girl's evident uneasiness, said, as he carried away the untouched dinner, "Dere ain't really no danger, Miss. Like as not de trains run slow. Watson, he's a mighty careful driver, an' de road ain't nigh de creek."

"I know, Johnson, I know," answered Anne, with a guilty sense that she was not thinking of her father.

It was two hours later, that a frightened maid ran into the room and found the girl standing at the back window exactly where Uncle Toby had left her.

"Oh, Miss Anne!" she gasped, "Mrs. Stubbs is in the kitchen, pretty near drowned. There's a foot of the creek in her sitting-room, come very sudden, and she's brought all the children but Peter. He's trying to get the horses out of the granary. The whole lowland is a-flooding, and whatever shall we do?"

Warwick was, then, in deadly danger. Anne stood a moment stunned. Then she caught the woman by the shoulder.

"Stop crying!" she commanded, "and tell us whether there is no one to help that boy. Where are the men?"—she suddenly remembered that she had sent two of them to the station. "Peter never could do anything with Warwick," she went on, desperately, "and he cannot now. I must go down there myself. Tell Johnson to find a lantern and come with me. Send to the frame house for Seth and the other farmers, if they're not with little Peter. And, Mary, give Mrs. Stubbs some tea."

Afterwards no one could tell the story clearly. Anne knew that somehow, stumbling and slipping on the soaked lawn, often misguided by the doubtful light of the lantern, she and Johnson together reached the flooded lowland. That there poor Uncle Toby faltered, and she turned and said, "Yes, give me the lantern. You are too old and your rheumatism would come on again,"—and waded alone into the cold water. Down at the granary were lights in plenty. The farmers were already there, and she heard shouts of "*Whoa!*" and "*Steady!*" that brought her unspeakable comfort. But she kept on in the deepening water, until she could see the dim shapes of men and horses, making together for the high lawn and safety. She could count the horses now,—three already out of the water, under Peter's charge; four, six, seven. There should be ten—ah, yes, two at the station and—Warwick.

She pushed on, calling to the farmer she knew best, the man who had first put her on a horse and taught her to ride. She had almost reached the granary when he came to meet her, too agitated to be surprised. He could only say, "Miss Anne that horse is acting all possessed. I can't do a thing with him. I've tried my best, but he's that mad with fear that he won't let me come nigh him. He'll be drowned sure, for the water's rising every minute. What *can* we do?" Anne walked forward, desperate, the

water half-way to her waist. It must have risen with marvelous rapidity at the last. "I don't see what ails our creek," she was beginning to say to Seth, when she stopped short, silenced by the terrified plungings and snortings of the little horse prisoned in the granary. With no other light than his lantern, Seth could see that she turned white. But she called, loudly and clearly, "Warwick! Warwick! I'm here, my boy. Steady, Warwick!"

The agonized sounds ceased on the instant, and some of the men who had taken the other horses to the high ground, returning, surrounded the girl and the farmer, and waited, breathless, for orders.

"He's saved, sure," shouted Seth in uncontrollable joy. "There's no one but you and the Britisher that the wicked little beast will listen to. Hold the lanterns up, men, and Miss Anne and I will get him out."

"Yes," said Anne, quietly, "he will come with me." She stepped forward once more.

But a thunderous crash sounded above the steady rush of the swollen creek,—one crash that died sullenly into an ominous roar far up the water but rolling nearer with every moment.

"The dam!" shouted the men, with one panic-stricken voice. "*The dam!*" and they turned, carrying Anne with them in their wild rush.

"I cannot—leave—Warwick—there to be—drowned!" She panted, holding back.

"You must, Miss Anne, you'll be drowned yourself," answered Seth, sternly pressing her on.

"Hear him call! I must go back to him,—I *will* go!" cried the girl in an agony.

It was just at that instant, as she struggled hopelessly against Seth's determined strength, that a horseman splashed into the water beside them,—a horseman whose face wore an oddly elated expression, but whose horse was weary with the fourteen miles between Wilton and Merrivale.

"Arthur!" Anne said. "Arthur! Of all the people in all the world —*you!*"

Just how he understood, Beauchamp never could recollect. Perhaps the calls of the terror-stricken horse enlightened him. But he acted on

the instant. He had caught up Anne's lantern and urged his own horse into the rising water before any one could hold him back.

The ominous roar grew louder, and the men, still dragging Anne, fled further up the lawn. But their eyes did not once leave the shining spark of the "Britisher's" lantern. At last it disappeared, and instantly the anguished calls from Warwick ceased. Beauchamp had entered the granary then, and half his journey was accomplished. Motionless, helpless, with the roar above steadily coming down to them, the little group stood waiting. Anne remembered,—and turned faint at the thought—that Watson tied an especially difficult knot to outwit the little horse's cunning.—How the hurrying waters thundered!

"He can never make it," said one of the men, under his breath.

Anne did not answer. Over and over, standing there, she had said to herself, "Warwick will drown!" Suddenly something mighty rose within her, and crushed that cry. "Arthur will drown!" it said, loudly, insistently, until she thought that the very horses about her must hear and understand. It was the roar that drowned that voice at last,—the roar in its deadly haste down the creek.

All at once, there came a splash at the granary door, a struggle in the water, and, just as the roar had reached and caught the shaking building, Warwick alone, snorting and steaming, his halter cut in two above Watson's masterpiece, plunged out of the flood, and stood trembling at Anne's side.

"Here Miss," said Seth grimly, putting the severed strap into her hand, "For pity's sake come away. Your horse is safe, and this is no place for you. Land! but he had grit, the Britisher."

She could not hear him above the rush of water that shook even the high ground on which they stood. But she dropped the halter, and stood immovable, staring before her at the tearing flood and the timbers of the granary, tossed like straws. Seth felt that she saw neither him nor the horse she loved. But a moment later, she turned to the men, and, pointing, said, imperiously, "Help him! Can't you see that his horse is falling?"

The girl had discovered what the men had not dreamed, that, following Warwick, swimming more wearily, making way more slowly, came



another horse, bearing a rider. As the last beams of the granary collapsed and rushed away, a dozen hands were stretched out to the bridle of this stumbling horse and pulled him to the land.

It was a miracle of course. Such things are true, and are miracles none the less.

Then and there, before the strange group of dripping men and horses, Anne Emmony lifted her wet face to the hatless rider, still wearing his look of elation, and said passionately, "there is nothing in the wide world that I wouldn't do for you—*nothing*." Then she flew to the house.

By midnight the family was re-united. Colonel Emmony's much delayed train had finally arrived, and Jack, startled by the news of the broken dam, had basely deserted the blue eyes, borrowed a horse, and galloped home from Merrivale. They had talked everything over and over by the largest fire that Jack and Uncle Toby between them could construct; they had rejoiced and marveled, and talked everything over once more.

"I still don't see," said the Colonel, at last, his hand on Beauchamp's shoulder, "what brought you here, my lad, at just that particular minute."

"Ah,—I had a letter this morning," answered Beauchamp in a low voice, "that decides me to sail on Saturday. I came over to put my traps together, and to have one last, jolly evening with you and Miss Emmony;—Jack, there, couldn't be spared from the cotillion to night.—Not finding any of your servants about, I took my horse down to the granary, where I seem to have been needed. That was all."

"Bless me! Saturday? We can't have that, Beauchamp. Anne, child, persuade him to stay longer. This is simple madness, eh Anne? Where *is* she? She was here a moment ago."

"Gone to bed, tired. She couldn't have stopped Arthur any more than she could have held down the creek by talking to it. We entreated, begged, prayed,—no use. He will go," answered Jack, somewhat gruffly.

Beauchamp laughed. "It has stopped raining," he said.

There was actually sunshine, imperturbable sunshine, over all the watery devastation the next afternoon as Beauchamp and Anne, left alone for a moment, were saying good-bye.

"You are sure you've forgotten nothing?" asked Anne. The critical Jack could not have complained of any lack of gaiety on her part *that* day.

"I have forgotten nothing, and I shall forget nothing," answered Beauchamp, warmly. "Some day you may know how much I thank you and your father for this summer, and all you've done to make it so awfully nice, you know. I'm not much at saying things, really, but the fact is, Miss Emmony,—Miss Anne,—I'm so glad, I must tell you. I came away this summer because I was terribly cut up about a friend of mine who wouldn't—we had quarreled and I—I never expected to see her again. But it was all my fault, and she has written, and I am going back. Her name is Anne, too, you see. That's all. Do you mind my telling you? You've been so kind to me all summer, quite as if I were Jack's brother. I have appreciated it all, I can tell you, or rather I *can't* tell you," he ended, a trifle incoherently.

"I see," said Anne, gently, "I see," and she smiled at him as she had smiled from the *Totem*.

She said nothing more, for Jack appeared, prepared to support his chum to the station. But as they were going she ran down the steps and called to Beauchamp:

"Good-bye once more," she said. "I'm going to send you a photograph of Warwick, so that you shall never forget the horse whose life you saved. And won't you give my love to—to Anne?"

"Charmed, I'm sure," answered Beauchamp, with a smile and a sudden blush. But Jack turned, his foot on the carriage step, an expression of surprised disapproval on his face.

"If you're not getting exactly like all other girls!" he said. "Sending your love! I never expected to hear that speech from Anne Emmony."

*Julia Olivia Langdon, '95.*

## FOG

The shredded semblance of a cloud  
Blown from the sea, and drifting by,  
Blurs all things, even the silver tip  
Yon poplar nods against the sky.

Hushed as beneath uneddyng snow,  
The 'minish'd circle of the sight  
Pulseth, although the west is wan,  
Faint echoes to the sunset light.

*M. P. C., '89.*

## A PORTRAIT NOT IMAGINARY

She was my great Aunt on my mother's side, and because she had a very nice sense of the respect due her as eldest living member of the family, we, as children, were sent on weekly visits down to the old house on —— street. It has since been turned into a warehouse, and the garden that seemed so wonderful and fascinating to us, used to the poor little patches of brick and stunted rose-bushes of city yards, is now cut up into building lots; but fifteen years ago the house stood as it had stood in the days of old Madame Gérard, who, in the early years of the century, had opened a school for young girls in which I am told letters, needlework, and the art of conversation were very successfully cultivated. I never knew Madame Gérard, Bonnemaman Gérard as we were taught to call her, but Miss Annabel Joyce, my Aunt's companion, who had lived many years in the old place, would repeat to us tales of her goodness, and a certain fine charm of manner which was hers. Madame had come over from Martinique during the insurrection in the island, with two babies and a couple of faithful slaves, and had settled in —— street, then a little colony of French families. It had been a fashionable quarter of the city eighty years ago, but even before my day had been given over to silence and the encroachments of poor vulgarity; many of the old homes have been turned into shops or warehouses, or torn down altogether to make room for a row of brick houses, with fresh green shutters and polished brass plates on the doors, but some are still standing, great, square piles of yellow-brown brick, with tablets of discoloured marble above the old-fashioned arch of the door, separated from the street by a high iron fence, along which errand boys in passing now beat their tunes.

Dingy as these houses are, their very dinginess has in it a certain dignity, a protest against the shifting aggressive vulgarity around them, a delicate assertion of a positive worth in themselves of certain things which time and circumstances are powerless to alter.

My Aunt's house was one of the last to yield to the modern spirit; on entering it I always felt conscious of a certain pleasant awe coming over my spirit; the large, cool rooms, with their old-fashioned furniture and faded hangings; the paintings, after the manner of Vernet, in massive gilt frames; the high ceilings stuccoed in elaborate scroll work and vine leaves, had a mysterious charm for me.

The windows of the drawing-room, looking down on the street, were shaded, but a long finger of light used to stream in between the cracks of the shutters on to the faded carpet, a thick, old carpet, with spaces of cool gray, splashed with enormous bouquets of crimson roses; the furniture had once been crimson and gold, but the crimson was dulled and the gold had grown sadly tarnished by time; yet I thought it very impressive.

The ornaments of this room were few and severe—for Miss Gérard abhorred bric-a-brac. I can remember only two massive vases of some blue French ware on either side of a marble clock, with gold lettering, that stood on the mantelpiece; an agate table bearing a copy of Diderot's works; a gilt framed mirror between the windows, and in one corner a harp and piano, with a spindle-legged stool—my Aunt had been a diligent performer in her day, and was to the end of her life an enthusiastic lover of music, and a critic of no mean merit.

How well I recall my heart beatings, as perched on one of the narrow backed chairs in this room, with feet curled tightly around the chair legs to keep myself from sliding off the high satin seat, I would listen for the well-known footstep in the hall!

I never knew whether or no I loved Miss Gérard, but I had a fearful admiration for her which perhaps she did not suspect; she did not care a great deal for children, and was, I think, at all times indifferent to the impression she made upon people. I have known those that hated her and those that loved her; in return she was a good lover and an ardent hater, but her general attitude toward the world was one of good-humoured contempt; most people, she thought, were fools, but their follies made excellent studies for epigram.

Old François, who had served Miss Gérard as butler and gardener for half a century, would have it that my Aunt was beautiful in her youth.

and, indeed, in the drawing room there was a portrait of her in a scant white gown, with fillets in her hair and one hand on a harp, which is far from unpleasing ; but when I knew her she had little remaining beauty. Her hair, which retained its color throughout her life, was looped in dark brown rings behind her ears ; she always wore a black silk dress of antique cut, and a narrow lace collar and cuffs of exquisite neatness. I never saw Miss Gérard in a passion, but I could easily fancy her black eyes snapping behind the gold *pince-nez* she always used.

François, who like the rest of us, stood in wholesome awe of my Aunt, and in her presence maintained a certain discreet reserve towards us, in private would relax into a pleasant friendliness. He would take us, at times, into the pantry, lighted only by a narrow window under the ceiling, and treat us to slices of *pain d'épice* which he kept in a jar on the shelf ; once he even gave us a sip of Miss Gérard's famous old Burgundy, which Madame had brought out in honour of La Fayette in '24, when M. de La Fayette had dined at the house and planted the little plum tree, which Miss Gérard reckoned among her choicest possessions.

François never wearied of telling us the events of that memorable evening, until we knew them by heart ; the most brilliant men and women of the city had been invited to meet the General ; the silver and glass had been polished for a week in advance ; the General sat at Madame's right hand, and the talk was all of France and America, and of Paris in the days of the king, and M. de LaFayette praised America, and Madame's wine, and when later in the evening my Aunt sang to the harp, he gallantly kissed her hand, and compared her to Celestini, or some other famous singer of the day.

I am disposed to think that this tale grew more exciting with every repetition, but we accepted it each time with uncritical good faith, and quite shared François' honest enthusiasm for the glories of the house !

On warm spring days the long windows of the inner drawing-room were thrown open, and the scent of the pear blossoms in the garden below would fill the room with sweetness. A honeysuckle vine crept over the little balcony at the rear of the house, and dropped long clusters above



door and window. A gravel path ran around the four sides of a stretch of green grass, reaching to the farther wall, and bordering this path were the pear trees which scattered their blossoms over the walk in early summer, and were a cause of sore annoyance to Miss Gérard, who dearly loved an orderly appearance of things. Little Miss Joyce was fond of taking her books out there, and sitting on the steps in the sunshine, while my aunt would pass up and down the walk in pleasant meditation, with an occasional remark thrown out to Miss Joyce or a direction about gardening to François, in the basement below.

Never was there a droller little creature than Miss Gérard's companion ! When I first knew her she must have been in the neighbourhood of forty ; a shy little spinster, with vague blue eyes and sandy ringlets, which she wore turned back over a comb. Miss Joyce was fond of colour, and permitted herself little audacities of dress, but her self-confidence went no further than this, and for the rest she was an humble, unassuming little soul. I believe she was a distant cousin of my Aunt, but she always addressed her in a tone of the most formal and respectful deference.

To us she was kindness itself, and would at any moment lay aside her own pursuits for our amusement ; in return for which we loved her and took base advantage of her gentleness and goodness, after the manner of children in this world. Miss Joyce was romantic, and would tell us tales of love and heroic sacrifice in a sweetly elevated strain of feeling, crying a little over her own pathos in a simple, artless way. She had spent three years in France in her younger days, and I used to wonder whether she had met with some romance there that made her speak with a wistful regret of her life at Pau and Vichy, of Mlle. A., who had read Pascal to her during an illness ; of M. le Comte de N., who had insisted on lending her his carriage when she was convalescent, and supplying her with novels for the journey to Paris ; of Mme. X., who kissed her on both cheeks at parting, and wrote her a pretty little note of farewell after she had sailed. In later years she showed me some of the letters written to her by those foreign friends, letters full of pleasant gossip, of kindly inquiries as to her health and delicate reproaches for her desertion of her friends in France. Miss Joyce was an admirable French scholar, and read these letters in sweet, pure

accent, of which she was innocently vain. In talking, she liked to make use of a happy French phrase, and would let it fall with a pleasant sense of handling with skill a tool somewhat too fine for common use.

Her most treasured relic of those by-gone days was a certain copy of the *Génie du Christianisme*, with "A Miss Annabel Joyce, Souvenir d'Amitié," written in pale ink on the fly-leaf. She kept the book in a drawer of her rosewood desk with the packet of letters neatly tied up by a bit of old ribbon. Whenever her dignity was ruffled, or her sensibility wounded by Miss Gérard's caustic tongue—for in her hours of gout and irritation my Aunt was not always tender towards her companion's little weaknesses—Miss Joyce would retire to her room and there re-read her faded packet of letters, and take refuge in her little brown volume, until calm was restored, but I never knew who was the unknown giver of the book.

Like my Aunt, Miss Joyce was nominally a Catholic, but her zeal for the church was qualified, and consisted less in observance of its rules than in a social sympathy with its communion. Miss Gérard was something of an *esprit fort*, a Voltairian in religion. She frankly detested priests, and laughed at dogmas; but her contempt for church and creeds did not prevent her numbering several ecclesiastics among her friends. "*Au fond*, our creeds are the same," she said one time, after a battle of tongues with one of these, "but yours has the wind still in it, that is all."

After my Aunt's death Miss Joyce grew more religious, and towards the close of her life would write me letters filled with a gentle, sentimental piety; but she never lamented Miss Gérard's irreligion, or doubted the genuine goodness of her heart.

Looking back upon their friendship after all these years, I wonder what bond it was that drew together these women, so unequal in age, so unlike in character. Whatever that bond was, death only weakened, but could not break it. Almost the last letter I ever received from Miss Joyce contained an affectionate allusion to Miss Gérard: "I have been thinking," she wrote, in her gentle, high-flown way, "of what a privilege it was to have lived so many years with a character of such eminent qualities, a heart of such rectitude, a mind of such masculine intelligence as your Aunt's." Poor little Miss Annabel! She left the city soon after the breaking up of the old

life. Some cousins in the West begged her to make her home with them, but she declined. "I could not live with others after having lived with your Aunt," she wrote me at the time. But although she would not make new ties, with the income left to her by Miss Gérard's will, she took rooms in a Western town, and several years ago died there, surrounded by her pictures and books, and the little mementos of the past, quite cheerful up to the last.

I have the copy of the *Génie du Christianisme*.

*Laurette Eustis Potts, '94.*

## PIGEON HOLES

## SELF-GOVERNMENT

THAT the Students' Association for Self-Government, to which THE LANTERN of 1892 devoted its editorial, is firmly established at Bryn Mawr, the second year of its existence has assured us. Paradoxical as it may seem, this assurance springs from the fact that objections have still been raised within the Association itself. For diversity of opinions has compelled us to inquire more deeply into the principles of self-government and to examine more closely its actual results in its influence on our characters and conduct, and in its relations to the general intellectual and social life of the College. We have found that we may assert with confidence that our Association is firmly established, because it is established not on youthful sentimentality or enthusiasm, but on sound principles of government in aims, legislation, execution, and on earnest and successful efforts to effect the best good of Bryn Mawr.

The questions which have come before us publicly this year have concerned the "practical working" of self-government. We have been gradually making our system something more certain than "an experiment," the only term by which it could be described last year. We found that it was one thing to organize an Executive Board and Proctors, with their duties and relationship to each other defined by a few general sentences, and quite another thing to preserve without difficulties on every side a happy combination of a strong central government with individual hall rights. Accordingly, we have organized our system more minutely until it has become excellent in its simplicity, coherence and efficiency. The legislative work is confined to the general Association. The executive work is divided, according to the nature of the various matters, between the Association and the separate halls, the Association performing its share through its Executive Board, the halls performing their share through the Proctorial Boards. Yet in spite of the independent executive power lodged in the separate halls, centralization is preserved by the Executive Board, as the representative of the general Association, having the function of a board of appeal for the students and proctors, and the right to remove incompetent proctors. Various details add to the practical efficiency of the system.

Another problem has been the enforcing of our most important resolutions, those, namely, concerning quiet in the lecture halls and the halls of residence. We have realized that upon this matter depends to a large extent the possibility of good graduate and undergraduate work at Bryn Mawr, and the preservation of proper relations between the different sides of our college life. We have had to discuss the advisability of changing our former resolutions, consider carefully what class of students should set

the standard for the regulation of the hours of quiet, and devise better methods for the enforcement of our decisions.

In connection with these questions arose the question of the advisability of leaving legislation on certain matters to the separate halls, instead of confining all legislation to the general Association. We decided against such a change on the ground that it would destroy the centralization of our system and decrease our power of making resolutions based on pure justice and an impersonal regard for the public good. For we realize that these principles alone must underlie general laws made by an organized body to guide the conduct of a large number of students.

As for new resolutions, we have found it necessary to add but one, and that one covers a matter which last year we endeavored to leave to unformulated public opinion. This year it has proved wiser to formulate our opinion and attach a fine to its violation.

In regard to the addition of new resolutions in general, there is no reason why our course as a whole should not be a wise one. Some members of the Association are extreme resolutionists, other members are extreme anti-resolutionists. Full and free discussion between these two parties, both of whom are actuated by a desire for the best good of the Association, usually results in a happy mean.

Neither last year nor this year have we in our public discussions touched on the educational power that lies in self-government. But through the experience of these two years we have grown into the knowledge that in the opportunity of working for a community that self-government affords us; in the organizing of a system of government; in the deciding for ourselves of important questions of conduct; and in our meetings, necessarily conducted according to strict parliamentary rules, and calling forth attempts, at least, at clear and logical argument or earnest and thoughtful appeal, instead of haphazard remarks and vehement personal discussion, we have the means of gaining a training which we, as women, especially need, and which will be invaluable in all future work.

*Annie Crosby Emery, '92.*

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## A EUROPEAN FELLOW AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ZÜRICH

IT is said that Professor Agassiz's method with a beginner in his laboratory was to give him a specimen, a pair of forceps and a scalpel, and let him discover a chapter in anatomy for himself. After four months at the University of Zürich, I can realize better than ever before what such a method might be, not that it is literally carried out here, but the necessary independence of the students is the most striking and ever impressive feature of the system of the University.

Guided by the printed list of lectures, a student may choose those that he wishes to hear, and if the title of a course leaves him in doubt, he can attend two or three lectures at the beginning of the *semester*, and then decide whether he wishes to continue; but it

is etiquette to visit a professor at his house, and have his approval before regularly attending his lectures. A student often wastes much time before he finally decides on a well-chosen course, and unless he already knows something about the lectures, there is little to help one who has but a short time to spend at the University.

Fortunately for me, I had had the advice of a former student, and entered two courses which are especially interesting on account of the splendid demonstrations at almost every lecture. I have heard the same thing very enthusiastically spoken of in connection with other scientific courses; there are fine collections, and they are practically used in this way.

Besides attending the lectures, I wanted to have a theme to work out in the zoological laboratory. In this particular, as in every other, independence was the first requirement, and it was left to me to make a choice of subject, and also to discover, after many weeks of fruitless toil, that the material was unfavorable for the work. The assistance in the laboratory, which is always most generously given, is mainly in the way of suggestions of scientific literature relating to the particular subject, with a general supervision of the practical work.

At the beginning of each *semester*, there is a formal initiation of new students; I came to Zürich too late to attend the general ceremony, but the formalities were repeated for several others and myself. After depositing our certificates with the Rector of the University, who keeps these certificates as a hold on the students in case of misdemeanor, we were summoned to his office. The Rector himself delivered a short address explaining the general duties of a student, and expressed a sincere wish that we should find all the advantages and opportunities that we were seeking, and then, in accordance with what he had said, we pledged ourselves to be loyal to the University and to conform to its laws and to those of the State. The ceremony being over, we were admitted to all rights and privileges of students of the University. We each received a card of admission with name and address on it which was to be viséd at one city office, and a book for entering courses, which is signed at quite another office in the town, where each course is paid for according to the rates on the posted price list.

There is absolutely no division into classes in any sense of the word; each student stays as long as he likes; if he wishes to take a doctor's degree (which is the one degree given in each of the departments of Philosophy, Law and Medicine), he attends the lectures and seminars that he thinks will be of benefit to him, and reads what seems necessary. No definite course of reading is required, it is part of the acquaintance with his subject to know what is important and what is unimportant, and he "need read nothing at all if he knows it already," as a young German woman who has studied here for some time remarked. A very important part of the preparation for a degree is, of course, a dissertation on original work, and if it has been accepted the student may present himself for examination when he considers himself prepared.

But I see that I have referred only to the University of Zürich, whereas the Polytechnic of Switzerland is also at Zürich, and is of very great importance. It was founded



in 1854, twenty-one years later than the University; there was some debate as to whether it should be here or at Berne, and Zürich was finally decided upon by vote of the Representative Chambers, and the city contributed land and a large building to the institution. As it is the Polytechnic of all Switzerland, the principal subjects are given in German and in French. The Chemical and Physical departments have each a large new building, and the equipment in the laboratories is as fine as any in Europe.

The Polytechnic confers no degree, but gives a diploma for a regular course, which varies from two to four years in the different departments, and of which a large part is prescribed and the remainder free elective. The examinations are taken at intervals throughout the course.

Many of the courses of the Polytechnic are open to students of the University and to special students. The University belongs to the Canton, though its history is closely connected with that of the Polytechnic. I shall not discuss the historical relation as it is described in accounts of the institutions.

I have merely given the facts that have particularly impressed me and the other American students with whom I have discussed the subject, and without forming too hasty an opinion as to the value of the German system (as we have it here) compared with ours, I may say that from the very fact of the difference between it and our own, one learns a great deal by being at the University of Zürich.

*Lilian Vaughan Sampson, '91*

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## BRYN MAWR'S EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

**B**RYN MAWR received all the space she asked for at the World's Fair. Her position is in the gallery of the Liberal Arts Building,—Section K, Column G. 7,—in the part devoted to Pennsylvania, next to the space allotted to the University of Pennsylvania. The space is 15 x 14 feet, open at the front and surrounded on three sides by a screen, ten feet high.

All the woodwork of the exhibit has been painted in the college colors, white and yellow, and over the front is a sign, 15 x 4 feet, on which is painted in yellow letters on a white ground:

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE.

A College for Women.

Opened 1885.

Situated in the suburbs of Philadelphia

at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

In the centre of the exhibit, on a panelled table 12 x 6 feet in size is a model of the college grounds and all the college buildings, on a scale 1-10 inch to the foot, Taylor Hall, Dalton Hall, the Gymnasium, and the three halls of residence, Merion, Radnor

and Denbigh. A model of the proposed new double hall of residence is placed in its proper position in the grounds.

On the two screens at the sides spaces 14 x 7 feet are filled, first, by a framed card,  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$  feet, containing all the college statistics of especial interest; secondly, by the framed charter of the Self-Government Association; thirdly, by the framed charter creating the Academic Committee, signed by the President and Dean of the College and the Academic Committee of the Alumnae Association; fourthly, by the photographs and plans of the different College buildings arranged so that the views and plans of each building are framed in a separate frame; at the top are two carbon photographs of the exterior from the front and back, underneath are the floor plans, and lowest of all photographs of the interior. Taylor, Dalton, Merion, Radnor, Denbigh and the Gymnasium are all framed separately. The photographs are taken by the new carbon process, and are very successful.

A water-color drawing of the new hall of residence is also framed, and a photograph from a painting of a member of the first graduating class, in her cap and gown, as an example of the Bryn Mawr cap and gown.

Toward the front of the exhibit are erected two tables  $3 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$  feet each on which will be placed three volumes, bound in white and yellow leather, with yellow lettering on white. One of these volumes will contain all the announcements of the College, from the first circular of information in 1883 to the last programme in 1893; the second, all the President's reports; the third, a short history of the College, the constitution of the Self-Government Association, all the Gymnasium statistics, and various other details; also, two glass cases, one containing all the theses and other investigations that have been written or made by students in residence at Bryn Mawr, and the other, models of the Academic costumes.

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## THE NEW RESIDENCE HALL

THE new hall of residence will be built over the driveway leading out to Morris Avenue, having a length of four hundred feet along the avenue. It is to be built of the same stone used in Denbigh Hall, but the stone will be laid with irregular faces, so as to give the picturesque effect seen in old English castles. The building will consist of a tower overarching the driveway, and, on either side, a hall of residence, the west hall to accommodate sixty-six, the east hall sixty-four students.

From either hall a wing will extend towards the campus, in shape like an L reversed and irregular in form. A doorway in each wing will lead out to the campus, and another doorway in the angle the wing makes with the hall will open into the col-

lege grounds. The main doorway of each hall will be on the driveway under the tower; from this the entrance is direct to a square hall open to the roof. Stairways will bound the hall on its four sides, and opening into it will be the sitting-room of the mistress and the sitting-room and drawing-room of the students. A stairway will lead directly to the dining hall, which is to run through the tower and is to be the place of rendezvous for the students of both halls.

This dining hall will be double the size of the Denbigh dining-room, and will have windows on both its long sides. Over it are to be the kitchens, and above these the servants' quarters.

Of the single rooms in the new hall one-third will rent for \$375 a college year, one-third for more. One-third of the rooms in the hall are to be suites, and of these one-half will rent for a moderate price, the other half, which are to be built with bay windows, will be more expensive.

In the two halls there will be nine suites for single students, consisting of one bedroom and an adjoining study.

The west wing and tower will be finished before the east wing is built, and the latter will be completed when these are occupied. It is expected that the hall will be ready for occupation on October the fifteenth.

## COLLEGIANA

## DE REBUS CLUB

THE De Rebus Club is the new name adopted by the undergraduates this year for the society which was fast sinking under the weight of its title the Reform Club. The new name, at once more comprehensive and lighter, is designed to indicate more exactly the object of the club—to hear and learn of things, whatever they may be, which concern us all, while they are not of a nature to be included within our lines of college work.

At the first meeting under the auspices of this De Rebus Club, Miss Adams, one of the founders of Hull House, Chicago, gave an inspiring account of her work in the slums and its success,—an account that was in a way supplemented by Mr. William Howe Tolman's lecture, illustrated by an interesting series of new stereopticon views, on *The Tenement House Problem*.

The third lecture was of a more literary character; Mr. George Haven Putnam repeated for us his address delivered at Yale University on *The Beginnings of Literary Property*.

Besides the lectures given directly under the auspices of the De Rebus Club, the college has had the pleasure of hearing addresses from the following speakers:

EDMUND F. JAMES, Ph. D.

DR. GEORGE H. BARTON,

MR. FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS,

MISS MCLEAN,

MR. E. L. GODKIN,

MR. WILLIAM C. LAWTON,

THE REV. HUDSON SHAW.

L. S. B., '93.

\* \* \*

## COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS

THE interest in the College Settlements work this year has been kept up by the efforts of our own undergraduates and by addresses given to us by Miss Adams, of Hull House, Chicago, and Miss McLean, head-worker of the New York settlement. By these means our undergraduate membership has been increased from fifty-six to sixty-seven.

A new and important feature of the work at Bryn Mawr is the organization of our members into a regular chapter of the general Association. The essential point in which our constitution differs from those of Vassar and Wellesley is our system of membership. Instead of using the club method for those who are not full members, we have

arranged that those who pay five dollars shall have five votes in the chapter, and that those who pay less shall have a number of votes in proportion to the amount paid. The objections which has been urged against this method is that the privileges of a one-dollar member are so nearly equal to those of a full member that the result will be a falling off in the number of full members. So far this has not happened, and it depends upon Bryn Mawr to prove by a continued increase in membership each year, that it is possible to avoid the cumbersome club system.

*B. H. P., '93.*

\* \* \*

### MISSIONARY SOCIETY

ONE of the characteristic things of Bryn Mawr is the membership of the Missionary Society. Every student who is at all interested in missionary work of any kind is considered a member of the college society, so that in this, as in every thing, there exists that feeling of unity which is the basis of our life and work here at Bryn Mawr.

We feel that even while we are in college, although we have not time to do any real work, our interest in missionary work ought to grow, and an effort is made each year to have one or more missionary workers, from this country or abroad, come and speak to us of what is actually being done. For a number of years the society has supported a young Indian girl at the Hampton School, and each year we send half the money needed for the expenses of Miss Orbison, a former student of Bryn Mawr, who is now doing Zenana work in India.

*M. H. S., '94.*

\* \* \*

### STATISTICS OF WOMEN'S WAGES

IN October, 1891, a paper on "Educated Women as Factors in Industrial Competition" was read before the Association of Collegiate Alumnae by Miss Eleanor L. Lord, of Smith College. After a discussion of the relative value of men's and women's work, and of the statement so often made that, for the same grade of work, women receive lower wages than men, the writer said that the lack of accurate statistics rendered impossible any definite conclusions on either of these questions, and proposed that the Association of Collegiate Alumnae undertake the collection of such statistics.

In accordance with this suggestion, Miss Lord, Miss E. M. Howe, and Miss Emily G. Balch were appointed as a committee to have general supervision of the work.

At the next annual meeting of the Association, the plans submitted by the committee were adopted. The occupations to be investigated are limited to those that "require of the worker previous education beyond that obtained in the grammar schools." The list is as follows: Teachers and school supervisors; librarians and assistants in libraries; journalistic workers, including editors, compilers, reporters, "readers," typesetters, proof readers, etc.; civil service employees; telegraphers; architects and assistants; assistants in all scientific work, *e. g.*, in laboratories, observatories, etc.; business agents and managers; trained nurses; actresses (not their own managers); designers and illustrators; bookkeepers; musicians; typewriters and stenographers. To women in each of these classes is to be sent a schedule of questions which thoroughly cover the subject from the employe's point of view, while to the employer is sent a schedule asking for the number of men and women employed, the salaries given, and an estimate of the relative value of the work of men and women. It is hoped that the number of reliable answers received may be sufficient to make the conclusions drawn from them of real economic value. They cannot fail to throw some light upon the actual industrial status of educated women and the actual tendency of wages.

*J. L. B., '93.*

\* \* \*

#### DALTON HALL

THE eighth academic year has been marked by a great advance in the opportunity for scientific work in the College. Hitherto the scientific departments were all included in Taylor Hall and the lack of room made satisfactory work difficult. It was, therefore, a matter for great rejoicing when last spring work on the new Science Hall was begun. This was completed by the first of January and the classes moved in after the Christmas holidays, although the formal opening of the Hall did not occur until the third of March. On that day the Trustees and Faculty of the College invited friends to be present at the exercises and the College was addressed by Prof. Whitman, who is at the head of the biological department of Chicago University and of the Wood's Holl Biological Laboratory for summer work. He explained briefly the scope and value of scientific study and investigation for our modern life, and impressed upon the audience the great importance of the work. Dr. Keiser, the senior member of the scientific faculty, then made a short address, giving a sketch of the past work of the scientific departments and explaining some of the advantages that are expected from the possession of the new hall. He invited the guests to visit this themselves after the close of the exercises, and touched upon the need of the college for books and apparatus to increase the effectiveness of the new hall. A day or two later, Mr. Justus Strawbridge, of Germantown, presented the College with five hundred dollars for books and apparatus for the Science Hall. After the addresses the visitors



were shown over the new building which has been called Dalton Hall, after the renowned chemist, John Dalton. The professors and students tried to give the guests an idea of the aim and style of the work, its general method and practical results. The material's and apparatus were exhibited, the libraries and charts of the departments open for inspection, and some work was actually going on.

Dalton Hall is large and commodious, being carefully adapted to the work of the three natural sciences, which, as yet, are the only ones offered at Bryn Mawr. The Hall is of gray stone, is very simple in style, and the finish of the interior is plain, being entirely of bricks, painted a light buff color, and of oiled light wood. This makes the rooms light and airy and easy to keep clean, a very important matter in laboratories. The building is well-lighted and supplied with water, is heated by steam and very thoroughly ventilated, each half of the building being ventilated independently of the other.

The ground floor is used by the Department of Physics. Its lecture-room seats sixty students, and like all those in Dalton, has the seats arranged in a semi-circle, rising gradually from the front so that all the students may see distinctly any demonstration that is made on the lecturer's desk. There is a large laboratory for students who are doing the first year's work and one for advanced students, besides separate rooms for various branches of special work; for instance light, heat and electrical measurements. These rooms have one important feature that was greatly missed in the former quarters of Physics—this is solid stone foundations built all the way from the ground on which the more delicate pieces of apparatus that require a perfectly steady foundation can be placed. The convenience of these quarters is greatly increased by rooms set apart for the professors, by a library containing books relating to the subject, by rooms for work, and various branches of special work, by store-rooms for material and apparatus. On the fourth floor a room is specially set aside for a Rowland grating, used in advanced study of the spectrum. At present, the College has only a very small spectroscope, but a larger and better one will be obtained soon and will be a valuable addition to the apparatus of the department. This department has also taken possession of several of the basement rooms. It has there a magnetic room, also a dynamo-room and a constant temperature room for special work, which is surrounded by three walls and air spaces.

The second floor of the building belongs to the Department of Biology. It has a very large lecture-room, seating nearly one hundred students, and having a bow window in which are several aquaria, where low plant forms are grown for the use of the classes. The laboratory for students, taking the first year's work, is very large and light, easily accommodating sixty students. The desks are conveniently fitted with drawers, shelves and gas-pipe connections, and there is plenty of running water in the room. There are cupboards and cases for materials, specimens and supplies, and everything is systematized to make the practical working as smooth as possible. Another laboratory for advanced students, and three for special graduate work in morphology, physiology and physiological chemistry, give ample working room for the present; professors' rooms, a library and a room in which material for class work can

be prepared by the demonstrators, occupy the rest of this floor. The department has already extended to the fourth floor where two small rooms have been taken for work in physiological psychology. There is a special biological laboratory here, too, but it is unused at present. A small room for animals contains tanks, in which frogs and turtles are kept, and the floor and walls, to a height of several feet, are connected so that water can be turned in and the whole place washed out. On this floor, too, is a room which is, in time, to be a biological museum; although, as yet, a beginning only has been made of arranging in it the collection of specimens belonging to the department, among which will be placed a collection of stuffed birds, presented to Dalton Hall by Mrs. John Townsend, of Bryn Mawr. The museum is fitted with glass cases, made absolutely air-tight, in order to protect the specimens from the moths. Connected with this is a room in which botanical specimens will be separately arranged. The botanical department has a large laboratory on the first floor, where is kept a fine collection of plates and charts.

The third floor of Dalton is consecrated to Chemistry, and its quarters are well suited to the work done in them. The large laboratory for the first year's work, has a high-pitched, raftered roof, which collects the fumes and gases, and makes the room pleasant to work in. Each desk has its gas and water connections, cupboards and drawers, and for every two there is a basin with a waste-pipe. A number of desks are fitted with a hood, under which the fumes rise to be drawn out through the ventilation flues. A smaller laboratory is used for advanced work, and there are several for special work.

There is a separate balance-room on the north side of the building in which has been placed a very superior chemical balance, presented by Mr. Ernest Wright, of Germantown; also a combustion room and one for gas measurements; a dark room used for studies with the spectroscope, and, as in the other departments, professors' rooms and a library. The lecture room of this department is very thoroughly equipped. It has two fume closets with glass doors, so that students can see the experiment, untroubled by disagreeable fumes. It has also a feature new to Bryn Mawr laboratories, the front of the professor's desk is removable and under it is a glass trough for collecting gases over water.

Thus we see that Dalton Hall offers every opportunity for thorough scientific work, and must act as an inspiration to all connected with it. If not perfect in every way, it is at least an immense advance over anything we have had hitherto, and leaves opportunity for much growth and development in the work of the different courses.

*S. G. W., '93.*

## SUNDAY EVENING MEETING

**A**N ACCOUNT of the origin and history of the "Sunday Evening Meeting" was given in THE LANTERN for 1892. The meetings, which are held in the gymnasium on Sunday evenings, are very simple, and their greatest helpfulness lies in the way in which they draw us all together in our religious, as well as in our intellectual life. The attendance this year has increased, and we have been especially encouraged by the sympathy and interest of the new students.

*E. S. W., '94.*

\* \* \*

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

**T**HE formation of an Intercollegiate Athletic League, in which Bryn Mawr has been especially interested for more than a year, is still unaccomplished; but the prospects for the future are much brighter than were thought possible a year ago. Finding it impossible to get the co-operation of the undergraduate associations of the other Colleges, it was decided to give at Bryn Mawr an invitation tennis tournament, to which the best players of Smith and the Annex should be asked as individuals. This tournament was held at Bryn Mawr during the latter part of October, 1892, the Colleges represented being the Harvard Annex, Girton, England, and Bryn Mawr.

Miss Whittelsy, champion of the Annex, won the singles from Miss Putnam, who, for three years, has held the championship of Bryn Mawr. In the doubles Miss Putnam and Miss Underhill, of Bryn Mawr, defeated Miss Arnold and Miss Lathrop, of the Annex, and were in turn defeated by Miss Maddison and Miss France, of Girton.

Finding this tournament a success in every respect, the Bryn Mawr Athletic Association has been more eager than ever to form the league, or if this proves impossible, at least to continue these invitation tournaments at the different women's colleges. Some objections have been urged by the various colleges against the formation of such a league, but to us they seem invalid, and we feel that the benefits and advantages to be derived are enough to justify us in continuing our work in this direction.

The advantages of such a league are discussed in the editorial of the present number of THE LANTERN. An objection, often made on the ground of publicity, is not mentioned there. Our tournament, however, proves conclusively that this matter is in the hands of the students themselves, and that to keep the tournaments private in such retired places as those in which Wellesley, Smith, Vassar and Bryn Mawr are situated is a very simple matter.

We therefore earnestly hope that another year will see the formation of an athletic league in which the leading women's colleges of the East will be represented.

*E. H. W., '93.*

## GYMNASIUM

THE list of records in individual gymnasium work has this year been increased by two new records—one in rope climbing held by Miss Mary Hopkins, and one in kicking held by Miss Minor. This year's contest in running high jump resulted in a tie between Miss Nicholson and Miss Bowman, though the record made by Miss Ritchie last year is still unbroken. The record in vaulting held by Miss Guilford was broken by a tie between Miss Guilford and Miss Underhill. The record in general athletics for '93 is held by Miss Guilford. The final drill was considered a greater success than usual this year, and the arrangement of placing the record-making last, rather increased than diminished the interest at the end of the afternoon.

The gymnasium work for the year has been very successful. Those incorrigibles who seem to delight in their conditions, as signs that they have no pleasures save those of a purely intellectual order, grow fewer every year. We are still hoping for a swimming tank, to increase the attractions of the gymnasium for such students and for those unable to do the heavy work. The students as a whole are very faithful and persevering in the gymnasium, and as a result the average work has been most satisfactory. In heavy work, especially, the majority of the students have shown great improvement.

*E. L. A., '93.*

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## GLEE CLUB

THE work of the Glee Club this year has little to show, but has been the means of great enjoyment to the club itself. None of Gilbert and Sullivan's music was undertaken, but in consideration of all the college work that looms up in the spring we have undoubtedly followed the wiser path. Rather a new departure was made in trying to sing some truly "modern" music. We chose a ballad of George W. Chadwick's, a most artistic, musical setting of Scott's "Lovely Rosabelle," which is so full of really serious difficulties that we may feel very much flattered at our success if we but overcome half of them. The number of members of the Glee Club this year is twenty-nine, and we have had more regular attendance than in years past, with an amount of individual enthusiasm that is very gratifying to the club as a whole. The club has followed the plan adopted four years ago of self-management, and has at least fulfilled the object for which it exists, of recreation for its own sake.

The banjo and guitar clubs have been reinforced by the formation of a mandolin club, and they are to be congratulated on the excellence of their performance.

*A. M. W., '93.*

**M**R. DICKINSON SERGEANT MILLER who was appointed Associate in Philosophy in 1892, will begin his Courses in Philosophy at the opening of the next collegiate year. Mr. Miller received his Ph.D. from Harvard University in '92, and has spent the last year in university study in Germany.

Mr. Edgar A. Buckingham has been appointed Associate in Physics and will conduct the Department in Physics with Mr. Mackenzie. Mr. Buckingham has been a Laboratory Instructor in Physics at Harvard University, and Instructor in Physics at the Harvard Annex. He will receive his Ph.D. from the University of Leipsic in '93, where he is at present studying.

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## STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

EDITH HAMILTON, '94,

President.

LAURETTE EUSTIS POTTS, '94,

Vice President.

ELIZABETH CONWAY BENT, '95,

MARY BIDWELL BREED, '94,

EDITH PETTIT, '95,

LILLIA M. D. TRASK, '95.

Secretary.

CAROLINE REEVES FOULKE, '95,

Treasurer.

### UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

MARY BIDWELL BREED, '94,

President.

SUSAN FOWLER, '95,

Secretary.

LUCY BAIRD, '95,

Treasurer.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

BERTHA HAVEN PUTNAM, '93,  
President.

ELIZABETH GLEIM GUILFORD, '94,  
Vice President.

LILLIA M. D. TRASK, '95,  
Treasurer.

EVANGELINE HOLCOMBE WALKER, '93,  
Out door Manager.

EMMA LOUISE ATKINS, '93,  
Indoor Manager.

AGNES MARY WHITING, '93,  
Leader of the Glee Club.

ESTELLE REID, '94,  
Chairman of the De Rebus Club.

THE appointments to Fellowships in Bryn Mawr College for the year 1893-94 are as follows :

Louise Sheffield Brownell, *European Fellow* ;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1893.

Elizabeth Mary Fairclough, *Fellow in Greek* ;

McGill University, Montreal, 1889-93.

Winifred Warren, *Fellow in Latin* ;

A. B., Boston University, 1892.

Helen Bartlett, *Fellow in English* ;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1892.

Mrs. Thérèse F. Colin, *Fellow in Romance Languages*.

Collège de Neuchâtel ; University of the City of New York ; Leland Stanford University, 1892-93.

Helen Winifred Shute, *Fellow in German and Teutonic Philology* ;

A. B., Smith College, 1887. Instructor in German, Smith College, 1887-93.

Jane Louise Brownell, *Fellow in History* ;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1893.

Ada Isabel Maddison, *Fellow in Mathematics* ;

University of South Wales and Monmouthshire, 1885-89. Girton College, Cambridge, England, 1889-92. Bryn Mawr College, 1892-93.

Elizabeth Nichols, *Fellow in Biology* ;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1893.

Emma H. Parker, *Fellow in Chemistry* ;

B. S., Smith College, 1887. Student in Chemistry, Bryn Mawr College, 1892-93.



## "CURRENTE CALAMO"

### VALENTINE VERSES

*(Sent with some pansies.)*

Pansies for thoughts, dearest,  
Bringing from me  
Love, and a message,—  
I'm thinking of thee,

Cupid's abroad, dearest,  
Sharp are his darts ;  
Cruel the marksman  
Whose target is hearts.  
Wounded am I, dearest,  
Cured would I be,  
Thou canst bring healing,  
By thinking of me.

*M. V. A., '93.*

### "TEMPORA MUTANTUR"

Erstwhile I pled for Chloe's smile,  
Employed my utmost simple guile  
To win her favor ;  
Tho' she would flout me in the face,  
And laughing, mock my piteous case,—  
My all I gave her.

But now that Chloe's kinder grown,  
Would match my wishes with her own,  
Her "Prithee, sirrah,"  
Her airs and graces naught avail,—  
All tedious as a thrice-told tale,  
I've turned to Pyrrha.

*E. C., '90.*

### INSIDIOUS TEA

Insidious tea, thy amber hue  
How dear to those our grey walls knew !  
When the chill midnight falleth drear,  
Thy steaming cup makes wakeful  
cheer,  
Heedless of all that may ensue.

Tea, when the grass is wet with dew,  
Thy fragrant, warming, healing brew  
Makes the dim morning seem as new—  
Insidious tea !

Let others sing of potions new,  
Of Bromo-Caffeine and imbue  
Their brains with noxious drugs ;  
I here  
Maintain thou hast not got thy peer ;  
To thee I am, and will be true,  
Insidious tea.

*M. H. R., '95.*

### AN EXPLANATION

One little rule you must observe,  
When you with me converse,  
You will not find it hard to learn  
For it is quaintly terse :  
What e'er I say I mostly mean  
Exactly the reverse.

## IN CONVALESCENCE

A softly shaded room,  
Sweet with the breath and bloom  
Of fragrant flowers;  
A fire burning bright,  
Filling with crimson light,  
All the long day and night  
With their still hours.

Dainty food, tender care,  
Soft silence everywhere  
All the day long;  
Sometimes a small note brings,  
On its white folded wings,  
Hints of unspoken things  
Sweeter than song.

Outside the wild winds blow,  
Cold rain falls on the snow,  
Sun follows rain;  
Here where I lie and dream,  
Summer hath flown, 'twould seem,  
Roses and pansies gleam,  
Winds howl in vain.

Free from all pain and care,  
E'en Taylor's call I hear  
Without a qualm;  
Gods that Lucretius knew,  
Dwelling above the blue,  
Did you live, even you,  
In such a calm?

Footsteps upon the walk,  
Scraps of some merry talk,  
Bid my dreams cease;  
Do the Gods look below,  
Gaze on our joy and woe,  
Envy us mortals so,  
Weary of peace?

*Mary E. Hoyt, '93.*

## CIGALE ET FOURMI

*"Ayant chanté tout l'été."*

Belinda e'er hath Portia hated,  
Belinda oft hath dubbed her dig,  
An unattractive, studious prig,  
Then why is Portia now so fêted?  
No lecture yet hath Portia cut,  
Her notes she tabulates with care,  
And helpful schedules doth prepare,  
And on five sheets doth forty put.

Belinda frequents pleasant places,  
Belinda oft hath gone to teas;  
Belinda now must Portia please,  
Belinda's notes have desert spaces.

The June exams come in two weeks,  
Belinda is well-nigh deranged;  
But Portia's work is well arranged,  
Belinda Portia's love now seeks.

*M. O. B., '96.*

## A SHADOW PANTOMIME

It was a shadow pantomime in one act—short but very sweet. The sheet was the ground-glass pane of the street door; the lamp was the electric light across the way.

I was waiting in the hall for my sister, and watching the moving shadows of the vines on the glass of the door. Suddenly, into the frame of leaves moved the two shadows of a man and a girl. The man-shadow pulled the door-bell; then he looked towards the girl-shadow, and I saw his lips move. Shadow words must be very sweet for the girl-shadow blew a kiss to the man-shadow.

And then the maid opened the door.

*M. V. A., '93.*

BALLADE OF THE ALUMNA

How sadly in these latter days,  
 In search of memories bitter-sweet  
 We tread the once-accustomed ways  
 With step grown slow, and lagging  
 feet,—  
 Timed to the pulse's slower beat—  
 And climb the stair and reach the  
 floor,  
 To find—alas! how Time is fleet!  
 Another's name is on the door!

We timid knock, and beg to gaze  
 On all once ours—are shown a seat,  
 O irony! In sad amaze  
 We marvel that it looks so neat,—  
 Recalling how we used to meet  
 At gruesome hours in days of yore,—  
 Hours that Fate can ne'er repeat.  
 Another's name is on the door.

Our ready chaff, our wordy frays,  
 Convictions backed by young conceit,  
 Have left no echoes; nothing stays  
 To mark how once we "led the street;"  
 But others come with youthful heat,  
 Nor reck of those that came before,  
 And play their part—their years complete;—  
 Another's name is on the door.

ENVOI.

Freshmen, our age with reverence greet,  
 And warning take, tho' grievéd sore;  
 No words delay, no prayers entreat,—  
 Another's name is on the door.

[SLOW MUSIC.]

*E. C., '90.*

AN ABBREVIATED VISION

Spring had come. The gleaming  
 vane on Taylor Hall swung lazily in  
 the light breeze, which now and then  
 carried away a few of the snow-white,  
 wild cherry blossoms silently fluttering  
 down upon the soft inviting green sward.  
 The birds sang softly, and the air was  
 freighted with the scents of growing  
 nature, and all was alluring to rest,  
 peace and study.

Impelled by the influence of the  
 hour, I slowly wandered out under the  
 cherry tree, as slowly sank upon the  
 rustic seat, leisurely opened one of my  
 well-worn note books, and began to  
 saunter through the last lecture. When I  
 had finished translating about a page of  
 hieroglyphical abbreviations, I suddenly  
 heard a humming, growing, growing, distinctly  
 growing, until it became a roar.  
 Looking around, I saw a horde of tiny  
 black creatures, of all imaginable shapes  
 and forms, issuing from between the  
 covers of my books. Faster and faster  
 they poured forth, until they seemed to  
 cover the entire campus. At last the din  
 ceased, and out of their ranks slipped a  
 small, wizened creature, whose ferocious  
 and threatening aspect contrasted ludicrously  
 with his diminutive form.

"Who are you and what do you  
 want?" I demanded after a pause.

Drawing himself up as much as the  
 crook in his back would allow, he replied  
 majestically:

"We are the creatures whom you  
 daily, yes, hourly, mutilate; whom you  
 grind down with your oppressive hand;  
 who are subject to the most virulent  
 attacks of your pen!"

"I cannot imagine," at last I managed to gasp, "what—"

"Cannot imagine!" he interrupted; "know then that I, the most useful creature here, am daily despised by you and called an *article*! I am the word '*The*,' and these my fellow-soldiers and myself are what you have made us, mere remnants of once well known words! Yes, well-known words! How would you like," here his voice rose to a shriek, "how would you like to be chopped off every day, when, goodness knows you're short enough already! How would you like to have some queer mark to usurp your rightful place, or, even worse, to be ignored entirely. How would you like it! Ha! Ha! Ha!" And laughing diabolically he disappeared among the crowd.

Immediately a great commotion arose and cries of "vengeance!" were heard on all sides. Then a wild scramble began and soon I found myself covered with these tiny creatures, each slashing at me with his sword. In vain I brushed them off. They swarmed up my gown by the thousands. Finally, a comparatively HUGE fellow, Importance, so CUR-TAILED that he looked like an *imp*, gave me a stinging cut across the cheek, and suddenly, as suddenly as they had come, they vanished.

The birds were still singing. The vane creaked, and the great bell showered down its appeals for the luncheon hour. A great black ant dropped from my cheek to the page below, upon the mark z which stood in the place of an article "*the*."

*Elizabeth R. Nicholson.*

## COLLEGE SONGS

## CLASS SONG, 89.

TUNE: "*Lauriger Horatius*."

Manus BrynjMawrensium,  
 Laetissimæ puellæ,  
 Inter doctas gentium  
 Fulgentes sicut stellæ.  
 Illius fausti temporis  
 Sumus præcursores,  
 Cum licebit feminis  
 Fieri Doctores.

Omnesque jam scientiæ,  
 Sunt nobis tamquam joci,  
 Professor Linguae Anglicæ  
 Nos docet bene loqui.  
 Necnon in mathematicæ  
 Adeo sumus versatæ,  
 Ut numeremus facile  
 Quot annos sumus natæ.

Nos docet Biologia  
 Ranunculos secare,  
 Et Chimia monstrat supra  
 Percoquere et arpare.  
 Latine et Germanice  
 Sumus eloquentes,  
 Et Græce et Hispanice  
 Legimus currentes.

Tam doctas nequis metuat  
 Cum venit hora sera,  
 "Desipimus in loco" at-  
 Que "linquimus severa."  
 Calculos caeruleos  
 Habeant aliae sibi,  
 Intuere oculos  
 Caelum in est ibi.

Namque nos monstramus jam  
 Bene convenire  
 Doctrinam atque gratiam  
 Placere atque scire.  
 Nonne sumus omnium  
 Doctissimæ puellæ,  
 Manus Bryn Mawrensium,  
 Fulgentes sicut stellæ?

## THE FRESHMAID'S LAMENT.

TUNE: "*Fair Harvard*."

CLASS SONG, '90.

As Freshmen we came to the Halls of  
 Bryn Mawr,  
 All timid, and tender, and green,  
 Like undifferentiate, typical cells,  
 When the others developed have  
 been.  
 They told us the students would take us  
 right in  
 To their midst,—and it was not a  
 sham,—  
 They have done it, as Congressmen take  
 in their friends,  
 Or as lions would take in a lamb.  
 The Faculty frighten *our* faculties hence,  
 Till our minds are examples of void;  
 They boast of the scalps of the candi-  
 dates plucked,  
 And the students in quizzes decoyed.  
 A stout rope hangs down with a noose  
 on the end,  
 Just outside of the President's door,  
 We are never *suspended*; oh, say! are  
 we hanged  
 Per order trustees of Bryn Mawr?

The Sophomores scoff at our pleasures  
and pains,

We have "no nervous system," they  
say.

The Professors allude to their classes last  
year,

In a pensive and sorrowing way,

Oh! happy the girls with whom College  
began!

Indigenous, favored by all;

Unhappy the Freshmen who stand here  
to-day,

But wait till *our* turn comes next fall.

*Alice B. Gould, '89.*

#### CLASS SONG '91.

TUNE: "Michael Roy."

In Bryn Mawr College there dwells a  
class

That will be known to fame;

We are but three months old, alas!

And "Freshmen" is our name.

The Sophomores, they do their best

To crush us Freshmen few;

In fact they do the very best

That Sophomores *can* do.

CHORUS.—For oh! for oh! our course is  
just begun;

Then give three cheers for  
the Baby Class,

The glorious '91.

We wander through the classic halls,

And o'er the meadows green,

We try to act as if we were

What we have always been.

The Sophomores, they call us "fresh,"

But just the same we know

That they were all as fresh themselves,

About a year ago.

CHO.—For oh! for oh! our course, etc.

We seek for aid from the Juniors sage,

But they do smile on we,

They pity us, and pity too,

Those fresh professors three.

Oh! Juniors wise, and Sophomores,

Rate not our class too low,

Perhaps we *may* be stupid, but

Just wait, and time will show!

CHO.—For oh! for oh! our course, etc.

*Ethelwyn Atwater, Student in '87.*

#### CLASS SONG, '92.

TUNE: "Imogene Donahue."

In eighteen hundred and eighty-five,

In fair Bryn Mawr began to thrive

A goodly class of forty-five,

A college for to be. Tra, la!

In eighty-six another came,

In eighty-seven again the same,

Yet the college still was but a name,

A school with classes three!

#### CHORUS.

Bryn Mawr was only a part of a whole,

A fair Undine without a soul,

A three-wheeled coach still far from the  
goal,

That goal so long in view. Tra, la!

The college was not one at all, alas!

And things had come to a pretty pass,

The whole place waited for one more  
class—

The Class of Ninety-two!



And here to-night we Freshmen stand,  
A very ordinary band,  
Distinct upon us is the brand,

The greenest of the green. Tra, la!  
Yet the Senior staid, and the Junior  
rare,

And the Sophomore, with head in air,  
To the class by whose advent names  
they bear

Do bow with humble mien!

CHO.—Bryn Mawr was only a part of a  
whole, etc.

*Elizabeth Ware Winsor, '92.*

Join all ye powers to proclaim  
The glory of a Senior's name,  
Ring, ring; ye bells! blow! trumpets,  
blow!

From heights above to depths below!

CHO.—Bryn Mawr's our boast, etc.

And when our College life is o'er,  
Though of Bryn Mawr a part no more,  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're still the Class of Ninety-three!

CHO.—Bryn Mawr's our boast, etc.

*G. E. T., '93; M. V. A., '93.*

### CLASS SONG '93.

TUNE: "The Watch on the Rhine."

All hail the Class of '93!  
The tender Freshmen first you see,  
Tho' quiz and lecture bring dismay,  
And they lament their life's hard way.

#### CHORUS.

Bryn Mawr's our boast, to her we sing,  
And to her feet our loyal tribute bring.

The Sophomores, with brow serene,  
Lofty and dignified of mien,  
Look from their height with pitying eye,  
But still we have a common tie.

CHO.—Bryn Mawr's our boast, etc.

Enrapt in clouds, the Juniors wise  
Are hidden from our straining eyes,  
But if we listen we can hear  
A voice in accents faint and clear:

CHO.—Bryn Mawr's our boast, etc.

### CLASS SONG, '94.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY S. E. T., '94.

We have just come to this college,  
We have come to gather knowledge,  
To gather knowledge from the famous  
tree!

And we think that we may profit  
By the bright example of it  
That is set us by the Class of '93.

Aren't we clever? oh, yes, we are!

We couldn't have been cleverer!

Aren't we brilliant? oh, yes, we are!

We couldn't have brillianter!

And you'll never see another,

You'll never see another,

You'll never see a class like '94!

CHO.—For they said that they'd pluck us,

But, ha, ha, they fibbed!

But, ha, ha, they fibbed!

But, ha, ha, they fibbed!

For they said that they'd pluck us,

But, ha, ha, they fibbed!

Ha, ha, they fibbed, they did!!!

The Sophomores are beauties,  
 They quite fulfilled their duties,  
     And for the little Freshmen gave a  
     play !  
 We were filled with admiration,  
 And to show appreciation  
     We have tried to do our best for you  
     to-day !  
 Aren't they stunning ? oh, yes, they are !  
     They couldn't have been stunninger.  
 Aren't they lovely ? oh, yes, they are,  
     They couldn't have been lovelier !  
     And we'll never see another,  
     We'll never see another,  
     We'll never see such lovely Sopho-  
     mores !

CHO.—For they said that they'd haze us,  
     But, ha, ha, they fibbed, etc.

The Juniors are splendid  
 Surely we'll be well defended,  
     If they act as our protectors 'gainst the  
     foe !  
 It will be a sight amazing  
 If they try to stop the hazing,  
     That is due the little Freshies, don't  
     you know !  
 Aren't they charming ? oh, yes, they are !  
     They couldn't have been charmer !  
 Aren't they merry ? Oh, yes, they are !  
     They couldn't have been *Merioner* !  
     And they'll never love another,  
     They'll never love another,  
     They'll never love another than Bryn  
     Mawr.

CHO.—Said the Annex was better,  
     But, ha, ha, they fibbed, etc.

The haughty Seniors chill us,  
 Their icy looks would kill us,  
     If we were not as healthy as could be ;

But perhaps before they leave us,  
 They kindly will receive us  
     Into the circle of their dignity.  
 Aren't they sweet ! Oh, yes, they are !  
     They couldn't have been sweeter !  
 Aren't they angelic ? Oh, yes, they are !  
     They couldn't have been angelicer !  
     And they'll never see another,  
     They'll never see another,  
     Another year when this last year is  
     o'er !

CHO.—For they said they'd be Fellows,  
     But, ha, ha, they fibbed, etc.

*Susette Throop, '94.*

### CLASS SONG, '95.

MUSIC BY J. O. L., '95.

From us Freshmen to the class that goes  
     before us,  
     All honor and all reverence are due ;  
 So here in humble, deprecating chorus,  
     We sing a heart-felt eulogy to you.  
     Then here's to you, '94,  
     As bright as any daisy,  
     Both welcoming and courteous,  
     And anything but hazy !  
 We give you our approval, and if you  
     have a mind,  
 We'll try a friendly strife of brains when-  
     ever you're inclined.

To our Freshman-like amœbic under-  
     standing,  
     The students' meetings first brought  
     rays of light  
 To B. M. S. A. S. G. soon expanding,  
     They occupied our time from morn .  
     till night.

Then here's to you, meetings all,  
 A long life and success!  
 May your constitutions flourish,  
 And your shadows ne'er grow less.  
 May you always have a quorum—oh,  
 this we do implore—  
 And never have to watch it stealing  
 gently toward the door!

When the class of '95's a little older,  
 And more of its collegiate course is run,  
 Then we expect to be a trifle bolder—  
 Oh, then we'll show you how the thing  
 is done!

Then here's to you, '95,  
 Renown and fame forever!  
 May you always be remembered  
 As exceptionally clever!  
 We are full of brains and energy, and  
 when we get a show  
 We'll set the world a-spinning faster than  
 it used to go.

*Mary H. Ritchie, '95.*

#### CLASS SONG, '96.

Mid varied scenes of wood and dale  
 Fair Bryn Mawr College stands,  
 And to her '96 has come  
 Gathered from many lands.

#### CHORUS.

Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, O fair Bryn  
 Mawr!  
 Now in thy crown doth shine,  
 Another clear and steady star,  
 For '96 is thine.

And we the Class of '96  
 Intend with earnest hearts,  
 Whatever be assigned to us  
 To play full well our parts.

#### CHORUS.

Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, O fair Bryn  
 Mawr, etc.

Our class shall in thy halls, Bryn  
 Mawr,

Tread fields of learning wide,  
 Till '96, thy latest boast,  
 Shall be thy greatest pride.

#### CHORUS.

Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, O fair Bryn  
 Mawr, etc.

*Anna Scattergood, '96.*

#### GREETING, '91 TO '92.

TUNE: "Welcome Little Primrose Flower."

Welcome little Freshmaids, all!

Who come when Autumn comes,

When wintry breezes fill the air,

And College calls us from our homes!

With joy we watched your promised  
 bloom,

Gazing on your childish plays,

And in our hearts, afar we roam

The paths of Freshman days!

#### CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, welcome Freshmaids  
 all!

Welcome pretty Freshmaids fair,

We sing with heart and voice!

Then banish thoughts of dreary care,

And with us now rejoice!!

Gazing on your budding flowers,

We seem to hear the spring

That calls the sunshine and the flowers,

And bids the birds to sing!

And as we gaze our dreams are ripe

With thoughts akin to you,

Of Freshmen days, these bygone days,

When every thing to us was new!

## CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, welcome Freshmaids  
all!

Welcome pretty Freshmaids all,  
We're glad they let you through,  
To join us in our work and fun,  
We gladly welcome you!

*Ethelwyn Atwater, Student in '87.*

## GREETING, '92 TO '91.

TUNE: "*Pretty Little Flower and the Old  
Oak Tree.*"

We are timid little Freshmaids, as you  
plainly see!

We are just as pure and simple as we  
well can be!

We are innocence personified,  
And meekness well exemplified,  
And greenness most unqualified

You'll all agree!

## CHORUS.

Sing hey, well a day!

Sing hey, well a day, little Fresh-  
maids we,

We are artless and confiding,

We are childish and free,

Sing hey, well-a-day,

Little Freshmaids we,

We are innocence personified,

You'll all agree!

We are filled with childish wonder at the  
sights we see,

Sorely puzzled as to what this thing or  
that may be;

We are petrified by quizzes,

An essay fairly dizzies,

Such publicity as this is,

Is just *agony*!!

CHO.—Sing hey, lack-a-day!

But wait a little longer, there is time to  
grow,

You were once as shy and bashful in the  
long ago!

If we persevere in wile,

If we steep ourselves in guile,

If we model on your style,

We may make a show!

CHO.—Sing hey, well-a-day!

Sing hey, well-a-day, hopeful Freshmaids  
we,

We have something yet to live for,

Wicked Sophs to be!

Sing hey, well-a-day,

Happy Freshmaids we,

We hope sometime in the future

Wicked Sophs to be!

*Edith Rockwell Hall, 92.*

## SONG OF '96.

TUNE: "*Marching through Georgia.*"

Oh! 'tis fine to be a Freshman, free as  
yet from care,

Marching through the lecture halls with  
sweet, complacent air.

So here's to every Freshman class that  
ever entered here,

At the College of Bryn Mawr.

## CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! the good old fifty-six!  
Bryn Mawr! Bryn Mawr! and Class of  
'96!

Here's to getting our degrees and passing  
every ex,

While we are at Bryn Mawr.

And 'tis also very fine a Sophomore to be,  
Welcoming the Freshmen in when most  
they are at sea;

So here's to every Sophomore that ever  
gave a tea,

At the College of Bryn Mawr.

Cuo.—Hurrah! hurrah! the good old  
fifty-six! etc.

And how happy are the Juniors, that  
know it all,

And fear no more the Faculty, nor aught  
that may befall;

So here's to every Junior Class, that noth-  
ing can appall,

At the College of Bryn Mawr.

Cuo.—Hurrah! hurrah! the good old  
fifty-six! etc.

And the stately Senior, now so rich in  
knowledge grown,

At last prepared to sally forth crowned  
with learning's crown;

So here's to every Senior Class that ever  
wore the gown,

At the College of Bryn Mawr.

Cuo.—Hurrah! hurrah! the good old  
fifty-six! etc.

*Ruth Underhill, '96.*

#### A COURSE SEVERE

TUNER: "We want a drink that's strong."

We want a course severe,

We want a widened sphere,

So let's elect, before too late,

Just where to graduate.

Then come! yes! yes!

And learn! yes! yes!

Wellesley? no! no!

Evelyn? no! no!

Annex? yes! yes!

Bryn Mawr? yes! yes!

Cap and gown once we're in!

Oh, that's the very place,  
And if its halls we'd grace,

Since *there* exam

Is not a sham

We'll have to take a brace!

Then come! yes! yes!

And learn! yes! yes!

Chemistry? no! no!

History? no! no!

English? yes! yes!

*Logic*? yes! yes!

For we want a degree.

We'll set the place on fire!

We'll toil and never tire!

We'll think it right to dig all night

To raise the standard higher.

(Vodel).

*Edith Child, '90.*

#### CONSECRATION OF LANTERNS

*Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη, θεά*

*Μαθήματος καὶ σθένους,*

*Σὲ πᾶρ' ἤμεις ἵμεν,*

*Ἰρξόσουσάι σοι δευγῆ*

*"Αἶνον! "Αἶνον!*

*Μαζάριτζε, αἰποῖμεν,*

*Ἡμῖν σοφίαν δίδου,*

*Ἡμῖν συγγέγνωσι ἀεὶ,*

*Μάχαρ θεά, ἄκουε,*

*"Αἶνον! "Αἶνον!*

*Ἐμίζε νῦν τοὺς λόχλους,*

*Ἀεὶ φανῶς φάντεν*

*Δαμπρόνοντες τῇν ὁδόν,*

*Μελάν φανὸν ποτῶντες,*

*"Αἶνον! "Αἶνον!*

*M. I. A., '93; B. H. P., '93.*

## SAPIENTIA

TUNE: "*Elephant Song*," from "*Wang*."

You must be a little maiden both dainty  
and coy,

If you strive to be a belle ;

You must clearly know the difference  
'twixt a man and a boy,

For that is what will tell.

Don't hope to win society

By being fast and bold,

Nor yet go to the other extreme

And be too proud and cold.

And whatever little knowledge you may  
possess

Suppress it immediately ;

Nor upon Buddha's doctrines ever lay  
great stress ,

For they're not good form, you'll see.

The average depth of the average mind

These subjects will not endure ;

And the swells most average you'll find

You must use better bait to lure.

Don't ask to meet the batter of the base-  
ball team,

Nor speak of the foot-ball nine.

Some knowledge of these matters will  
you beseech

So to them your heart incline.

Declare cricket to be a charming game,

Go wild over tennis too,

Pronounce La Crosse a trifle tame,

Great respect for you will ensue.

Declare Boston Symphonies to be a  
dreadful bore,

But approve of Boom-de-ay.

Vow that Gibson's drawings you ever  
did adore,

And a word of Cabanel say.

In literature Rudyard Kipling take,

Say his style is crisp and new ;

Declare Ibsen to be a fake

But say Clyde Fitch will do.

*M. O. B., '96.*

## THE COLLEGE

TUNE: "*The Bower*."

Oh, that day that I reached Bryn Mawr,  
Didn't my vanity get a jar !

Wore my hair down, most becomingly  
dressed.

Hoped that the College would be im-  
pressed.

When my mail came in that night,  
Opened it quickly with great delight ;

Nothing but hairpins met my sight,

And I'll never go there any more.

## CHORUS.

Oh, that College ! that College !

They say such things,

And they do such things

At that College ! that College !

We'll never go there any more.

Went to the library to take a look,  
Every one there was intent on her book ;

Found the latest Harper out,

Read a story that made me shout,

Said to the maiden who sat near me :

" This is the richest I ever did see."

" Would you mind making less noise ?"  
said she,

And I'll never go there any more.

CHORUS.—Oh, that College ! that Col-  
lege ! etc.



Oh, those weeks that I went to the gym,  
 Didn't I ache in every limb?  
 Thought a condition would be pretty  
     rough,  
 Was told that twelve hours would be  
     quite enough;  
 Ran like a horse on the running track,  
 Worked at the chest-weights until I was  
     black,  
 Then found I only one hour did lack;  
     And I'll never go there any more.

CHORUS.—Oh, that College! that Col-  
     lege! etc.

Happened one day out of doors to go,  
 A man with a hose was sprinkling the  
     snow,  
 The out-door manager stood near by,  
 Scanning the puddles with anxious eye;  
 "Are you trying to make the daisies  
     grow?"  
 Said I. With scorn she replied, "Not  
     so,  
 'Tis the skating pond, I would have you  
     know;"  
     And I'll never go there any more.

CHORUS.—Oh, that College! that Col-  
     lege! etc.

Oh, that day that I wrote this song,  
 Won't I regret it my whole life long,  
 Wrung out each day a verse or two;  
 Thought five, at least, with encores would  
     do,

Sorry to say I am out of rhymes;  
 La, la, la, la, la, la la la limes  
 Though you may ask me a thousand  
     more times,  
     I never will write any more.

CHORUS.—Oh, that College! that Col-  
     lege! etc.

*A. S. B., '94; E. M. W., '94.*

## THE MAID OF BRYN MAWR

(A proleptic Commencement Ode.)

On the top of Bryn Mawr a phenomenon  
     sat,  
 With a circumflex air, and with weep-  
     ing acute;  
 Though her accent was grave, yet her  
     oxy-toned hat  
 Was a proof she was clad in a Taylor's  
     new suit.  
 Like a maiden she seemed, but I could  
     not opine  
 Why she shone like the star that was  
     Hecuba's son.  
 Why she shook as she sang, like a wild  
     ivy vine,  
 Why she looked like a fraction, though  
     properly none!  
 Why she writhed like an earthworm, and  
     croaked like a frog,  
 While exploding in gas that talked  
     Latin and Greek,  
 Till I heard her lament, as on top of a  
     log,  
 With unearthly gymnastics she has-  
     tened to speak:

## SONG

TUNE: "One Fish Ball."

"I was a maiden, meek and mild,  
 That now am an experiment,  
 I was a single, simple child,  
 And void of time and firmament;  
 My maiden life, alas! 'tis gone.  
 Behold me now! I am a star!  
 A beacon-light that gleams forlorn,  
 The only lantern in Bryn Mawr!

Forlorn ! not *lonely*, there's a twin,  
 That complicates my sad distress,  
 And makes me yearn the more to win  
 The " state of single blessedness."  
 But presto ! change ! for when I yearn  
 To smite the twin and smite the yoke,  
 I turn into an ivy-vine  
 Denied the shelter of an oak !

Oh oakless vine ! oh yokeless pair !  
 A star unique, within whose sky  
 A twin is found ! oh quaint and rare !  
 Oh metaphor, oh mystery !!!  
 Oh mixedness, unhappy girl !  
 Where, *where* is my identity ?  
 My head is ever in a whirl !  
 Familiar things seem strange to me !!

The gentle worms avoid my walks,  
 I fright the frogs that wooing go,  
 While Virgil's ghost besides me stalks,  
 And wrings its hands and shrieks  
 "dabo !"

I am the *maiden of Bryn Mawr*,  
 The high, high hill that leads to knowl-  
 edge.

A *twin* I am, a *vine*, a *star*.

The Great-Group-System Woman's  
 College."













• THE • LANTERN •

• BRYN MAWR •



1894



# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1894



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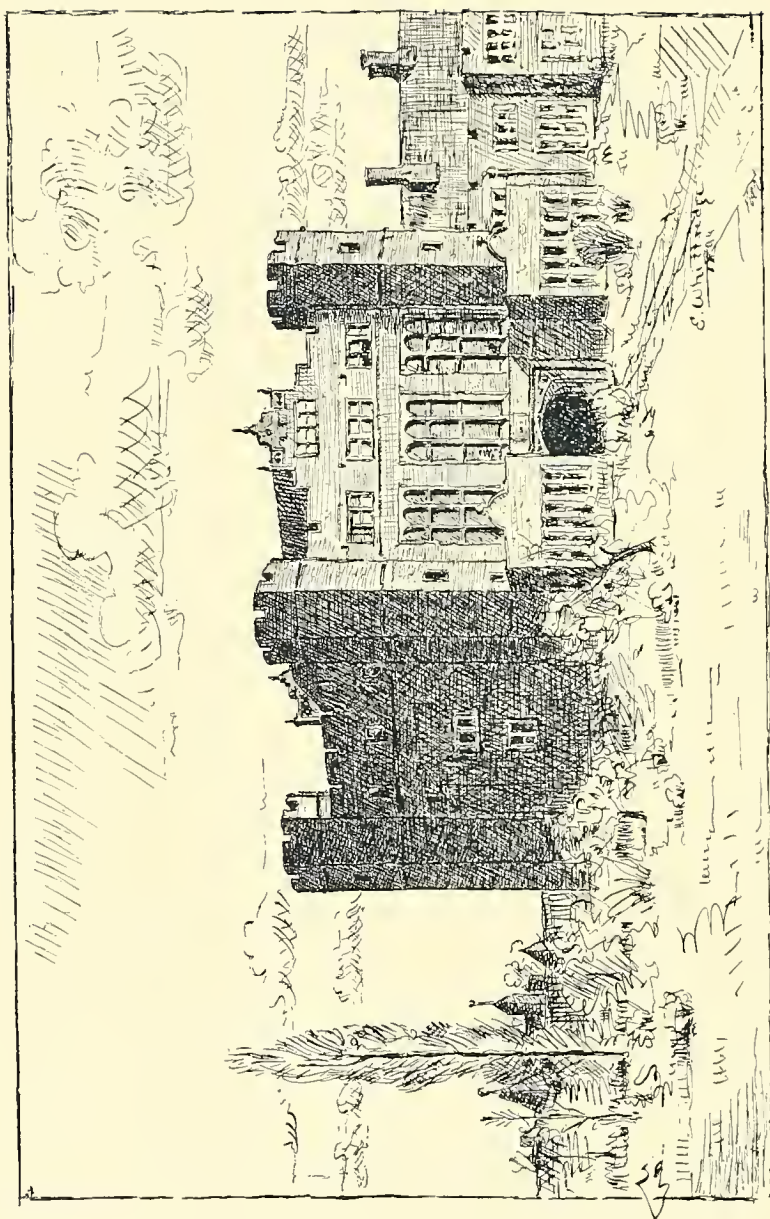


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# THE LANTERN

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No. 4

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1894

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## EDITORIAL.

ABOUT twenty-three years ago Ruskin wrote in *Fors Clavigera*, " . . . women hold it for an honor to be independent and shriek for some hold of the mattock for themselves." If we extend the symbolic meaning of "the mattock" to include intellectual as well as manual occupations, we have here a true and forcible description of a movement then in its beginning. That the efforts thus characterized have made great progress towards accomplishing their object, during the last quarter of a century, the amount and variety of work exhibited by women last year in the Columbian Exposition stands as a concrete confirmation. It is now established beyond question that a woman will not find insurmountable obstacles in any pursuit that her ability and circumstances permit her to enter.

Moreover, the legal restrictions upon women's personal liberty and property rights, which have been the cause of much suffering, are now for the most part set aside, and, in some cases, women have been given even a distinct advantage over men. Nor is there any longer any necessity for silent endurance on the part of women. What was in the beginning only an inarticulate cry for independence, has become a very definite statement. Women of almost every class have now some sort of organization to further their objects and formulate their desires. The isolated philanthropic sewing circle and tentatively ambitious literary society or lecture "lyceum" have given place to extensive and elaborately organized associations, such as the

*Temperance Union* and *Sorosis*, and to more private clubs, with every possible aim, from an understanding of Browning to a knowledge of bread-baking. Further, the press of the day gives abundant opportunity for that "shriek," deplored by Ruskin, to become articulate. To say nothing of the publications dealing exclusively with subjects of interest to women, it seems not impossible, as some very recent literature shows, to find expression for all grievances, real or fancied, not only in the daily journals but also in the more serious magazines.

However, though so much has been gained, the end of the struggle is not yet come. To many who were resting under the comfortable impression that it had come, Mrs. Craikenthorpe's article *The Revolt of the Daughters*, in the *Nineteenth Century*, for January last, and the discussions following it, must have contained startling revelations. It may have seemed at first sight that this revolt was due to one of the fancied grievances, and, indeed, in any case, it seems as though a little right feeling might have turned the outbreak in another direction. There must always be cause for wonder in the action of those who can render ghastly, by open utterance, any trouble between mother and daughter,—a thing painful enough when kept silent, and easily avoided, one would think, by even less affection than is naturally to be looked for in this relation.

But this revolt, though it might well have taken a more seemly form than the comments upon it imply that it has taken, has its origin in conditions really demanding change, if the highest development of women is to be attained. The conditions are not the same, of course, in America as in England, where this discussion has been going on, but even here there is some cause for a similar trouble. The cause is, briefly, that custom and conventionality deny, not to the young girl alone, but to women generally, that freedom of action which is almost universally conceded as one of the chief rights of a man. It is probable that a corresponding revolt among American girls would strike more closely at the root of the trouble, and would be not merely a somewhat incoherent demand for the privilege of reading a questionable novel or making a call without the attendance of a maid, but an urgent insistence upon their rights, not as women, but as human beings. The discussion in the *Nineteenth Century* offers an inter-



esting corroboration of the suggestion that American girls, being less hampered than English girls, will see more quickly their real needs, since the most thorough and discriminating treatment of the subject that has yet appeared is by an American girl, a graduate of Bryn Mawr. Many people may find it hard to believe that the young women of a nation which supplied the prototype of Daisy Miller twenty years ago, can find in their position any just cause for complaint. But the question is decidedly not one of chaperonage; it is perfectly possible for a girl to be most closely guarded, and yet to be allowed an opportunity for individual development undreamed of by girls whose apparent freedom is far greater. The suggestion of Mrs. Haweis, in one of the papers already mentioned, although it gives vigorous utterance to a principle not yet sufficiently insisted upon, does not cover the whole ground. She says: "If girls were brought up to earn their own living, to feel that they not only might, but must, share their brothers' responsibilities; if parents trained them lovingly, firmly, for this natural duty, they would be happier, and the problem of revolt would be solved."

It is very true that restriction is imposed upon girls, more often than not, as a protection and as an exemption from the rigorous and often very disagreeable duties involved in self-dependence. But even in these cases, the restraint inevitably does harm—circumstances alone determining whether the harm be very great or almost imperceptible. And even in these cases the restraint is based on the same false estimate of the position of girls, which results in positive hardship when not alleviated by consideration and affection.

The slowly growing conviction that girls should be trained in a way to make them capable of self-support has not yet become so integral a part of common thought as to lessen appreciably the difference between the demands made upon young men and those made upon young women. The very fact that a girl may, without censure, stay at home, passing her time, not necessarily idly, yet in an aimless way that would be a crying shame to her brother, is, in its reverse application, made the reason why she should subordinate her views and wishes to those of the family to an extent, it may be safely said, rarely required of a man. Even where it is necessary that a girl should support herself, her time, much more than her brother's, is

generally considered at the disposal of her family. One of the most difficult problems of life is, of course, to determine the exact proportion between self-sacrifice and self-development that will make us most useful to those whom we would serve ; yet it is approximately true that the higher development one's powers reach, the greater will be one's usefulness. It is extremely doubtful whether this higher development, even of the moral nature, can be attained when the individuality is greatly repressed ; hence it is well that all possible freedom be given every one in " living his own life." The present unrest among girls is undoubtedly due to an awakening sense of the injustice of the limitations imposed upon them. It is not enough, then, that girls themselves be made to know that they ought to have the same responsibilities as their brothers,—the majority of girls known to the writer do feel this, only with varying intensity. Still more important is the bringing of public opinion to recognize not only that girls must work, but also that their self-dependence must involve exactly the same freedom in shaping their own lives which is now granted to men, and that upon these two things depend their highest usefulness and truest happiness.

To us at Bryn Mawr this discussion is most interesting in its bearing on college education for women. We are not unaware that there are others for whom it has not this interest, but the remark of a certain writer that she is not speaking of " the highly educated examination-passing Girton girl, with her vast schemes for regenerating mankind," arouses in us the thought that if a girl in the present day has no ideas in regard to improving the condition of part of mankind, she is herself in some need of regeneration ; and that if the schemes and the examination-passing go together—we shall by no means insist that they do—it would be better for the most pronounced society girl to have both rather than neither.

The present time is one of peculiar difficulty for girls, in that their needs are gaining a recognition, though slowly, from one-half of the world, and none at all from the other half. Without that almost unconsciously received training which a boy is constantly getting because of the certainty of the demands to be made upon him, they are but little fitted for the solution of the thousand and one perplexing and bewildering questions that meet them in this stage of transition. We would, then, lay special stress

upon college education, because we believe it to have, besides all the general arguments in its favor, the additional one that it is the most effective means yet devised for supplementing the defective training of girls.

A brief consideration of some of the features of life and work here may serve to substantiate this claim. First in importance, of course, is the work ; the fundamental purpose of a college. The quantity and quality of the advanced work being done, proves that the opportunities offered for such work have met a real demand. A few examples will show the character of this work. A piece of philological research, seemingly of more than ordinary interest, is an investigation by the present Fellow in English as to the date, composition, and place of origin, and relation to its Latin original, of the Anglo-Saxon metrical version of the Psalms. It may also be mentioned that the dissertation of a former Fellow in English, who took her doctor's degree at Bryn Mawr in 1892, has been published by the *American Journal of Philology*. In the line of published work, we have also this year to show an article in the *Quarterly Journal of Mathematics* by the Fellow in Mathematics. Also two papers by the European Fellow for 1894, one published in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute* and one in the *American Chemical Journal*, and abstracts of these have already been reprinted in *Berichte* and English journals. A highly interesting thesis, *A Study of the Birth-Rate in the United States*, has just been completed by the Fellow in History, and is to be published in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*. This thesis is based upon a large number of statistical tables and charts made out with great care, and its conclusions are : that the theories of Dr. John S. Billings, M. Levasseur, M. Dumont and Dr. Cyrus Edson in regard to population have not given an adequate account of the matter for the United States ; that Mr. Spencer's generalization, that the birth rate diminishes as the rate of individual evolution increases is confirmed ; that the Malthusian theory in general does not hold for the United States.

The fact that, as in one of the instances mentioned above, advanced work can be done here by undergraduates, is due to the arrangement of studies, which, while it is varied enough for purposes of general culture, at the same time does away, in many cases, with the often urged objection

that the three or four years spent in getting the first degree is so much time taken from any special study one may wish to pursue.

However, the girl who has a special taste in some one subject, and who is given a chance both to discover and gratify this taste, is not the only one benefitted by the breadth and variety of studies demanded in a college course of four years, nor does the whole benefit even to her lie in the study pursued. The average thoughtful girl, who, though she has no decided bent in any direction, none the less wishes to make her life tell for good, will find that the whole training of college, with all its various influences, has given her a new power to test herself, to learn her capabilities and preferences, to formulate her aspirations, and to co-ordinate and make effective all her future efforts. The very conditions resulting from bringing together a large number of girls into one common life are similar to those prevailing in the broader world, and tend to a similar development of character.

This is especially true of Bryn Mawr, because of the unusual degree of freedom allowed the students. While we are not left without direction and assistance in working out the problems arising in our social life, at the same time there is given such a wide scope to our own discretion that our faculties of self-command and united action are exercised to an extent almost impossible in home life. During its first few years, the College was wholly without rules, but as the number of students increased it became necessary for us to have some definite order in our mutual relations, so that we might secure for ourselves a maximum of comfort with a minimum of friction. Hence arose the *Self Government Association*, which has been described in a former issue of the LANTERN.

There is one important influence of this Association that has been little dwelt upon as yet. It is impossible to estimate the time and energy lost by women in aimless discussion and useless dissension, because of their insufficient knowledge of parliamentary forms and habits of thinking. In the Self-Government meetings the students are developing a power of pertinent and logical argument, and of decisive and effective action, which will prove invaluable to them hereafter, and which, did the Association subserve no other purpose, would amply justify its existence.

In view of the constantly increasing number of girls in colleges, it may seem a wholly unnecessary task to attempt to set forth the need of greater liberty for girls in this respect. But it is a conviction forced upon one by repeated testimony, that by far the greater majority of people who believe in college at all, do not think it as important for girls as for men, and that the old conventional view of a girl's duties does avail, in altogether too many instances, to keep girls from following their own choice. It is true there are many of us whose experience might be cited as evidence to the contrary; nevertheless the opinion is still held that a girl is wickedly abandoning her home if she leaves it for four years or so for the purpose of study,—although she might marry, and leave it forever, without a word of censure. This opinion is so wide-spread that the parents who are wise enough to see that they are advancing their daughters' best interests by letting them walk alone for a little while, are very often regarded as martyrs to the selfishness of their children.

One of the most serious difficulties in the way of college education for girls, is the charge that it is detrimental to their health. The discussion of this question, at present, can not be more than an exchange of opinions based on personal experience, because the matter has not been under consideration long enough for us to have the evidence of statistics. The Alumnae Association of Bryn Mawr is now preparing to send out a set of questions similar to those used by Mrs. Sidgwick, in England. These questions are very detailed, and it is earnestly hoped that, in course of time, statistical proof may be obtained that the charge is unwarranted. But, even without this confirmation, it seems highly improbable that a reasonable amount of clear and vigorous thinking can tend to lessen vitality. On the contrary, there is a good deal of ground for believing that it has the opposite effect. In an "open letter" to the *Century* for February, 1891, Miss Thomas, Dean of Bryn Mawr, says: "The woman physician will prescribe sheer idleness as a remedy neither for the indispositions of girls in their teens, nor for the ill-health of college students." Anyone who has known anything of ill-health will affirm the truth of the theory implied in this statement. If a girl is not strong, it does not improve matters to let her "eat her own heart," a prey to the morbid fancies that will surely come, if she is not given pleasurable and stimulating mental occupation.



In the belief that study in itself promotes rather than impairs physical health, those in charge of women's colleges are strenuously trying to secure for the students conditions most favorable to the highest efficiency of both mind and body. Because of the fixed hours for lectures, the college day naturally falls into distinct periods of work and recreation, and therefore a wholesome regularity of life is preserved. At Bryn Mawr, though it is not forbidden to play tennis, walk, or drink tea at any time of the day, usually the morning hours and the early part of the afternoon are devoted to lectures, laboratory work and study. At four o'clock the second ringing of the bell in Taylor Hall tower is a signal to begin preparations for "teas," to try to remember one's duties in the way of committee and general meetings, to dress for tennis, basket-ball, or an invigorating walk over the rolling hills. Again, when that somewhat vaguely determined period of "9.15 to 10" has come, the gymnasium or a friend's room tempts one, according to her taste, to a wholesome diversion before going to bed.

While it is true that girls have broken down during their college course, it is safe to say that probably not in one case can it be shown that the girl started with ordinarily good health, and studied and exercised with reasonable moderation. It is, moreover, perfectly possible for even a delicate girl to come out of college better in health than when she entered, and it is equally possible for a very strong girl, who has never seen the walls of a college, to break down completely, through the over-pressure of social duties.

The insistence here upon college training does not imply the self-satisfied conviction that college women are wiser and better than any others; it merely means that we, to whom college has unfolded wider possibilities than we had before known, firmly believe that such training, or its equivalent, is an indispensable factor in the highest development of our powers, be they great or small.



## GEORGE MEREDITH

To go preach to the first passer-by, to become tutor to the ignorance of the first I meet, is a thing I abhor.—*Montaigne*.

The sentiment placed at the head of this article is quoted with approval by Mr. Walter Pater, in an essay in which he undertakes to develop, with some precision, his views concerning literary art, and especially concerning style. But his essay is more than the expression of the views of any individual; it represents, with more or less accuracy, the theory of a school of writers of whom Mr. Pater may be taken as the exponent, and hence it attains a significance which can hardly attach to the utterances of any individual as such. It is always an ungrateful task to find fault with a piece of work which has cost the workman so much care and pains, which exhibits so much soundness of thought, truth of insight, vigor and exactness of language, and which is, on the whole, so rich in suggestion, as the essay that opens the volume entitled *Appreciations*. But along with much that is true and helpful, this essay contains the enunciation of a principle erroneous and dangerous, as it seems to me—a principle which has proved prejudicial to the work of Mr. Pater himself and to that of other writers of his school. To quote Mr. Pater's own words in the essay under consideration :

“ The literary artist is of necessity a scholar, and in what he proposes to do will have in mind, first of all, the scholar and the scholarly conscience. . . . ”

“ To really strenuous minds there is a pleasurable stimulus in the challenge for a continuous effort on their part, to be rewarded by securer and more intimate grasp of the author's sense. Self-restraint, a skilful economy of means, ascêsis, that, too, has a beauty of its own; and for the reader supposed there will be an æsthetic satisfaction in that frugal closeness of style which makes the most of a word, in the exaction from every sentence of a precise relief, in the just spacing out of word to thought, in the logically filled space connected always with the delightful sense of difficulty overcome.”

There is here so much to which assent must be given, and it is so confused with that mistaken notion to which I have alluded, that the

disentanglement becomes difficult. Indeed, it is rather a transposition of emphasis than anything positively false in the ideal here set before the artist, to which I wish to take exception. The literary artist, says Mr. Pater, must conform to the standard of the scholar. True: but not true that this is what he will have in mind exclusively or even chiefly. The primary appeal of all great art, literary art especially, is to the intelligence of a much wider and more general public than that of the scholar. There is a pleasurable stimulus, Mr. Pater affirms, in the challenge for a continuous effort on the reader's part—a satisfaction in the delightful sense of difficulty overcome. But there is a great difference between genuine difficulty of thought and artificial difficulty of style. When the difficulty is really inherent in the thought, when the thought is so subtle, so profound or so far-reaching as to require mental exertion, even intense, to grasp it, the effort becomes truly stimulating and delightful. But the reader, who, after making such an effort, finds that his exertion has been called forth only by wilful ambiguity, obscurity or intricacy of style, and that there is no intrinsic difficulty in the thought, will be very apt to feel that exasperation which does, as a rule, follow the useless expenditure of energy. The business of the writer is to render his meaning as clear as he can: not deliberately to make an enigma of it. More, the intentional elaboration of style so as to make it unintelligible or repellent to all but the esoteric few, is essentially a species of affectation, and, like all affectation, carries with it a tinge of vulgarity. To value a book because it is rare is one thing; to buy up all the copies of certain editions and destroy them, in order to make one's own collection unique, is another and a different thing. So the refusal to accept as final the verdict of the uninstructed, is one thing; the calculated attempt to make one's work unintelligible to them, is another. It smacks a little of the pedant. And beautiful and exquisite as is much of his work, it is to be feared that Mr. Pater must sometimes plead guilty to the charge of pedantry, especially when he adheres most closely to his own theory of the writer's art.

In general, the history of art would seem to show that when the importance of style as an end in itself is made to overbalance the importance of the idea to be conveyed, the artistic value of the work is impaired, and

its permanence becomes at least doubtful. The temptation to transgress this law of art is, however, peculiarly strong in the case of men who, like Mr. Pater, lay stress upon artistic excellence in and for itself: because what they wish to present to the reader is often not a thought in the strictest sense of the word, *i. e.*, it is nothing that can be expressed in a proposition or a syllogism; it is a vision, a mood, an impression, whose essence is lost, in the reproduction, by the slightest error in the choice and arrangement of words. But what shall be said of a writer who claims as his peculiar domain the region of the purely intellectual, whose professed aim it is to inculcate moral truth, and who yet disdains to be comprehended by any but the initiate? Our surprise at finding a moralist and a philosopher like Mr. Meredith among the votaries of this order is almost as great as that of the Israelites at finding Saul also among the prophets.

Mr. Meredith does, to a certain extent, belong to the school of Mr. Pater. Their respective styles, though in some ways the very antithesis of each other, are alike in difficulty; and I think their own utterances justify the assertion that on the part of both writers this difficulty is intentional, however different the means they employ to produce it. This is the point in common between Mr. Meredith and the esoteric school (if one may call it so), of which he is in many respects one of the most brilliant representatives. He would certainly agree heartily with Mr. Pater in approval of the sentiment expressed by Montaigne, and quoted above. In the matter of style, he has probably tested, to the utmost, the possibilities of excellence in the principle of non-intelligibility; and his contempt for the common herd is not unnatural in view of the very tardy recognition accorded by the public to his own powerful and admirable novels. Excepting an unsuccessful attempt at a collection of tales in the style of the *Arabian Nights*, with which we need not further concern ourselves, Mr. Meredith's first and, in the judgment of many critics, his greatest work, *The Ordeal of Richard Feveril*, was published in 1859, the year of the publication of *Adam Bede*, *The Virginians*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *The Marble Faun*. These novels have long been among our English classics, yet only within the last ten years has the author of *Richard Feveril* begun to find an audience. In the meantime, he has gone on, with indomitable determination, publishing at

average intervals of about three years a series of massive, carefully elaborated, closely-written novels, each of which one may readily believe to be the result of three years of diligent and steady labor. Of late years, those members of the reading public who sway the judgment of the rest have begun to appreciate him, and in American literary circles he has become more or less the fashion—a state of things for which he may console himself by reflecting that at least one-half of his professed admirers are probably not sincere.

The causes of the early neglect and of the late appreciation of the public lie side by side in the novels, for Mr. Meredith is emphatically a man who has the defects of his qualities. Not being a critic by profession, he has not, like Mr. Pater, given the world a formal exposition of his theory of literature: but he has conformed his actual writing to his ideal, if that can be inferred from scattered statements in his novels, far more rigorously than has the charming author of *The Renaissance*. About style he says little explicitly, but his practice renders a statement of theory on this point unnecessary. Indeed, the amount of effort necessary to get at his meaning is the most striking quality of his writings, on a first perusal. His pages bristle with uncouth and German-sounding constructions, with strange compounds, with phrases abbreviated to a point which might almost be called the short-hand of language, and above all with metaphors, at first sight unintelligible, reminding the reader of his saying with regard to metaphors in general, that though they "have helped largely to civilize us," "the sluggish in intellect detest them." He loves to open a novel with a particularly abstruse and baffling chapter, thus rearing a barrier to the entrance of all those whose interest or perseverance is insufficient to carry them through the severest tests. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, to those who succeed in passing the barrier this very style becomes one of his greatest charms. To begin with, studied and even strained as it often appears, it is most profoundly impressed with the personality of the writer. To say this is not to withdraw the charge of affectation, for the form as well as the fact of affectation is determined by the character of the subject, and affectation often ends by becoming unconscious and, as we say, second nature. Of Mr. Meredith it may be said, with even more truth than of authors in general, that the style is the man.

And then, if its faults are peculiarly open to condemnation, its merits are incontestable. In fact the two are often so inextricably interwoven that it is not easy to separate them. His writing is fairly incrustated with aphorisms and epigrams, which are sometimes as much out of place as diamonds worn in the morning, but which are, nevertheless, diamonds. His effort to clothe his thought in an unusual and striking garb, while it often results in strained and unpleasing turns of expression, often, too, gives birth to one of those consummate phrases that stamp an idea or a picture on the mind as a flash of lightning stamps the momentary vision seen by its light. Many such pictures, painted by a rapid phrase, fully satisfy his own ideal of the art of description.

“The art of the pen (we write on darkness) is to rouse the inward vision, instead of labouring with a drop-scene brush, as it were, to the eye; because our flying minds cannot contain a protracted description. That is why the poets, who spring imagination with a word or a phrase, paint lasting pictures. The Shakespearian, the Dantesque, are in a line, two at most.”

In longer descriptions he is himself undoubtedly less admirable: because his highly wrought and self-assertive style attracts attention to itself, and away from the scene or subject to be placed before the reader. A style so brilliant and so self-conscious as Mr. Meredith's is better adapted to almost any other kind of writing than to this. In wit, on the contrary, he excels every other English novelist: but he sets too high a value on this quality, even to regarding it as a guarantee of truth and sincerity; and he sometimes sacrifices a higher artistic excellence to the opportunity of saying a good thing.

With regard to the other essential qualities of the art of fiction, Mr. Meredith is somewhat more explicit than he is with regard to style. His reiterated demand is for philosophy.

“Instead, therefore, of objurgating the timid intrusions of philosophy, invoke her presence, I pray you. History without her is the skeleton-map of events: Fiction a picture of figures modelled on no skeleton-anatomy. But each, with philosophy in aid, blooms, and is humanly shapely. To demand of us truth to nature, excluding philosophy, is really



to bid a pumpkin caper: As much as legs are wanted for the dance, philosophy is required to make our human nature credible and acceptable."

"A thousand years!" he exclaims, "You may count full many a thousand years by this route before you are one with divine philosophy."

And to the question, what is this divine philosophy? he replies:

"You touch her skirts when you share her hatred of the sham decent, her derision of sentimentalism."

" . . . a single flight of brains will reach and embrace her; give you the savour of Truth, the right use of the senses, Reality's infinite sweetness; for these things are in philosophy . . . ."

The discerning reader will not fail to recognize the influence of Carlyle in this vigorous outcry against sham. Sham, pretense, insincerity of any kind is Mr. Meredith's abhorrence, as truth is his watchword: truth to nature and to one's convictions, in art and in reality; truth under all circumstances and in every relation in life. So devoted is he to the presentation of life as it is, that he would hardly acquiesce even in Amiel's definition of art, as "a bringing into relief of groups invisible in nature." The limitations of the finite do, indeed, compel the novelist to restrict each one of his novels to a calculable number of persons and a definite succession of events; but that events or persons should have more coherence than nature itself has to our eyes, is what Mr. Meredith cannot admit to be required by any principle of the novelist's art. In life we see many incoherences, many incongruities; unassociated lives touching each other, influencing each other, for a moment only; divergent and widely-sundered interests meeting and involved at a single point; consequences unexplained by visible causes, and causes leading to no anticipated results; the magical rapid shifting of scenes in a pantomime, the weaving and tangling, the tearing and ravelling, of a mystic web—hurry everywhere, disorder and confusion: and because these things are so in life, he seems to think them permissible, if not obligatory, in a novel. In other words, he devotes all his attention to the portrayal of character, at the expense of construction; nay, he seems even to imply that the two are incompatible.

" . . . you are set astride the enchanted horse of the Tale, which leaves the man's mind at home while he performs the deeds befitting him.



. . . The Tale inspirits one's earlier ardors, when we sped without baggage, when the impossible was wings to imagination, and heroic sculpture the simplest act of the chisel. . . . An ill-fortuned minstrel, who has by fateful direction been brought to see with distinctness, that man is not as much comprised in external features as the monkey, will be devoted to the task of the fuller portraiture."

"I am bound to forewarn readers of this history that there is no plot in it. . . . It is artless art and monstrous innovation to present so wilful a figure, but were I to create a striking fable for him, and set him off with scenic effects and contrasts, it would be only a momentary tonic to you, to him instant death. He could not live in such an atmosphere."

Though plot be admitted antagonistic to character-painting, the vivid presentation of human passions and emotions might be supposed essential to it. But of this important element of the novelist's art Mr. Meredith says little or nothing, except in so far as we may suppose it included in his general injunctions to be true to nature. And, even in these, his emphasis is always on the intellectual, whether in author or in character: "the brain-stuff of fiction," as he calls it.

"A great modern writer, of clearest eye and head, now departed, capable in activity of presenting thoughtful women, thinking men, groaned over his puppetry—that he dared not animate them, flesh though they were, with the fires of positive brainstuff. He could have done it, and he is of the departed! Had he dared he would (for he was Titan enough) have raised the Art in dignity on a level with History, to an interest surpassing the narrative of public deeds, as vividly as man's heart and brain in their union excel his plain lines of action to eruption."

In short, the intellectual is the predominant element in his theory of art; and, after the style, the predominance of the intellectual must be the next thing to impress the student of Mr. Meredith's novels. They are novels with a purpose; they all have a "moral;" for, as he informs the reader, it is "this garrulous, super-subtle, so-called Philosopher, who first set me upon the building of the three volumes." A personal friend quotes him as saying:

"I have brooded over them, and the thoughts with which the best of them were written remain with me vivid as at the moment of production. Such thoughts are the keenest parts of spiritual life. Narrative is nothing.

It is the mere vehicle of philosophy. The interest is in the idea which action serves to illustrate. Without action the mind fails in grasping the idea; therefore action becomes necessary, but the mind must be fixed upon what lies behind."

"The thoughts with which they were written," "the idea which action serves to illustrate"—that is the important thing in the mind of this didactic narrator. It must be confessed that his ideas are well worth studying. He knows human nature thoroughly; knows the world, too, as few men know it, even of those who have seen most of it. More than any other title he merits that of the wise man, the sage, or, as he himself prefers to put it, the Philosopher. His observation of life has been both broad and close, his conclusions are profound and weighty. Yet, deeply as he has studied the faults and foibles of his fellow-men, he has not lost faith in human nature. He is a great satirist, but he is not a cynic. "Philosophy bids us see," he says, "that we are not so pretty as rose-pink, not so repulsive as dirty drab;" and his keen insight serves him to detect, his skill in delineation to expose, the latent good in a bad character, quite as often as the germs of evil in a good one. It is noteworthy that he has given us no monumental villain, no "Don Juan," or "Iago," or "Richard III." Even Sir Willoughby Pattern, that respectable gentleman, whose finished hypocrisy and thorough-going egoism are hardly to be paralleled outside of Molière, is in no sense imposing. He is supremely contemptible, but he is insignificant in himself; his interest is derived from the skill of the hand that draws him.

The delineation of character is, in fact, the great excellence of Mr. Meredith's novels. His portraits of women, in particular, evince an astonishing knowledge and comprehension, not only of human nature, but more especially of that half of it familiarly known to the last century as "the sex." One seeks in vain for women to compare with them, except in Shakespeare; and with Shakespeare comparison is difficult, almost impossible. Master though he is in every province of art he enters, Shakespeare is before everything else a poet: in his dramas, as in the gorgeous frescoes of Titian and Tintoretti on the walls of Venetian palaces, while proportion and perspective are perfectly preserved, the drawing is altogether on a grandiose scale; his men, and in an even greater degree his women, life-like as they are, are the

creations of a poet—real, yet ideal. Mr. Meredith's men and women are the creations of an analyst; actual, solid flesh and blood, of no whit more heroic proportions than the men and women whom we pass on the street, or encounter in business, or sit at table with every day of our lives. They, too, are life-like; but whether they actually live, and breathe the breath of life—whether their conduct and conversation are characterized by that *inevitableness* which Mr. Swinburne declares to be the test of the highest genius—may be a question. To many readers, for example, Diana's treachery to her lover would probably seem inconsistent and unnatural, if not impossible, in view of her general character as represented by her creator. To me it seems one of the author's greatest triumphs to have so reconciled the seemingly irreconcilable; to have made us feel to the utmost the turpitude of the action, and even in so doing to have retained all our sympathy and affection for the actor. But I confess that I had to read the book twice, before coming to this conclusion. As for their conversation, it is a mystery how Mr. Meredith contrives to make his characters so solid in substance, so distinct and clear-cut in outline, when they are all so addicted to the use of his own dialect that in many scenes, if the speeches merely were read aloud, it would be impossible for the hearer to guess who was speaking. Even the simple-minded Mrs. Berry expresses herself at times in a highly complicated and Meredithian manner; and that stupid fellow, Sir Lukin, showers epigrams about him with a careless prodigality worthy of Mirabell or Célimène. There are scenes in these novels that remind one of those Restoration comedies where all the characters, even the valets, are witty.

Excessive wit, however, is after all a minor blemish. Even when it is decidedly out of character, though it may surprise the reader, it does not destroy his belief in the reality of the personages presented to him. But in the work of Mr. Meredith the analytic power so far overbalances the constructive, as in some measure to accomplish this unfortunate result. Preliminary analysis on the part of the author is very necessary, no doubt; the more thorough and searching the better, if fiction is to be more than "a picture of figures modelled on no skeleton anatomy," to "bloom, and be humanly shapely." The sculptor must understand the construction of the human frame, and the more thorough his knowledge of anatomy, the better

for his art. So the novelist must be, consciously or unconsciously, a psychologist; must understand the anatomy of the mind, the mutual relations and interaction of passions and qualities in the human soul: and if he undertakes to portray the wider relations of men in society, he must also be conversant with the underlying facts of sociology. But in fiction, as in sculpture, the object of art is to present humanity as we see it in life, not as we see it in the dissecting-room. Perhaps the more exact comparison should be drawn between sculpture and the drama, between the novel and painting: and as the painter may rely upon auxiliary effects of distance and atmosphere, and may introduce accessory details which are foreign to the severity of the sculptor's art; so the novelist may allow himself deviations and digressions, may employ arts of description and explanation, and may even enter upon the scene in person—a license forbidden by the simpler methods of the drama. But when he, or his Philosopher, insists upon sweeping away the stage with its “blooming and humanly shapely” figures in action before us, to make room for Frankenstein at work in his laboratory, we must protest against the intrusion of the skeleton. This is truly to “make tatters of the puppets’ golden robe—illusion,” and to “suck the blood of their warm humanity out of them.” In this over-development of analysis may perhaps be found the reason why many of Mr. Meredith’s characters are abstract rather than concrete; figures compounded of qualities carefully selected and combined with a view to the presentation less of the individual than of the type. It is a trait that reminds one of classic French comedy, with which, if space permitted, an interesting comparison might be drawn. As analysis merely, this that we are discussing leaves nothing to be desired. It is very searching, very complete; one might almost say, scientifically correct. In reading *The Egoist*, for instance, one cannot but admire the skill with which every ramification of the master-passion is traced to its source, every convolution of a tortuous and intricate character unwound, every hidden deformity, even those of which the subject himself is scarcely conscious, laid bare, and the soul of the man left stripped and shivering before a gazing world. It is this that concentrates attention and makes the deepest impression: the interest of the story is that of an intellectual problem. In purely human interest it is deficient: we follow the fortunes

of its characters with attention, to be sure, but our concern is less sympathetic than scientific.

But if the intellectual element outweighs the emotional in these novels, to a much greater extent (and this is just what we should expect from a study of their author's theory) it overbalances the structural element. As we have already seen, he has for plot considered as a means of arousing interest a contempt to which the construction of his own novels bears witness. Even the well-known dictum of Aristotle, that the proper subject of a tragedy [or any work of fiction] is a single action, having a beginning, middle and end, would hardly find acceptance with Mr. Meredith. It would puzzle the reader to name the single action, or even the single idea, which is the subject of *Vittoria*; and he may be safely defied to indicate the central point of the narrative in *Harry Richmond*, or to show any reason (except the author's caprice) why *Beauchamp's Career* should come to an untimely end by the accidental death of its hero. Too often, through just this neglect of the craft of construction, Mr. Meredith's novels miss the artistic unity that should add so much to the depth and sharpness of their impression. On the whole, they are non-dramatic in character, though they contain dramatic scenes. But the best of them, by the very force with which a single personality is conceived as the central and dominating motive, attain to a unity of the highest kind: and there is one dramatic quality in which their author is not deficient; he possesses tragic power, or, more exactly, the power of tragic irony, in a very high degree. Of unity derived from the development of a character as central motive, *The Egoist* is perhaps the best example. *Richard Feveril* is a tragedy, of the class to which *Roméo and Juliet* belongs; the tragedy in which the catastrophe is foreseen, and yet up to the last moment seems avoidable, because it is equally the result of character and circumstance—in which hope struggles against hope, and dies only with the falling of the blow. But in that other tragedy of his, of material success disguising essential failure, is felt from the first that mysterious power called by the Greeks *ἀνάγκη*, working not as in the Greek drama through any external will of offended gods, but through the deeds, the will, the motives of the personages themselves, as determined by Nature's inexorable law. With gravest irony we are shown the "successful man," going on from



victory to victory, adding achievement to achievement, piling power on wealth and wealth on power, and all the while utterly unconscious that he is steadily undermining the fabric of his own happiness, until—at the moment of his supreme triumph, when his hand is already grasping the one coveted thing withheld by Fate—it falls, and crushes him under its ruins.

The question has been often asked, whether Mr. Meredith's writings will survive—whether he is great enough as an artist to fill a lasting niche in the Temple of Fame. Many and great as are his qualifications, I doubt it. The enduringness of a work of art depends as much upon the absence of interpretation by the artist, as upon the truth of his representation—and this is the great advantage of the plastic over the literary arts. For while truth is eternal, each century, each generation almost, determines it under a new formula. The elemental passions of human nature, the great problems of existence, do not vary much; the riddle of the sphynx remains the same from age to age, but its solution changes with the changing conditions of life. And hence art may be divided into two classes: That which gives to the unchanging and fundamental ideas a form more perfect than they have ever had before; and that which gives form, more or less perfect as may happen, to thoughts as yet unknown—which presents itself as teacher and guide. The former is pure art; the latter, in essence, philosophy making use of the means of art. It is to the latter rather than to the former class that most of Mr. Meredith's work belongs. In it the pure representation of life is too much subordinated to the explanation: too often, not content with making his puppets illustrate Nature's laws upon their mimic stage, he must himself appear as showman, condemning, applauding or interpreting their action, and pointing out the moral to the audience. Work necessary and valuable in its way, no doubt: but the discoveries of one age become the commonplaces of the next; and the *teacher* is inevitably superseded in the progress of the race from century to century.

*Emma Stansbury Wines, '94.*



## UNREST.

I sat upon the drifted, warm sea-sand :  
    Above gold-crested pines the sunset burned  
    And shot its tongues of flame across, and turned  
The eastern sky-line to a violet band.  
I hate this sea, that restless gnaws the land  
    And crawls and flees, as if it sometimes spurned  
    Its wretched prey, and sometimes shuddering yearned  
O'er live-oaks dead, and barren salt-washed strand,

But as the darkness, rising with the tide  
    Flooded the air and quenched the western glow,  
    My tired lids I raised, with effort slow,  
To where heaven broods above the waters wide,  
Then upward, till in utter peace I sighed,  
    Watching the stars, feeling the night-wind blow.

*Georgiana Goddard King, '96.*

## MY MORAL SUPPORTER.

Have you never needed one? No? Then consider yourself fortunate among mortals.

It was on a warm October day, as I sat in my dingy lawyer's office in Chittenden Block, that the idea of employing a moral supporter first occurred to me. The rays of the hot afternoon sun poured in through the slats of the dusty shutters, bringing into bolder relief the hopeless hideousness of my surroundings. The walls looked very dirty, the paper was of an ingeniously ugly pattern, the windows streaked, the tiles loose about the hearth, the carpet old and spotted, and the furniture battered and rickety. I gazed disconsolately about me, feeling hot, cross, unwashed and disagreeable. A vague, horrible suspicion seized my mind. Could it—yes it *was* distinctly and eminently possible—my life was colorless. The suspicion became more and more firmly established in my mind, until I felt almost ready to weep for sheer self-compassion. I have never fully understood what awful meaning the adjective “colorless” conceals, but it is a word I am fond of applying to existence in general when the gentleman of the movable newsstand is up betimes and hath appropriated to himself my morning's newspaper, or Charles has informed me, for the twentieth time, that the pipes have sprung a leak and that the presence of his friend, Mr. David McCafferty, is eminently desirable. Yes, my life was colorless. I should probably go on living and toiling in these dark, dusty dungeons until my youth was exhausted, my heart withered, and futile rebellion against the commonplace had given way to a dull resignation pathetic in its utter hopelessness. I luxuriated in these sentiments until they became slightly monotonous. Then I reflected, as the reaction against such morbidness set in, that there was no valid excuse for the existence of such a condition of things. Circumstances should be altered. Like Miss Repplier's Cavalier, I would insist upon “looking into the sunlight with clear, joyous eyes.” Those shutters should be removed at once. It was my surroundings that were at fault, I decided. If my surroundings were all right, then my happy, sunny temper would once more assert itself, and I should find life not a period of probation but a time of enjoyment. I had it—the office would have to be fitted up. I had no

right to stunt the growth of the artistic side of my nature. Accordingly I determined to see Higgins, and then immediately make arrangements for a thorough cleansing, overhauling, papering, furnishing and fitting up of Nos. 8 and 10 Chittenden Block. Higgins and I are the most intimate enemies. I like him well enough sometimes—no, I don't, either. I hate him, loathe him, and yet the man has some queer fascination about him that makes me dread ever taking action about anything—from the purchase of a pair of Alfred Dolge felt slippers to acting as pall-bearer at an infant's funeral—without first asking his advice. It so happened that Higgins dropped in that afternoon to talk over some matters with me. Of course, I seized the opportunity and broached my scheme to him. He hooted at the idea.

"Why, my dear Melton," said he, drawing his red brows into a scornful pucker, "you are as absurd as a child. That paper has been on those walls not quite two years, if I remember rightly, and that carpet I helped you to select last February. You say they are dirty! What if they are! A little dirt won't hurt them or you. The *patterns* are hideous, eh? Oh, by Jove! that's good. So you desire to look only on the beautiful in life? The furniture is not beautiful, but I fail to perceive the ricketiness that you ascribe to it. No, let me tell you. All you need is to get some healthy, well-grown nigger to wash your windows and give your carpets a thorough beating. Your fitting up, as you call it, would cost no end of money and give you no end of trouble. You see that I'm right, don't you, Jack?"

"Yes, Higgins," I responded humbly.

That night I sent to the *Observer* for insertion the following advertisement:—

WANTED—A MORAL SUPPORTER.

For terms and nature of duties apply 10 Chittenden Block.

I had scarcely had time to settle myself at my desk and buckle down to my morning's work, when Charles, the office boy, came in. "Please sir, there's a gen'man as wants to see yer on bizness. He says as how his name's Spreggins." "Spreggins!" echoed I in amazement. I knew no one of that name. Then I recollected my advertisement. "Show him up, Charles." And the obedient Charles forthwith ushered in Mr. Joshua Spreggins.

Mr. Spreggins was a rather short, stout man, with yellowish gray hair, florid cheeks and very light blue eyes, which twinkled in a way that betokened in my future moral supporter a keener sense of humor than I should have liked him to possess. He was dressed respectably in an old brown suit that contrasted oddly with his coloring. In spite of this description, he was prepossessing, looked business-like, and was evidently possessed of a large amount of moral stamina. I liked the way in which he at once came to the point.

"Mr. Melton, I believe?" I bowed. "I came in answer to your advertisement, which I saw in yesterday morning's *Observer*. I must confess I am at a loss to know just what the qualifications are for such an office as that of Moral Supporter; but those I believe you offered to explain upon application."

"I did. First the terms. What do you say to four dollars a day?" Spreggins smiled. "You think that will do. Very well. I'll engage you for to-day, and if I like you, will retain you. Does this arrangement suit you?" Spreggins assented. "Good! Consider that much accomplished. And now, Mr. Spreggins, for your duties. Mr. Spreggins, I—er—lack moral stamina. Often I wish to do something, and believe this wish to be perfectly reasonable, yet because I am unable to find any one to sustain me in this belief, I am forced to abandon my intention. You follow me?"

"I understand," said Spreggins, slowly. "What you want is some one to bolster you up when you want anything badly, but—er—er—don't—that is—er—know whether you ought to get it. Well, if I'm not competent to fill a place like that my name is not Joshua Spreggins."

I was delighted. Good heavens! What a treasure I had stumbled upon!

"Very well, Mr. Spreggins. I am sure you will be satisfactory. And—we might as well begin our arrangement at once."

"I am ready at any time, Mr. Melton."

"Mr. Spreggins, don't you think the office looks a trifle shabby?"

"Well, Mr. Melton, I must admit it does."

"And that paper—"

"Looks dirty, Mr. Melton, and is hideous, also."

Ah! here was a man after my own heart.

"Don't you think it really advisable to have the office thoroughly cleaned, the old carpet taken up and a new one put down?"

"I most undoubtedly do, Mr. Melton. You really ought to take your health into consideration. Dirty old carpets breed disease, and a new carpet is better than a doctor's bill, any day."

"A Wilton would look well, don't you think so?"

"A Wilton, by all means. Good quality, though expensive, is cheaper in the long run."

"I agree with you there, Mr. Spreggins. But how about the furniture? Don't you think this old furniture would look badly with new paper and new carpet?"

"Of course it would. You remember the Bible warns us against the union of the old with the new, lest it make matters worse."

("What a logical, intelligent fellow!" thought I.)

"Your reasoning is excellent, Mr. Spreggins. Light oak would harmonize well, eh?"

"Beautifully. Nice surroundings are essential to the modern overworked business man. His office is really his home, so why shouldn't he be comfortable?"

"You are right; why shouldn't he? And so why shouldn't I take out that tiling and put in new tiles? Of a dark blue color, I would suggest."

Spreggins smiled approvingly.

"And my books are overflowing my office."

"Then, Mr. Melton, why not get some light oak bookcases to match the rest of your furniture? Why ruin your books by crowding them into rickety old bookcases, when, by a slight expense, you could be made perfectly comfortable?"

"Mr. Spreggins, permit me to say that you are a very clear-headed man. Your views coincide exactly with mine. I see that these changes are absolutely necessary, so it is just as well that they should take place at once. You will, therefore, oblige me by ordering such things as are needed, arranging for the cleaning, etc. I see that you have a good business head, and therefore shall not restrict you. Pay what you think ought to be

paid. Meanwhile, I shall get Williams to take me in for a week, at the end of which time I shall expect you to have everything ready. Your salary will continue until the expiration of that time. Have all bills sent to me on the day that I return. And now I must excuse myself, as I have an appointment for eleven. Good morning."

My Moral Supporter rose. "Good morning," he said, lifting his hat from the pile of books on the mantel.

The office really looked most attractive. A bright fire was blazing in the fireplace; the shaky yellow tiles had been replaced by pretty blue ones; a Wilton had supplanted the ancient Brussels, and oak furniture was tastefully arranged about the room; the windows were well washed; there was a new waste paper basket; the andirons were beautifully polished—in short, everything had been done to make the place as cosy and attractive as possible.

"Well, Spreggins," I exclaimed to my Moral Supporter, who stood waiting for my approval of his handiwork, "you are certainly to be congratulated on this result. Everything is entirely satisfactory—entirely. I have some work to do now, but would like to see you again at five. It will be convenient?"

"Perfectly," answered Spreggins, respectfully, as he turned to leave the room.

I gave Spreggins time to get out of the building and then sat down to explore my new desk. Ah! here were the bills. How thoughtful Spreggins had been in carrying out my orders. But good heavens! what was this? I sickened as I read it:

MR. JOHN MELTON, to SCREWTIGHT & Co., Dr.

One Waste Paper Basket,	. . . . .	\$11 00
Six Chairs (light oak),	. . . . .	90 00
One Wilton Carpet,	. . . . .	100 00
One Oak Desk,	. . . . .	40 00
Three Oak Book Shelves,	. . . . .	75 00
		<hr/>
Total,	. . . . .	\$316 00



MR. JOHN MELTON, in account with PLASTER, PARIS & CO.

For Papering Office, . . . . . \$220 00

MR. JOHN MELTON, to ABEL W. JACKSON, Dr.

Fur Cleanin' Office, . . . . . \$9 00

Please remit prompt.

MR. JOHN MELTON, to JOSHUA M. SPREGGINS, Dr.

For services as Moral Supporter, for one week, \$30 00

When Spreggins came, at five, he found me in a brown study. I roused up at the sound of his voice. "How d'y'e do, Spreggins. On time, I see."

"Yes, sir; I tried to be."

"Well—er—Spreggins, my moral stamina has increased so much that I shall not need your services longer. I am very much obliged to you for what you have done, and—er"—Here I slipped a cheque into his hand.

I was growling over a newspaper at the Club when Davenport came in. "Hello! Melton, got you at last. Such a chase as I've had. Don't you want to take in the theatre—Vaudeville and Burlesque Company, you know. Went to your office, but Charlie told me you were out, so I rushed up to this blessed old spot, thinking I'd find you here. By the way, how gorgeously you are fixed up."

"Vaudeville and Burlesque forever, Davie. Go? Why, of course I will. On you, too, me dear charmer."

It was raining outside, so we boarded a D Street car. "By the way, Jack," said Davenport, innocently, to me, "of course you're going down to the Thanksgiving game with the crowd. We old fogies will put up all our spare cash, cheer for old Yale drink her down, don't you know, and like the prehistoric eagle, renew our youth. Must come, you know."

"Can't, worse luck," I muttered, gloomily.

"What the deuce! Come, Jack, show your sporting blood; show your sand. You used to have lots of it."

"Yes," I assented. "But *now*," looking at him with dignity and sternness, "I've moral courage instead."

"A much higher form of sand, I don't doubt," said Davenport, sarcastically.

"*Higher*," I echoed. "Yes, that is just it; it is the *highest* form of courage."

Conversation flagged after this; we made a few commonplace remarks, and lapsed into silence. As we rounded X Street, I glanced absently out of the window, and drew back with a start that roused Davenport, and made him look with me toward the corner we were just passing. There, through the drizzle and mist, I saw, surrounded by Higgins and four or five others of my laughing acquaintances, the hateful face of my Moral Supporter.

*Mary Owen Brown, '96.*

## SILENCE VISIBLE.

A mist that from the far off sea  
Last night crept inland, up the hills,  
Climbs higher with the morn, and stills  
The sun's mid-August revelry.

As if noon's blaze were trumpet-loud,  
Now, while its glory doth abate,—  
Though bees still hum in velvet state,—  
Slowly, methinks, the gathering cloud

Lulls jocund summer into rest,—  
Breathing of silence, full, unstirred,  
As when a gray-winged ocean bird  
Broods o'er the circle of her nest.

*August, 1893.*

*M. P. C., '89.*

## EXAMINATION vs. EDUCATION.

It is a common fallacy to suppose, when a certain undesirable state of things is accompanied by certain conditions, that the remedy for the given state of things is the establishment of just the opposite set of conditions. Does free competition work badly? Then state regulation must work well. Is appointment to office by personal choice an evil? Then competitive examination for appointment is the proper cure.

That the condition of education, both public and private, in our country is anything but ideal, we are all ready to admit. The cry goes up from all quarters that something must be done; school teachers and college professors meet in earnest conference to devise means of bettering the state of things; protests are written to the newspapers. Parents and taxpayers complain that they get little return for the money they spend in education; the public in general complains that annually thousands of young graduates are sent out into the world utterly incapable of the business of life.

The fault at present most evident in our system of higher education is lack of coördination. Fitting schools turn out pupils ill prepared to begin collegiate work, so that time must be taken in college for school work. Again, the requirements of the different colleges are so various that the fitting schools are unable to keep pace with them all, and in partially attempting it must teach separately as many groups of students as the number of colleges they are trying to fit for. Furthermore, the wide extent of the country, since it forbids the establishment of a common standard of public opinion, has permitted the greatest divergence in scope, aim and method to the educational institutions in different localities, until the name "college" and the title "A. B." have almost no meaning at all, unless qualified by the further statement of the particular part of the country in which the terms are used. The condition of the public school system, on the whole, is even worse, though for different reasons. Ignorance and political knavery combined have made the public schools in many of our large cities the laughing-stock of the whole country.

When we say a thing is wrong, we must mean by that that it does not answer some desired end,—it does not fulfil some particular purpose. The purpose of education is twofold: First, the diffusion of already existing knowledge in such a way that the person of average or slightly under average mind may be able to make use of it; that he may be led by its means to higher levels of thought and action; and that he may grow into sympathy with the most wholesome and elevating tendencies in the community of which he forms a part, so as to become a constructive rather than a destructive force therein: Second, the encouragement of the creative faculty, and the consequent enlargement of that stock of knowledge which is our common wealth, and must be increased from day to day to meet the growing needs of a growing time.

We must acknowledge that our system as at present constituted does not fulfil these purposes with anything like completeness. To remedy its defects it is proposed to introduce the English system of competitive examination, with its force of examiners distinct from teachers, with class-lists, honors and prizes, and with some kind of central control to unify it all. Before adopting any such scheme, we should ask what its real aims and tendencies are, and how it has been found to work upon actual trial. This system, as it now exists, is not of long standing, and the evils that have sprung up in connection with it are not those remote results which, after long lapse of time, betray hidden weaknesses in even the most skilfully planned contrivances. The system has been introduced within the memory of the present generation, to supply the needs of the Civil Service, which had recently been reformed; and it has grown in strength and lustihood ever since. What is the opinion of the best thought of England as to its success there?

In November, 1888, the *Nineteenth Century* for the current month set before the public, under the heading, "The Sacrifice of Education to Examination," a signed protest "against the mischief to which the system of Competitive Examination is running in this Country." The signers, whose names were given, were four hundred and thirteen in number, and represented the broadest culture, the deepest research, and the keenest practical life in England. One hundred of the signers were Members of Parliament,

one hundred and forty-one were professors and teachers, among whom are to be noted several examiners, fourteen were doctors of medicine or of surgery ; the rest were clergymen, literary men, and members of other professions. Among the many notable names on the roll were those of Max Müller, Edward A. Freeman, Frederic Harrison, James Bryce, Justin McCarthy, Auberon Herbert, Sir Frederick Pollock, James Anthony Froude, Henry Nettleship, Edmund Gosse, Aubrey de Vere, E. Burne Jones, A. H. Sayce, George J. Romanes, Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir H. Austen Layard. Accompanying this protest was a statement of the reasons actuating it, formulated by Max Müller, Frederic Harrison and Edward A. Freeman.

They state in the first place that the system does not educate. Under it a large proportion of candidates utterly fail to get through even the pass-examinations, to say nothing of honors. Under this system, in the opinion of the protestants, if the professor or teacher does not wish to see his classes melting away from him, he must lecture or teach with a view to examinations, and not in line with his own deepest interests in connection with his subject—though the latter is the only sure method of teaching with power and effect. In the same way the student is led to work for his examiner rather than for his teacher ; to study from “ cram-books ” and “ tips ” of experienced coaches, with an eye to “ points,” rather than from the great literature of his subject, with an eye to broad general principles and relations ; to look for the rewards and emoluments that can be measured, rather than for the inner enrichment that cannot be measured. No time is allowed for deviation or deliberation. No side-paths of interest can be followed up for the sake of possible treasures of new knowledge to be found there. Every book read must be chosen with a view to possible questions, every lecture taken with the examiner in mind. Consequently little or no opportunity is offered for original or creative work of any kind. The protestants think that all pleasure in study is destroyed by this system ; the student learning what he learns as task-work, and getting rid of it as a heavy and useless burden, when its purpose for examinations is served : that a deadening uniformity is brought about in the character of students, so that one is just like another. This system, they find, develops the faculty of memory at the expense of the reasoning powers, and encourages dependence on authority. “ Coach-



ing" has become a regular profession; and, indeed, the most profitable use that can be made at present of the knowledge painfully stored up in preparing for cram examinations, is in fitting others to stand like tests. The breaking down in health that follows protracted application to study, they consider due almost wholly to examinations and work for examinations, and scarcely at all to normal intellectual effort. This system, in their opinion, is hardest on the best men. The examiners, with thousands of papers to look over in a week, have no time to study, to freshen up their knowledge of their subjects, or to contrive better ways of testing acquirement in them. The whole plan of education is restricted by this system, since a never-failing objection brought up against the introduction into the curriculum of any comparatively new line of research is, that "it is not suitable for examination."

This protest of course brought forth a reply, but from whom? From a certain William Knight, a certain Harold Arthur Perry, a certain H. Temple Humphrey, and a certain W. Baptiste Scoones. In their replies they virtually admit the state of things described by the protestants, and found their defense chiefly on the fact that the protestants have failed to indicate any better system to replace the existing one. The reply of one of these worthy men is an unintentional testimony to the ill-effects of the system its author is upholding. The writer of the article in question tells us that he has been successful in two open competitions. The appointments were for the Indian and Home Services, with £1000 and £500 per annum respectively—"the highest ever given in open competition," and he is "the only person who has gained two *open* competitions." But the reader can see, without being told, that one result of all this brilliancy is an article so poor in ideas, so flippant in spirit, so confused in expression, that it would disgrace a school boy of average intelligence.

Such, then, as I have described it, is the working of this system in England, in the minds of thoughtful and practical men, and this system it is proposed to introduce here. Can we hope that it will leave behind it all its attendant evils?

In the first place we do not want a system of education that does not educate, and that this system does not educate we have the testimony of the reliable witnesses mentioned. If one great aim of education is to help

the mass of the people in reaching the fair degree of intelligence which is all that is implied in the ability to stand such an examination as the English pass-examination, surely its failure to effect this is a failure in education. In the next place we do not want a system of education that does not fulfil the second purpose outlined above,—the encouragement of the spirit of research. This is another of the failures of the English system, according to the same witnesses. But, it is claimed, that system would at least go far to introduce that coöperation of effort, the lack of which was spoken of as a striking feature of our system. But lack of coöperation is not the only possible evil. Will not coöperation be purchased at too dear a price, if in the exchange we must give up the natural and healthy diversity of spontaneous life for the regularity of a prearranged mechanism? Much is made of the fact that the graduate of the small and unknown university is, under present conditions, as rightfully and lawfully Bachelor of Arts as the graduate of Yale or Harvard. Suppose he is. This is not such a terrible calamity. When the young man or young woman is needed for some of the real purposes of life, the “A.B.” neither helps nor hinders. Nobody is deceived by the title. Everybody knows that those letters mean little or much, according to the source of them. In many ways the state of things that permits the possibility of such degrees is a good one. If the glitter of that venerable and somewhat threadbare ornament induces the western farmer’s boy—or girl—to add something of the higher culture to the sterling practical qualities that are his by natural endowment and environment, it is not so bad a thing after all. This is not to say that the present system is perfect; but are things ever bad enough to justify exchanging them for worse?

The claim is also made that the examination system is the logical outcome of our growing civil service reform movement, and that the success of the latter implies the necessary introduction of the former. As to the future progress of this movement itself, it may be said that practical difficulties have already arisen in the application of the competitive examination to the civil service. It is not my purpose to criticise in this place the aims and tendencies of the Civil Service Reform, in which I believe most heartily, nor is it my purpose to devise means for remedying defects in its methods

which are plainly to be seen now and are growing plainer daily. I will only remark that there is, growing up side by side with the tendency to work by a system of mechanical tests, the tendency to work by the force of personal responsibility. Personal influence and powers used corruptly are among the worst things in the world; personal influence and powers used intelligently and conscientiously, among the best things. No mechanical standard can take the place of personal judgment—the intuitive decision based upon the entire character and entire circumstances of each particular case, whether such character and circumstances can or cannot be measured by rule of thumb.

An increasing tendency in our colleges, and, as it seems to me, a most healthy one, is toward preparing the student, as his growing powers fit him for it, to drop the leading-strings of text-book and set question and answer, and to take up the consideration and discussion of unsettled problems; in short, to prepare in college for work in the university, and thus come one step nearer that living concrete reality, the world, which is one great unsettled problem. This tendency, which might wisely be encouraged, the English system would check, since text-book and question and answer are its very life. How much original investigation have the English universities to show in comparison with Germany? Is it from Germany or England that our colleges have caught the spirit of research, through which they in some departments bid fair to rival, and in others already surpass the universities of the old world?

We have seen that the examination system has a tendency to fix education in grooves: they may be few or many, but they are still distinctly marked channels in which thought and activity must flow in order to obtain recognition. Does this feature recommend it to an American community? The "intelligent foreigner" is always telling us that although we assume great airs of independence we are a painfully monotonous people, slavishly prone to imitation, to dependence on models in literature, in architecture, in music and painting. He complains that though our country is so large, we have the same type everywhere, so that St. Louis and Milwaukee are feeble copies of New York and Boston. Perhaps the "intelligent foreigner" is not absolutely correct in his criticism; at any rate, the introduction of Com-

petitive Examinations would go far towards justifying him. The same standard long applied will produce the same type. Instead of a gradual adaptation of educational methods to the environment by natural selection, resulting in the survival of those methods which are best suited to our peculiar conditions, we shall get, if we adopt this system of education, a gradual adaptation of individuals to the artificial type thus established, resulting in the survival of those individuals who are best suited to the prescribed standard, but not necessarily to the conditions of the environment. Surely this is not the way to better that state of affairs which, it is complained, already exists, in which the college graduate is turned out upon a world he is unfitted to cope with. He will not be better fitted to cope with it if his powers are to be directed into an artificially selected channel, and not allowed to flow as determined by his natural endowments reacting to the forces of his time.

Another reproach directed against our civilization is that money is its standard; that dollars and cents, not personal qualities, are the measures of value. Will the examination system remedy this? On the contrary, how natural that the concrete standard of dollars should be supported and countenanced by the equally concrete standard of marks. Marks, like money, serve as a common denominator in which goods otherwise incommensurable can be valued and compared with one another. So much Latin—worth so much, so much Greek—so much, until a grand total is reached that makes the most successful candidate in the widest examination the intellectual millionaire of the time, and yet he may be near to insolvency as far as real power in the world is concerned.

As to the justice of this sort of test, and its moral effect upon the community, a few words should be said. In the first place there is really no common denominator for intellectual values. The nearest approach to a complete test of ability by the marking system is in mathematics; in which a question must be answered correctly or incorrectly, for there is no middle ground: and it is interesting to note that the examination system has its chief stronghold and displays its greatest power in the University of Cambridge, the special home and abode of mathematics. But even in mathematics there is some scope for the exercise of the incommensurable powers of the

human mind. Some of the greatest mathematicians England has ever produced—Clerk Maxwell, Sir William Thomson, and William Kingdon Clifford—were second wranglers. Who were the Senior Wranglers of their respective years? We can, it is true, point to the names of Airy, Stokes, Cayley, Adams, Tait and Rayleigh, to show that Senior Wranglers were not by any means necessarily inferior to lower grade men. But when we pass to the subjects that admit of less exact test, we find a much greater divergence of first-class men from the “first-class” standard. Edward A. Freeman was a “second-class” man—an interesting commentary on the absurdities of this system. The public mind cannot but be injured in its moral tone when it realizes that the stamped and approved person is by no means necessarily the more capable or powerful person. It may be replied to all this, that noted men who obtain only a second-class rank, develop after examination, at the time of which they were in reality “second-class” men. This is one reason the more for refusing to affix a definitive and final stamp to a man’s product at this stage in his career.

One of the defenders of this system of examinations, while virtually acknowledging the condition of things described in the protest mentioned at the beginning of this article, is disposed to lay the blame, not upon the examination system, but upon the temper of the public, whose leading motive is a “wild anxiety to secure an immediate result.” However the question of responsibility may be decided, there can be no doubt, I think, that the examination system is eminently fitted to foster that spirit in the community. With its marks and prizes, its class-lists and honors—all passports to office and interpretable in terms of pecuniary value—it surely surpasses any known system in ability to gratify the “wild anxiety to secure an immediate result” which is deplored in the community.

In considering the results likely to follow if the English system were introduced universally in our country, we need not be confined to deductions drawn from the imagined working of known factors in known circumstances. We have, in fact, a means of judging by actual observation what the system is likely to result in. Our public school system is largely based on the English principle, both in the matter of marks and grades, and in the relative importance of one great subject—mathematics. It is not necessary,



nor would it be just, to indulge in indiscriminate abuse of our public schools for the purpose of proving the point, but does not unprejudiced observation discover in them the tendencies of the English system resulting in the defects predicted as likely to follow from its adoption in this country—tendencies to the encouragement of learning by rote; to the neglect of reasoned thought; to superficiality; to absorption of others' ideas, even to the destruction of the power for original work; to the desire of appearing to know rather than of really knowing; and to the formation of dogmatic judgments on insufficient grounds.

No doubt there is much to be done in reforming our educational system—or lack of system—but it is not in the direction of the English idea. The examination is not necessarily and in itself an evil: it is a valuable and useful aid in education, but it is a sharp weapon to be used with skill and discretion. I have little sympathy with those who think an examination is no test at all of ability. On the contrary, the capability of doing a given task, under pressure, in a given time, with some degree of method and order, is a most convenient and valuable quality. It implies self-control, concentration, promptness and accuracy—only these are not all the qualities the fine mind possesses, nor should examination be the only test. It should be employed by the teacher, like any other method of instruction,—to educate, not to test. "Examination," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "is useful when spontaneous, occasional and simple." That it is none of these things in the present English system is very evident, and that the same is already true of many of our American colleges, the observer is soon convinced by personal experience of the feverish, intense atmosphere of such institutions about the time of the stated examinations. Some degree of uniformity in our system is no doubt desirable; but not the machine-like uniformity that would come from central and compulsory control. The results desired can best be reached by voluntary coöperation, the circuit of which may extend to wider and wider limits as the tastes and needs of the community demand it. At present each of our colleges has a distinct individuality of its own—a flavor of personality that is as valuable and as powerful in influence upon the student as anything about it, though this is an influence that can neither be weighed nor measured. Just as personal character is the moving power,



the dynamic force in all good teaching by individuals, so is the distinctive character and spirit of each college the dynamic force in its teaching, and this force, this power, would be destroyed by the rigorous application of the English system.

Perhaps the most objectionable thing about the English examination is that it is competitive ; it encourages that open comparison of person with person which growing civilization has learned to look upon as a mark of savagery. Both good manners and good morals teach that such comparisons should be made silently, by the logic of events, and only in case of necessity. The Bishop of Carlisle tells a story of a young German who came to England to study, and, incidentally, to observe. After a short residence at one of the great universities, he one day made the following remark : " I now begin to understand what was said to me in Germany and what I did not understand then—' The English do everything by way of racing.' " This is indeed the spirit of the competitive examination. Miss Emily James Smith, in a recent article in the *Nation*, has given a vivid description of this method of " sport " in England, showing that none of the natural concomitants of " sport " are left out. She describes in graphic terms how the candidate for honors " trains ; " how liable he is to " go stale ; " how hundreds before the examinations are betting on the result of the Senior Wranglership ; how on the eventful day the favorite arrives victoriously at the winning post or else by some accident of condition, is distanced by a neck ; how at the finish the news is telegraphed all over England, and the Senior Wrangler is the most famous man in the country for a whole day. The entire proceeding arouses the same feelings and can be described in the same terms as a horse-race.

In place of the competitive examination let the qualifying examination be established by general understanding, so far as seems desirable ; let this examination be raised so far above the level of the present " pass " examination that such curiosities of the examination room as we all have in mind, and which I therefore forbear to quote, will be impossible in a pass-paper. Above this level let absolute equality reign, so far as regards marks and grades. The effect upon students will be much better than under the grading system. In the pleasing obscurity and indefiniteness of the " pass "

mark, the average student is not conscious of an impassable gulf between himself and the fine student; he is encouraged to try again and again, because there is no unchangeable record to mark his past failures. The fine students have no definite ground for mutual comparisons; consequently they will not make any, but will save time and energies for their own proper work. Each student should be told informally from time to time, in qualitative, not quantitative terms, the character of the work he or she is doing. This kind of criticism is effective in improving the character of work as the other is not and cannot be. Examinations for graduation should be no exception to the rule. They should be qualifying examinations, with only one grade—"passed," and this grade should be sufficiently high to secure a fair degree of sound and active intelligence in the departing Bachelor of Arts. For all purposes of future work, professional or otherwise, the opinion of instructors, expressed with reference to the especial case in which the student's powers are needed, is a far more effectual recommendation than any list of marks and honors. In fact, when the student enters upon the real business of life, he finds that few people know, and fewer care, whether he is First, Second, or Tenth Wrangler, whether he left his college with Merit, Credit or High Credit.

*Kate Holladay Claghorn, '92.*

*April 18, 1894.*

## THE NEED OF A MORE UNIFORM STANDARD IN AMERICAN EXAMINATIONS.\*

Three years at an English University have sent me home again much interested in comparing English and American methods of education, and fully convinced of two mortifying facts. The first is that the average English standard of scholarship is far above ours; the second that our colleges are wholly unconscious of their own inferiority. Every day we hear it roundly stated that we are the most highly educated of nations, though when we come to push the matter, the speaker generally means that our illiterate class is small. Again we are often told that the East is the equal or superior of Europe, and that all this unmerited European contempt ought to be directed with more discrimination against the West. Or if sometimes it is admitted that our standards do at first sight appear pretty low, we are hastily consoled and it is shown that this is merely a misapprehension of one sort or another. Most of the American students I knew abroad were in just this bewildered state of protest and of self-accusing excuses.

Now reasons for this self-deception are not far to seek. Nowhere else is there so enormous a difference in standard between institutions whose nominal performance is the same. We are accustomed to take a college at its own valuation. From three to four hundred degree-giving institutions dot the country, with no central authority, no reference to each other, nothing external to which they must conform or by which they may test themselves. Our educational machinery sprawls all over a continent, and the force, money and ability that might have supported a few great universities is dissipated in two or three hundred second to sixth-class institutions.

My thesis is not that it would be well to lessen the number or in any way restrict the work of these teaching bodies, but that it very much behooves us to get a clearer idea of their relative standing. The dilution of education in order that it may cover the whole country may be good, but the self-deception that has so far attended it must be bad and it makes us the laughing-stock of learned and unlearned alike among nations that know

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\*Much of this paper was read before the Minnesota Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae.

the value of their own intellectual currency. As Bryce says, we have a number of institutions which are true universities in aspiration but not in fact. They have an ambitious programme and high ideals, but both are far above their power of performance. They probably do very useful work, but their title hangs upon them like a giant's robe. And they not only loudly proclaim their own superiority, but sincerely believe in it.

Now this is not so in England. I do not mean that there are not great differences between the work of one institution and another, but that the standard of measurement by which work is tested is absolute and external, and the slipshod and ill-managed school does not impose upon the public and upon itself. There is a wonderful reality about an Englishman, and some of his thoroughness comes from his perfect willingness to accept an inferior station and defer to the rank above him as heartily as he tramples on the rank below. The first attitude is not so bad. An English student knows that a second-class in a hard examination is good, and he finds no fault with its name. Our students would insist on a first-class for intelligent industry, and would provide for further brilliant excellencies by some extra honor "with high credit," "*summa cum laude*," or some such formula. So it is in daily life. An English third-class on the railway is the class of the average man, and first-class represents the highest luxury. But in America the sovereign people must ride first-class, and anything better than the average man desires must be expressed by superlatives. The difference is really rather suggestive of the attitudes of the two peoples.

Every little while there is a cry in the United States for the restriction of the power to grant degrees, and the vesting it in some central authority, say one Board in every State. It comes to nothing as yet, probably because we all feel that the cramping of individual teaching and hampering a university professor in his perfect freedom of choice or even of whim would be an evil greater than the corresponding gain. But, none the less, this indiscriminate degree-giving is a very real harm. Indeed, as one institution after another springs fully armed from the brain of some Western Senator, it seems to have become self-evident to the American citizen that all universities are born free and equal, and that one A. B. should enjoy all the privileges of another.

There are two things in English education that supply just the comparing and coördinating machinery that we lack : first, the rigid external examinations, with the immense number of money prizes ; and second, the relation of college and university. The two things are intimately connected.

The name of university is one that bears no single sense. There are those haunters of the dictionary who will define it historically or etymologically with a persistent disregard of the actual case to-day. There are the dwellers on the prairie for whom it means a two-story building as distinguished from a college of one story. Generally the articles in current magazines that deal with college-university questions, concern themselves with the distinctions between two methods of instruction, and between confined and unbounded courses of study, and generally, they tacitly assume that the college and university are either independent institutions or might as well be so.

The English university organization is unlike anything German or American, though it has some resemblance to the new French university system. Everyone knows that our colleges were founded at a time when the English university power was at a minimum, and that we completed the college independence by making it a matter of course that each college should give its own degrees. At present the coördinating power of the English university is strong. The colleges belong to it as states to the United States, and a college student in his ordinary life, his course of study, yearly examinations, and discipline even to expulsion, may be as little concerned with the university as a citizen of Pennsylvania with the Congress at Washington. But it is only the university that gives degrees, and always on the testimony of its own examiners, not on the college record or recommendation. This is the fundamental English principle of external examination. The student has probably passed well in all his college examinations—without that the college would hardly recommend him to the university. But no certificate from his teachers will avail him ; the degree is given only after he has been examined by those who have not taught him.

Variety in university life is insured by the number of colleges. The undergraduate has a pretty wide choice between eighteen or twenty in the great universities. One college may be particularly good in medicine ;



another in mathematics; in one the rich and titled are the majority; in another, the poor and brilliant self-made man predominates. The horsey or betting undergraduates congregate in one or two colleges; for some tradition is sure to attach to each and be kept up in the succession of brief undergraduate generations. I think there would be no obstacle to the exclusion, by any college that should wish, of all subjects but one from its lecture-rooms, and this would give us something very like the eastern and larger western American university, which is, indeed, a federation of colleges, as is the English university, but of colleges whose courses are not parallel and which lead to different degrees, in science, arts, medicine, law or theology. Notice, however, that even though Harvard University be said to confer the M. D. degree, it is the Harvard Medical School that holds the examinations.

Now, in Cambridge and Oxford, the university has many functions besides examination. There are many rich and famous university chairs, whose professors lecture to students from any of the colleges. But one chief function of the university is to act as an external coördinating Board of Examination for which each college fits as it likes best, and from this we pass easily to a university as a mere Examining Board; for so it also exists in England. The University of London is such a Board, entitled to give degrees to those who pass a series of severe examinations at stated intervals. There are as yet no colleges in the university, though practically a large number of the candidates come from two colleges in London. Again, the Victoria University is a good example of an Examining Board coördinating separate teaching colleges. The colleges that compose it are in towns at some distance from each other, and have each its own corps of instructors with its own complete organization; but degrees are given only by the central examining board, which has the federal power. To this Victorian league of colleges belongs the well-known Owens College, Manchester—better known across the sea than its own university—and also the Yorkshire College, Leeds.

This is different from anything American, but we seem tending in this direction. For instance, the elaborate organization of the new University of Chicago is evidently intended to coördinate differing institutions, though not indeed to do this by central examinations for subordinate colleges of the same kind.



There is another English peculiarity that does good in the matter I am considering—that is, in the forming a definite standard of judgment—though it is a peculiarity that American educators have disapproved for other reasons, I mean the division of undergraduates into Honor-men and Poll or Pass-men. Most general remarks about English scholarship refer to the Honor-men, that is, to those who have come to the university for the purpose of study. There is a large class who neither have any such purpose nor pretend to have it; nor does the college pretend that they have it, or try to induce them to have it. Exactly the same degree of B. A. is given with two wholly distinct preparations and two final examinations, which differ in difficulty almost as our entrance and our senior examinations. In this country such a thing is never done. Sometimes there are special additional examinations for those who wish honors, but much more often they are given for high standing in the ordinary examinations; and the instruction, with the greater part of the examination, is always common to all classes of students. The Cambridge Honor-man and Poll-man are differently treated from the moment they enter, and probably have been differently treated at school.

Now, the reducing quantities of learning to a common denominator that one may add or subtract them with approximate accuracy is a task much beyond me. I decline to have any opinion on the proposition I have heard advanced, that the average scholarship *per caput* in a good American university is above that in an English one; it being understood that there is no actual example of the English average. But I am sure that the English system accomplishes two good things with some bad ones. It raises the maximum scholarship by severe competition with picked men, and it clears and defines the standard of measurement and brings self-deception to a minimum. The man who does not go in for honors has no idea that his degree represents what the Honor-man's represents. He comprehends the case perfectly; and while he did not want to submit himself to any such intellectual strain, while he may have profound contempt for the "smug" who has toiled hard for three years, yet he acknowledges that by bookish measure he himself is quite out of the competition.

Let us next consider how far such coördinating machinery would be possible and desirable for ourselves. First, there is the old, old objection of cramping both the teacher and pupil. We claim that when working in the shadow of the coming examination, both are less loving of the subject for its own sake and less apt to original research. Let us grant this evil to some extent. I believe, indeed, it has been ignorantly over-rated in this country, and confess myself a convert to the examination system. One hears so much said against examinations, and it is so often urged by the speaker, as a sort of preliminary recommendation of himself, that he once believed in examinations but has come to see the error of his ways, that it may be interesting to hear of a person who once did *not* believe in them, and has now deserted from the culture that defies all test, into the ranks of the materialists.

I do not believe that we are in any danger from the so-called Frankenstein monster of examination. The fact is that we have taken our fears ready made from the examination-ridden English. The protest in the *Nineteenth Century*, some years ago, applied only to examinations as they are actually working in England, and it is only after living abroad that one can realize how different are the conditions there and here. The question is not whether examinations may do harm to some one else, but whether there is the slightest danger of their hurting us. Our whole system tends the other way. So far are we from subordinating teaching to examination that we have reduced our examination to a mere servant of the teacher to aid him in forming an opinion or in punishing a culprit. But of examination as an independent educational instrument we have nothing, and, as usual, we are quite unaware of the fact.

Now, the danger of cramping scholar and teacher increases very rapidly as we ascend the academic grades. A board like the Victoria University might do more harm than good; at any rate it is opposed to all our tendencies and there is no chance whatever of its establishment. But in any device to unify a large number of entrance examinations, good would surely predominate. These come at an age when few students are putting out inquiring tentacles to be crushed, or losing their originality or abandoning their researches at approach of the examiner.

I was especially surprised (and I have heard others speak of the same thing) to see how very different was the standard of preparation for college in England and in the United States. The difference in our colleges is less startling than the difference in our schools. In the college it is partly a difference in the kind of training, though not so much so as the American student finds it convenient to believe. But in the preparatory school I fear it is much more a simple matter of good against poor, thorough against superficial, of concentrated study or languid reading a book.

And as the differences in thoroughness between college and college in America are almost as great at entrance as afterward, the unification of standard at the beginning would very largely do away with our present vagueness.

The reaction upon schools would be one of the most important results of such unification. The Local Examinations in England show this. Cambridge and Oxford both offer to hold local examinations of different degrees of difficulty in any center where they are desired, certain fees being exacted to defray expenses. Schools and private individuals avail themselves of these examinations in great numbers. The Cambridge Higher Local is the examination which has had most influence on woman's education, and I have even heard it stated that the whole rapid improvement of our generation dates from the establishment of that examination; while Newnham College owes its existence to the efforts of women to prepare for the Higher Local. The vice of pretending to more excellence than they can make good is, I fear, especially prevalent among women, the reason clearly being the absence of thorough types for comparison.

Now, there are some public examinations in the United States, but they have as yet had little effect on education in general, and on the standard of admission to college in particular. Before they can have much effect I believe they must offer more powerful inducements, either by money prizes or by immunity from the entrance tests of a much larger number of colleges than now grant it. No one is going to submit to a searching examination with nothing to gain by it. And the effect of external examinations on college entrance is only what the college wishes it to be. It is useless to try to reform the colleges from without. Unless they want to unify their

standards, outsiders are likely to want it for some time longer. Let us see then what has been done by agreements between different colleges or schools.

In some States, where the State University crowns the public system of schools, a consequent unifying of school standards has ensued. This is more often the case in the West. In the East something has been done by recent associations of colleges and schools. The most important of such leagues—I believe the only one which can show many important results—is the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, which met last autumn at Yale. But there are leagues of the sort in various States. Their work is to harmonize or equalize the nominal requirements for college entrance. This has been chiefly for the sake of the schools, which naturally prefer not to have their pupils preparing for various colleges, every half-dozen boys with different classics prescribed and a different mathematical text-book recommended.

This is a good work, against an obvious evil, but not exactly the evil about which I am writing. The inconsistency of standard might not be diminished, it might even be increased by making the same nominal demands. If the struggling little university conducted by “Mrs. Johnson and myself” announces that its requirements and courses are to be exactly parallel to those of the Johns Hopkins, it lessens the labor of the preparatory schools, but greatly increases the deceptions that I want to avoid. Not merely the same printed requirements, but the same actual examination conducted by the same examiners is necessary to produce a uniform standard.

There has recently been some interesting correspondence in the *Nation* about the need of associations of Southern colleges in order to get a definite and uniform standard for admission. Says one writer from Tennessee, “The vagueness of statement that is frequently met with in the published requirements of Southern colleges differs materially from the growing tendency visible in Northern institutions toward indefiniteness in the prescribed requirements for admission to college. The one is the vagueness of chaos; the other, the brevity of conceded facts. . . . The published requirements of Harvard in Latin, to wit: ‘The translation at sight of average passages from Cicero and Virgil with ques-

tions ' may be plain enough for Boston, but such words would be understood very differently a few degrees nearer the equator. The only hope for Southern education is that the colleges may in some way be brought together and come to some agreement as to the amount necessary for admission to the Freshman class."

Where colleges have standards nearly the same, it would even at first cause no great inconvenience, and in many subjects it would even save labor to issue one set of entrance examination papers. Some subjects might be marked necessary for one entrance and not for another; some colleges might require a different number of electives; some might in consideration, for instance, of no entrance Greek, require a higher grade in passing some other subjects. There would be room for any individual differences that the colleges wished to continue. But if the examinations were conducted by the same examiners, and successful candidates were ranked without regard to the future college, there would be no self-deception on the part of the colleges. If one chose to demand less than another it would be openly done for some good reason, and this necessity of acknowledging any depression of the test could not but stimulate competition and tend to raise the standard; but it would more than tend, it would compel to unify it. Of course, each college would still be at liberty to admit on certificate when she chose, but when examination results were put forward in qualification there would be no question about how much they meant.

It might save trouble if the Harvard examination, to which women are now admitted and on which two scholarships are yearly given in New York, could be utilized; each college specifying its own required subjects and the required degree of success in each. I should like also to see tried the English custom of making failure never final, a candidate being welcome to the same examination as often as she chose to pay the fee; along with the other custom of admitting to any part of the examination or to the whole of it, and of publishing or not publishing the candidate's name in the list, according to her preference; since this certainly robs examination of many of its terrors and might induce more schools and private students to use the entrance examinations voluntarily as a test of their own work.



The fact that any college would accept this examination would at once lend it great attractions, even though some colleges reserved the right to hold their own examinations also and continued to admit from certificated schools. Next, perhaps, we should have an inter-collegiate committee for accrediting schools.\*

But if the more conservative colleges dared not suspend their individual examinations while the general examination was being tried, then stronger inducements might be necessary to bring candidates to anything so new, especially if it were rumored that the new examination might be more searching than the old. I think that prizes would furnish a legitimate and powerful attraction, and if a very few prizes, say four or five of a hundred dollars each, were offered on a general entrance examination—not as the income of a large sum to be subscribed, but by yearly subscription for two or three years only, competitors would be attracted and by the end of that time it would have been clearly shown whether such an examination would support itself, and if not, whether it was less expensive than the separate examinations by all the colleges.

And finally, to touch on one other important point—the colleges which are in the habit of holding local examinations for the convenience of candidates at a distance, would certainly find their expenditure for examination lessened by coöperation. This expenditure cannot yet be very great for women, but we may well profit by the wasteful example of the colleges for men. Examiners from Harvard, Yale and Princeton sometimes meet candidates in the same building, at the same hours, and triplicate all travel, trouble and expense, while of course they make improbable the recognition of that clearly defined and uniform standard of measure which is so needed by American colleges.

*A. B. Gould, '89.*

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\*The whole question of admission by certificate is too complicated to attack here. There is an admirable paper on the subject by Professor L. M. Salmon in the *Educational Review* for October, 1893, which I have read since writing most of this paper, and I see that she strongly advocates some league of those colleges which use the certificate system.



## HYMN TO DIANA.

Thou hast clouds, O gracious Deliverer,  
Clouds to enwrap the innocent fugitive,  
Borne on the winds to carry her far over  
Land and sea, and where it seems good to thee,  
Snatched from brazen Destiny's arms.  
Wise thou art and seest the future,  
Neither to thee is the past inexistent ;  
And thy look rests over thy chosen ones,  
As thy light, the life of the night-time,  
Rests and rules over earth and ocean.  
O withhold my hands from blood-guiltiness !  
Never peace it bringeth or blessing ;  
Ever the haply-murdered one's countenance  
For the reluctant sorrowful slayer's  
Evil hours lurks to affright him.  
For the Immortals are lovers of mankind,  
Love the kindly wide-scattered races :  
Willingly they to the perishing mortal  
Fleeting life lengthen, willingly share with him  
Even their heaven, their own, the eternal ;  
Even a share in their blest contemplation  
Gladly awhile they grant and allow him.

*From Iphigenie auf Tauris.*

*E. S. W., '94.*

## NO CASE FOR LITIGATION.

The stillness of a summer afternoon in a little village: a strong warm wind swayed the trees, ruffled the short uneven grass and the many shrubs in the yard, and tossed the eglantines clinging loosely to the latticed arbor. This arbor was a long arched structure, covered thickly with vines of different sorts. One long spray of eglantine, bearing a cluster of the fragrant pink flowers, swung to and fro, higher than the others. Above the spray a humming-bird poised for an instant—a flash of iridescent green and blue against the glowing turquoise of the sky—poised, and was gone. The soft whirr of its wings attracted the attention of a child kneeling on the other side of a high fence, which ran curiously close to the arbor. The child was a very pretty, round-limbed little fellow, with earnest eyes and a mist of yellow hair. He leaned back to catch a last glimpse of the bird as it darted away, then devoted himself again to his former task of trying to pull some of the eglantine blossoms through the lowest interspace of the fence. But, near as he was to the arbor, his plump little arms were all too short to reach those entrancing bunches of color and perfume. The tiny perplexed face was pressed close to the opening and the gray eyes peered eagerly at the opposite wall of quivering pink and green.

Suddenly he heard a little rustle much higher than his head, and looking up, he found that a man was closely watching him through a parting in the leaves. Now, there is nothing necessarily startling in this, even to a very young person of a naturally shy disposition, if his experience has largely been to the effect that grown people are little more than cleverly devised—though very lovable—machines for serving him. It is very probable that he will look upon a human presence at such a critical juncture as this, only as an opportune means of attaining the thing wanted. And, in this case, there was still less cause for alarm: the child knew very well that he was often watched by a man who spent a great deal of time reading in the arbor, and he had a very friendly feeling for this person. So, instead of running away, as he would have done under other circumstances, he clasped his dimpled hands more tightly on the board, and said, with happy expectancy, “Man, please give me a flower.”

There was a silence, broken only by the hum of a few bees about the tossing eglantines, then the childish voice repeated the request, a new experience denoted in the slightly broken tone. Another short silence, and then confidence was restored by the sight of one of the biggest, pinkest clusters coming through the carefully parted leaves within reach of the tiny outstretched hands, now fairly quivering with excitement and delight. But however great the child's excitement, that of the man was even greater, when he heard a very cheerful voice announcing, "I love you, man."

As Mr. Justin Fielding let the vine leaves come together again, and sat down in his old rustic garden chair, there was a very perceptible flush on his usually white cheeks. He was a compactly built, rather short man, with closely trimmed hair and beard, both nearly white. His manner, at all times, was a curious mixture of dignity and nervous sensibility. He now went on reading in perfect quiet, except that his fingers kept up a steady, slow tattoo on the back of his book.

When about an hour had passed, he arranged in a neat pile the two or three books he had with him, took them up firmly in both hands, and walked briskly across the yard and into the house.

"Now, my dear," he said to his wife as he entered the room where she was sitting, "if you will please open the bookcase door, I can put these in without rubbing the covers at all. Our books will stay bound twice as long as other people's, I am sure, because I never rub them together."

"I guess they'd last as long as we do, Justin, if you didn't take quite so much pains."

Her calm face showed the quiet amusement with which she always regarded her husband's pet notions.

"No, indeed," he said, a little hastily, for he thought his wife did not fully appreciate the importance of his carefulness in small things, "I saw Judge Allen's *Encyclopædia Britannica* in his office, the other day, and it was rough, very rough, and he doesn't use his half as much as I use mine; he abuses it, he abuses it." He emphasized the last words by tapping his right forefinger sharply into the palm of his other hand, a favorite gesture with him.

Having closed the bookcase, he went into the hall, and called thence to his wife,

"Do you want anything in the village, Clorinda?"

"No, I don't know as I do," his wife answered, following him to the door. She was a large woman with rounded shoulders, and her feet, clad comfortably in Congress gaiters, came down heavily.

Mr. Fielding had stopped and was looking very intently, his wife thought, into the next yard. But as she came out, he began twining a morning-glory vine around one of the four big porch pillars, and finally, this being arranged to his satisfaction, he went on. She watched him going down the street—the fall of his cane in time with his step.

When he had turned the corner, she went through the house quickly—taking up a little tin pail in the kitchen—and on into the garden and along a neat gravel path. At the foot of the garden lay an orchard where the long grass billowed around the sturdy old tree trunks. Where the garden and the orchard met grew a row of currant bushes, now heavy with fruit. She began picking the currants and in a few minutes had the pail full. Presently she picked up a small stone and rapped sharply on the flat top board of the fence. In a short time a woman looking much like her, though with a girl's freshness still in her pretty face, came out of the next house and hurried to the place where she stood. Mrs. Fielding spoke first.

"Ellen, I thought perhaps you'd seen your father go out, so I didn't rap at first."

"Well, I did see him," replied the younger woman, "but Mrs. Dillon was there, and I don't see as there's any use of letting the whole town know that you can't speak to your own mother till your father's out of sight. And you might as well tell the whole town as to let her find it out."

This sentence was spoken in a sweet, monotonous tone, and ran off into a laugh at the end.

"You needn't think people don't know," was the reply. "If you'd lived here right along after you got married you'd know that everybody knows that your father wouldn't speak to you after you married Henry Thurston."

Ellen laughed a little and folded her round arms on the fence.

"Yes, I know that, but now that I've come to live next to you I don't want them to think that you and I have to hide before we can talk to each other."

"There's no hiding about it. You know how your father always felt about the Thurstons always suing him for this strip of land, and he never was so sore over anything in his life as to have his only daughter marry one of them. Your father's too good, Ellen, for me to hurt his feelings, even to see more of you, specially when I can see you about as much without."

"Well, you know," said Ellen a little eagerly, "the thing's not really settled yet. Henry says by rights the fence ought to be moved over twenty feet into pa's yard."

"No such thing!" interrupted Mrs. Fielding with perhaps a little resentment in her usually mild voice. "I hope Henry isn't going to let his head get filled with that notion;" then in a softer tone, "I don't want you to go through all the torment I've had about it."

"As for notions," said Ellen, "I guess Henry has as good a right to his notion as pa has, since the case has never been really settled one way or the other. But we needn't quarrel, now that we are together."

"Quarrel! my dear child, I should think not! But don't you want this pail of currants? I picked them for you, because you used to be so fond of them."

"Yes, indeed, I do, I always thought these tasted better than any other currants in the world. But ma, do you know I'd like to go into the house with you. I get so homesick sometimes to see my home that I could cry. I've said all the time that I was too proud to steal in, but I want to see it more than I want to be proud about it. And I'm going to climb the fence and go in. I won't go in the front way."

"Ellen, you'll break your neck if you try to climb over this fence," expostulated her mother.

"Indeed I'll not. I know I'm fat, but I ain't too old yet to get over a fence."

The two women went softly through the garden and into the house. Within, the stillness of the day was intensified by the calmness of these low, cool, dark rooms with their old-fashioned furniture. Ellen gave a little cry of pleasure when she went into the sitting-room and saw the clock which had been the delight of her childhood with its glass door adorned with a wonderful church set in a wreath of flowers.

The front room, opening from the sitting-room by an archway, had few of the characteristics of an ordinary village parlor. The floor was covered with matting, and the open grate showed signs of use, while the horse-hair furniture was relieved by a few chairs of oak, worn till polished. An old mahogany cabinet stood at one side of the room, filled with such curiosities as Mr. Fielding had been able to collect. Most of these had been obtained from returned foreign missionaries, who were the widest travelers of his acquaintance. A hideous Indian idol sat on one side of the hearth, and on the other side was a huge stone curiously indented as though by a deer's foot. Around the room were several plain oak cases filled with stones and minerals or books, and the few pictures were photographs of natural scenery or old prints. Ellen looked around with a little sigh of satisfaction in the familiar distinctiveness.

"I wish I could stay a while, but I know pa always comes home after the five o'clock mail comes in. Do you know," she continued as they went out again into the green and gold of the sunny garden, "baby Harry had a bunch of eglantines this afternoon that he declared 'ze man' gave him—you know that's what he calls pa. The wind must have broken it off and blown it into the yard, and he said that because he knew it came from here. But one thing was queer, every thorn was taken off. I suppose Harry did it himself, I couldn't find out. You don't suppose—"

"No, I don't." Mrs. Thurston had too strong a conviction of her husband's inflexibility to entertain any such supposition. "I have thought several times, though, that I'd caught your father looking as if he was very anxious to see something or somebody in your yard, and I shouldn't wonder if he was more interested in Harry than he is willing to let on. You see, it ain't the ordinary kind of stubbornness in your father. The more he thought of you and Harry the more he'd hold out, just because



he'd think he wasn't acting up to his principles if he didn't, and you know what he is about principles."

"Oh, yes! I know," said Mrs. Thurston, with her cooing laugh, "but I wish he'd take down this fence."

The Thurston house was in striking contrast to that of the Fieldings. It had just been altered and refurnished, and was very bright and fine, with new paint and marvelous scroll-work on the outside, and Brussels carpets and plush-covered furniture within.

When Mrs. Thurston went in she found her husband scrambling about on all-fours, while Harry rode triumphantly on his back.

"I've got something to tell you," he said to his wife, "as soon as you can get this young son of yours to believe that I'm not a quadruped."

"Well, what is it?" she asked, as soon as she had picked Harry up, kissed him, tousled his hair, and dropped him in a nest of pillows on the couch, where he, imperturbably good-natured, illustrated a child's marvelous power of adaptation to environment by immediately becoming a "wabbit" and beginning to burrow in the cushions.

Mr. Thurston stood up, shook himself, and said:

"I was in Allen & Blakely's office to-day, and Blakely told me he had just come across some old papers which he thought would prove that your father was wrong about the line between our places. Ellen, I'm going to take away that fence."

"Henry, how can you! Father'll put it right back."

"No he won't. On the strength of those papers I can get out an injunction to prevent him. I don't want to bring suit against your father, or have any words with him, so the best way is to take the fence down quietly, and then if he wants to go to law, I can't help it. I can't move the fence because I don't want to take in the arbor and all the bushes and flowers he has put out, but I am not going to have that ugly old board fence on my land any longer. Besides, if I take it down, this youngster will have a chance to get nearer those flowers he's always talking about. He is as crazy after flowers as your father."

He swung Harry to his shoulder and walked over to the window.

"There, my pet, I'm going to take that fence down, and you can play over there."

"Will ze man let me?" asked Harry, leaning forward and gazing out with very great interest.

"He can't very well help himself," laughed his father.

The next day Harry happened to be playing in the yard when he saw his grandfather come out to the arbor; and he at once dropped his playthings and trotted over to the fence. After the incident of the day before, his grateful little heart was really inclined toward "ze man" and besides, he had such a delightful thing to tell.

"Oh, man!" he cried, pressing his sweet little face against the bars, "man, my papa's going to take zis fence down." This news produced a quite unexpected result. A chair was suddenly overturned in the arbor, and Mr. Fielding appeared openly by the fence and bent over the child in great excitement.

"Your father's going to take the fence down?"

"Yes; my papa take zis fence down to-morrow, and zen I tum see you, man." The little face expressed such complete confidence in the power of this arrangement to give equal pleasure to his new-found friend, that Mr. Fielding stopped short the exclamations of his angry astonishment. Indeed, after giving a very scrutinizing look around, he even bent further down and patted the yellow head.

The following morning Mr. Thurston, despite his wife's remonstrances, sent for carpenters to take down the fence. When the men came, he went out with them to give his directions; at the same time Mr. Fielding left his house and walked energetically towards them, reaching the fence corner just as they did. He said "Good morning" pleasantly, and, having adjusted his hat and spectacles a little more firmly, he climbed the fence and seated himself on the top. He then took a newspaper from his pocket and began reading, apparently oblivious of their presence.

The two carpenters grinned at each other, and Mr. Thurston spoke:

"I am afraid we shall have to trouble you, Mr. Fielding. We are going to take this fence down, and I am afraid you may be injured." There was no response: Mr. Fielding was absorbed in an account of the latest railway strike.

"We must begin at the other end, then." Mr. Thurston started off, the men picked up their tools and followed him. But they had no sooner gone than Mr. Fielding stood up; he walked carefully along the fence to the other end, and when the others came out through the garden, they found him sitting there reading as calmly as before. With a hopeless laugh, Mr. Thurston turned to the men.

"I don't want to kill the man; we'll have to give it up."

One of the carpenters, a tall loose-jointed man, offered his comment:

"I guess ye will, he's allus hed a way o' makin' the Thurstons pull in their horns."

The defeated party went back in silence.

"It's no use," said Mr. Thurston to his wife. "He'd stay on that fence a week, and the men couldn't get a nail pulled before he'd be on the spot. And I can't watch him or pay anyone else to. I'll have to begin a suit. The fence must come down now, or I shall be the laughing-stock of the place. I shall have the line resurveyed according to those old deeds. But what I should like to know is, how he found out what I was going to do."

But the little marplot who might have enlightened him was not at hand, being very busily engaged in making a well; and, as one pail of water soaked down through the earth while he was bringing another, he was not likely to be at liberty very soon.

Within a few days two of the best surveyors in the state were engaged in determining the boundary line between the Thurston and Fielding places. Meanwhile a very warm friendship between Mr. Fielding and his grandson was growing in a furtive manner. When Harry stayed near the fence, his grandfather watched him; and the child played on, liking to be near this friendly man, yet too much engrossed in his own little fancies to care for conversation. Mr. Fielding was really very thankful for this silence, as he did not at all care to have his wife and daughter know how far he had betrayed his principles. Harry still believed that "to-morrow" his papa would remove the fence—which he regarded as the sole barrier between him and "the man," and the man's beautiful flowers.

One day some weeks after the surveyors had gone, Henry Thurston told his wife that that afternoon he should get the decision of the surveyors and his lawyers. "To-morrow," he added, "I am going to tell your father that the fence must come down, and he can take his choice whether it's to be with a lawsuit or not."

Two or three hours later he started home with the news. When he came within sight of his father-in-law's place, he stopped in astonishment. The same two carpenters employed on a former occasion were now rapidly tearing away the fence, under the direction of Mr. Fielding, while on the porch sat his wife and her mother, the latter holding Harry in her arms. In great bewilderment, he went in at the gate and approached Mr. Fielding; but his wife and Mrs. Fielding were there before him. And from them all he got an explanation. It seemed that Harry, in the absence of his grandfather, had suddenly conceived the brilliant plan of climbing over the fence; and he had succeeded in reaching the top, only to fall to the ground on the other side, and to be taken up a sadly bruised and wiser boy.

Mr. Fielding on his return had sent for men to take the fence away as soon as possible.

"I am so glad," Mrs. Thurston whispered to her husband. "Now you won't have to sue him."

He gave her a rather embarrassed look, was silent for a few minutes, but finally laughed and said, "I may as well tell you, Allen & Blakely say that this fence stands exactly on the original boundary line. So you've always been right, Mr. Fielding."

The terse reply was characteristic:

"My dear sir, I've always known I was."

Just then Harry raised his head from its comfortable resting-place on his grandmother's arm, and murmured in a sleepy voice:

"Papa, is zis to-morrow?"

*Elva Lee, '93.*

## THE FATHER OF FABLES.

"We are now fallen into a criticall age," wrote a doleful author three hundred years and more ago, in such a very thick, crabbed old tome, that his critics—"hastie hot-spurres," he calls them—must have burned their candles very low, if ever they were zealous enough to read through all those fiercely black and highly illegible pages. Therefore one pardons them a few "taunting quips." "We are now fallen into that criticall age," he says, "wherein every man's writings (both prime inventions and second-hand translations) are arraigned at the tribunall of each peadantical Aristarchus' understanding. For, if a man follow the point orderly and well, he is curious: if he digresse never so little, he is frivolous: if the style be elaborate, it smelleth of the socket: if somewhat neglected and incult, it is good for nothing, but to be paper for his pocket. If the worke swelle with quotations and carie a large margent, it is nothing but a rhapsodie. If it be naked without all allegations, it's plaine Dunstable, and a mere fopperie: if the author write in praise of any they fine him for a flatterer: if of none for a maligner. Our ancestors called Herodotus, *Patrem Historiæ*; these censorious sirs, *Patrem Fabularum*. They thought him worthy to be read at the games of Olympus: these men reade him but as a Canterberie Tale, to hold children from play, and old folkes from the chimney corners."

Three centuries of "hastie hot-spurres" have done their work. We still learn the school-room traditions concerning the Father of History in the fairy-tale stage of our lives, when we listen with wistful faces to the sweet stories of *The Goose Girl*, and *Beauty and the Beast*, and the lovely lady from whose red lips pearls and honeyed words are ever falling, but all too soon "the shades of the prison-house" and Professor Sayce begin to exert their power. Alas! that one must come to years of discretion and learned bewilderment, must be taught that in this sad age there is no pot of gold at the end of a rosy rainbow, and withal that Herodotus did not know a forged Cadmeian from a genuine inscription, but borrowed who can say how much of the material for his famous Histories from Hecataeus. Or

"contrariwise," as Tweedledum said to Alice, it may be that Hecataeus borrowed from Herodotus. In any case someone is untrustworthy, and no one is to be trusted.

The "hastie hot-spurres" press thick and fast upon us. One urges eagerly that Herodotus never recited the Histories at Olympus. The sun was too hot, the stone benches too hard to admit of a patient audience. And so we are not to believe the pretty anecdote about Thucydides, which says that he wept as Herodotus was reading, and Herodotus, seeing the boy's tears, said to his father, "Olorus, thy son's soul yearns for knowledge." Another discontented critic, the most ungrateful of all men, grumbles: "we had a right to expect that Herodotus," who was writing an account of the Persian war, "would have embodied in the episodes of the books all the more important facts of Greek history." Thus, instead of two fat little volumes, full of quaint humor and childlike naïveté, of drama and romance, of gossiping stories and Corinthian court scandal, of lively anecdotes about Periander, and artless descriptions of such monsters of earth and sea as could never have lived,—in the place of all this, Colonel Mure assures us we ought rather to be the possessors of a big book teeming with dryest details. It were doubtless most valuable, most interesting, to know all about the legislation of Solon, and the history of Corinth under the Cypselidae. Yet one pleads that there are already so many more facts in existence than one can ever make way with, and that so long as the world shall endure, those old gentlemen at the British Museum with two pairs of spectacles each, will without doubt be occupied in ferreting out fresh data for our consumption. They ought, one feels, to serve as a sop to Cerberus. But why plead with the "hastie hot-spurre" whose heart is hard; with the pedantical Aristarchus, as jealous as some Theban of Herodotus' glory; or with the Cato of "the steele stomach," who can digest any discourse, be it never so heavy? In truth, another weighty historical tome is not to be ours, and the best part of mankind have access to no semi-Cadmeian, or semi-Phoenician manuscripts whereby to test Herodotus' linguistics. Nor does there remain a sufficient fragment of the literary work of the eminent Hecataeus, to enable us to pronounce with sure impartiality on Herodotus as a grave transgressor. Since, then, all these questions must be forever left in the air, why



waste one's youth walking round and round a circle in the realm of hieroglyphics? Why not rather follow appreciation's pleasant path, which is edged with rose trees and scented box?

As a beginning of this appreciation, it must straightway be admitted with the old English writer whom I have already quoted, that "the credite of Herodotus is very much cracked." "We reade," he continues, "sundrye particulars in Herodotus' historie, which sute not with the fashions of these times, and he reporteth some very strange things I confess: and further affirm that it is not probable that ever any king should play such pranks as he reporteth, not only not besecming their places and persons (being princes) but any simple swains or Corridons of the countrey."

It was, indeed, long, long ago when conscience first pricked the tender soul so sharply that it could no more feel secure in allowing "such pranks" to be veritable history, and when the "hastie hot-spurre" began shaking his scholarly head and translating each priest mentioned by Herodotus into a lazy, be-turbaned dragoman. All this skepticism is a flower of the dark ages, not of modern times. What surprises one is the fact that we are still quibbling over the priests, I would say dragomen, and those monsters that wagged the impossibly forked tails. The wonder is that the world persists in trying to turn Herodotus into an accurate and prosy historian, instead of teaching children from their cradles to know and love him as the Father of all Story-telling and the writer of the most delightful *Canterberie Tales* that ever were. Ah! the age is perverse and degenerate; it fondly loves those old gentlemen who are reading in the British Museum; the *Encyclopædia* is its child; it has slain the crocodile and civilized the dragoman. We like to prattle about realism, and the commonplace is so dear to our hearts that we continue to peer short-sightedly into the pages of Herodotus after the inevitable facts and the dates of the eclipses of the moon. One sighs with the author of *The Decay of Lying*, that we are no longer able to appreciate a fine lie, one that is its own evidence and not hedged about with clumsy proofs. It is somewhere in the same essay, I think, that Herodotus is reverently spoken of as "the Father of Lies," but the Father of Fables is, perhaps, more gracious, certainly more connotative. It gives a more just impression of the credulous old gentleman who would,

no doubt, have shrunk from a deliberate falsehood with quite the propriety of a Washington.

To read the Histories of Herodotus with that same questioning smile with which one follows *The Doings and Travayles* of the romancing Sir John Mandeville, Knight, is assuredly quite out of the question. On the other side, the just mean is also to be preserved. Herodotus really must not be required to verify all the monuments, since, as every one knows very well, he is not writing a history in our dull, modern fashion, but telling the stories he heard from the loungers on the edge of the Persian Empire, with whom he sat and chatted for days together, while he wondered at the dates that looked like great lumps of amber, hanging in the sunshine. He is relating the legends that passed from mouth to mouth in the streets of Susa; how the inhabitants have become black from the excessive heat, and how at the festivals of the moon and Dionysios only, is it meet to the Egyptian mind to sacrifice a pig. On which occasions, says Herodotus in his own easy manner, the poor who were possessed of no pig in the flesh, baked tiny ones of dough wherewith to delight the god of wine and the chaste moon. After Herodotus' personal observations of the country, follow stories of all the kings of Egypt. They did play some strange pranks, especially with the rivers, which they seem to have been continually engaged in diverting from their proper channels. In the long line from Menes, who began the evil and ponderous habit of building pyramids, to Amasis, more abandoned than all with respect to the rivers, Rhampsinitus is the most attractive monarch. He had a far deeper sense of humor than most of the Pharaohs, and the rare discretion to give over his kingdom and his daughter to the man who was cleverer than himself. "After which," continues Herodotus, "he went down alive to Hades, and played at dice with Demeter, and sometimes won and sometimes lost, but came back again to earth, bearing as a present a golden handkerchief."

Now Herodotus by no means believes all the stories that were told to him as the first unwary traveler in Egypt and those other far-away lands where he journeyed. The history of criticism has its beginning in the first book of the Histories, where he says, in relating how Cræsus with his army crossed the Halys, "some, indeed, affirm that the ancient channel of the

river was dried up, but to this I cannot assent. For how, then, on their return could they have crossed the river?" Just what is Herodotus' canon of criticism, however, it would be difficult to discover, since of all men he is the most delightfully inconsistent. He will laugh at the foolish Athenians for being deceived into worshipping the lovely Phrya as their own patron goddess, and yet will gravely relate that most engaging story of the Arabian sheep. "One kind," he says, "has very long tails, not less than three cubits in length, and if they were suffered to trail, the tails would become sore, because of their rubbing on the ground. But every one of the shepherds knows enough of the carpenter's art to prevent this. For they make little carts, and fasten them under the tails, binding the tail of each to a separate cart." But Herodotus does not fall a victim to the Sir John Mandeville type of story as often as most old-fashioned travelers, to whom men with one eye and the feet of a goat, stealing gold from griffins, would have been quite irresistible.

Natural wonders do not so much impress him as does an enigmatic oracle, some strange dream, or the voice of the mystic Iacchus speaking from a cloud of dust to the two men standing stricken with wonder on the plain of Thiasos. "And from the dust and the voice rose a cloud, and it was borne high up in the air towards Salamis, to the camp of the Hellenes, so they knew that the fleet of Xerxes was about to perish." It was, above all, "the spectacle of the chances and changes of human life" which fascinated him. He is always thinking curiously of "Fortune's whirling wheel"—*χόζλος τῶν ἀνθρωπίνων πραγμάτων*; but the wheel which is continually turning does not suffer the same men to be always happy and successful—*περιφορόμενος δὲ οὐκ ἔτι αἰεὶ τοὺς αὐτοὺς εὐτυχεῖν*. The thought of the insecurity of all human things haunts Herodotus, he can never forget the homely proverb which says that "pride goeth before a fall." Perhaps he knew that "pride walketh proudly, not looking to her steps;" perhaps he thought more vaguely of a divinity who grudges men their prosperity and loves confusion—*τὸ θεῖον πᾶν ἐν φθονερῶν τε καὶ παραχῶδες*—to whom it was meet that Polycrates should sacrifice his ring; perhaps he had the instinctive Greek feeling for that perfection which lies in moderation and absolute temperance, in the never going to excess. But in whatever way we

choose to explain Herodotus' philosophy of life, it is the god Nemesis who makes the Histories move on like a drama, and turns the life of the foolish Xerxes into a tragedy. There never was a man with a greater curiosity than Herodotus, or with more curiosities, one might say, for he has as many as some eager child. He wonders reverently about the nature of the Divine, but he is only less intensely interested in human affairs, and is a student of character, of manners, of anything you will. He loves to be surprised, is very easily amused and interested, and always full of a gentle gaiety. But he is not a clever person like Thucydides, nor does he understand "constitutional change" and other wise things. Some chance incident will serve him as well as a long chain of subtlest causes, whereby to account for the greatest event. Above all he is very credulous, so credulous, indeed, that *Μῶμος*, the god of mockery, drove him away from Halicarnassus to Athens. There he became the friend of Sophocles. The divine Sophocles! Yet even so, he stayed in Greece only a few years. It may be he came to realize more and more how very far he was behind his age, and that all the brilliancy and cleverness of Periclean Athens bewildered and wearied his simple soul. Perhaps the god *Μῶμος* pursued him a second time in the shape of the laughing Aristophanes, who says, *τῆς μωρίας*—what folly! to believe in Zeus when you are so big. *τῆς μωρίας, τὸ Δία νομίζειν, ὄντα τηλικούτον!*

So Herodotus went out with a band of colonists to Magna Græcia, and there on the blue Gulf of Tarentum, they built a city with fair, broad streets, lying at the foot of the low Italian hills, where the prickly cactus grew and a spring bubbled up among the aloes and mulberry bushes. After this spring they named the city Thurii, and here Herodotus lived for the last twenty years of his life, busily engaged in elaborating his Histories and in writing innumerable digressions, *βραχέα παραπομπήσας*. He was, perhaps, very like that other most charming old gentleman, the Herr Professor of Königsberg, Immanuel Kant, and in his own Greek fashion probably went out to walk each day with his umbrella, drank precisely three cups of tea at breakfast, and scribbled notes on all the scraps of paper he could find. How he must have enjoyed touching up his best stories, and occasionally adding those picturesque details that make the Histories

such good reading! Who would not give half a lifetime to have been the boy Plesirrhous and heard the story of Hippocleides from Herodotus' own lips? Hippocleides was richer and more beautiful than all the Athenians, so that when he came to woo the daughter of Cleisthenes, he was preferred before the other suitors. Now Cleisthenes detained the suitors a year in order to make trial of their courage and manly qualities, and he built a palaestra for this very purpose, and each night entertained them with a banquet. At last the day came that was fixed for the marriage and for Cleisthenes to announce which one of all the suitors he would choose, and he killed more than a hundred oxen and made a very great feast for the suitors and the Sicyonians. But at the end of the feast, while they were still drinking wine, "Hippocleides, who very much attracted the attention of the rest, bade the flute-player to play a dance, and when the minstrel obeyed he began to dance. He danced, perhaps, so as to please himself, but Cleisthenes, looking on, was filled with suspicion. And again Hippocleides, after he had rested, bade some one bring a table. When the table came in he first danced Laconian figures on it, and afterward Attic figures, and thirdly, leaning his head on the table, he gesticulated with his legs. Now Cleisthenes, after Hippocleides had danced the first and second times, felt that he could never have the youth for his son-in-law, but when he saw him standing on his head, he could no longer restrain himself, and cried, 'Son of Tisander, you have danced off the marriage.' But Hippocleides only answered, 'Hippocleides doesn't care.' And this came to be a proverb."

Where again will one find such charm of manner or that playful simplicity which lends to the *Histories* a freshness of spirit and a lively forcibility that are incomparable? In an English paraphrase all this is quite lost. One mourns with Mr. Andrew Lang over the translators of Herodotus, over "Beloe, the proverbially flat, and Rawlinson, the highly respectable." Indeed, he who must read his Herodotus in what Colonel Newcome calls "a crib," should take refuge in an old English translation, made by a mysterious B. R., who knows how long ago? It is delightfully inaccurate and full of quaint slang, but one has only to compare any simple sentence taken from Mr. Rawlinson's translation with its equivalent in the older translation to be convinced of the latter's superiority and the charm of its spelling. "From



the coast line as far as Heliopolis," Mr. Rawlinson reads, "the breadth of Egypt is considerable: the country is flat, without springs and full of marshes." How much more charming is this: "Ægypt is very wyde and broade, & playne and champion countrey; destitute of waters, yet slimmie and full of mudde."

This is taking a rather base advantage of Mr. Rawlinson, who may not spell as he will, but B. R. has other strong points which do not depend on mere quaintness of manner. He can tell a story with spirit and humour, he thoroughly enjoys Herodotus, and values him as, it would seem, do very few in this "criticall age." Therefore it will not, perhaps, be unfair to make generous use of his preface, since it were difficult, indeed, for a modern English pen to praise him so altogether adequately and charmingly as B. R. has done.

"The delyghte," he concludes, "wee receyve by readyng hystories, is every way singulare, a soveraigne medicine for the cares of the minde, a speedy remedy for the griefes of the body, so that Alphonsus, Kyng of Spayne, lefte by Physicke as incurable, recovered his health by readyng Lyvy. In whych kynde of delightsome veyne, of all others Herodotus most excel-leth, both for the plesaunt course of the story and the plentifull knowledge conteyned therein."

*L. M. D., '93.*



## A SONG.

Oh, when Love goes a-Maying on the hills,  
The spring awakes with joyous little thrills,  
    The air turns soft and sweet,  
    And beneath his bounding feet  
The sad meadows blaze with happy daffodils.

And then, as Love makes merry holiday,  
The wits of men and maids run all astray,  
    'Tis the witching time of year,  
    The seductive skies hang near,  
And the old, old earth is young again—in May.

*Julia Olivia Langdon, '95.*

## LETTERS TO LIVING AUTHORS.

## I.

"A dream of Form in days of Thought,  
A dream—a dream, Autonoë!"

AUTONOË TO MR. AUSTIN DOBSON.

*Dear Mr. Austin Dobson:—*

Your conceit of me is a very pretty one, and I am much indebted, though I think the opinion is well deserved. But, are you quite genuine in your admiration? No doubt it seemed so when you sung me so gracefully, but picture to yourself what life would be if you were compelled to spend it with me, as you suggest. Wouldn't you grow a trifle tired of the "form," and want a little more "thought?" Might I not, perhaps, make too great a demand on your artistic sense? Fancy the strain of worshipping so much beauty and simplicity all the time! I am sure you would sometimes wish I had just enough thought to find amusement for myself. And then how tired you would be if I were to walk down Regent Street, let us say, with you, some fine day, "with wind-blown brows unfilleted," which, I suppose, means with no hat on, and those very "form"-less garments that I am wont to wear; would you not wish that I had gone first to Viot and Felix? It is after all a matter of fashion, you know, and having the "historic feeling," you might realize for a short moment my supreme *modishness* in my own day; for I do assure you, my *cliton* had exactly the proper fold and fulness, and any one could have told you that my unfilleted brow was quite as it should be. You may think that what you want in woman is Greek grace, but it isn't, it's *style*! And you are too much of a stylist yourself, my poet, not to bow before it when you see it. You agree?

Thy

*Autonoë.*

## II.

“What is honor? A word. What is that word honor? What is that honor? Air. A vain reckoning! Who hath it?”

DIANA TO MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

*Dear Mr. Meredith:—*

Without doubt you will find many to agree with you in your estimate of me, but for myself I do not think you have been quite fair. That I am a woman, through and through, I admit, and I am glad of it; but why will you therefore deny me that finest, subtlest, most pervading of characteristics, the sense of honor? I plead guilty to your arraignment of my faults; but besides you have given me virtues, and those not the conventional virtues of woman. No, you have not given me conventional virtues, why, then, have you made me transgress so grievously against every code of honor? You think me too impulsive to be quite honorable? But where in my nature is there room for such a horrid impulse as that of betraying my lover for a price? Perhaps you set yourself the task of drawing a very woman, and, along with many others, you deem it impossible for her to be honorable,—at least, in the man's sense of the word. I must insist that I, of all women, possess that sense. I might have sinned a thousand times against the woman's code, against the man's, never. Nay, almost all my nobleness came from my possession of a man's honor. I feel strongly, perhaps because of many weaknesses that make me unwilling to relinquish part of my strength. Of course, you will tell me that my strength, as well as my weakness, is my loveableness, but I cannot let it rest there. Few women have that finer and greater kind of honor that many men have, so few that there must not be one less. Why should there be this difference between men and women in the conception of so crucial—if I may so speak—a virtue? If you will write another novel, and tell me that, I shall remain,

Your obliged though protestant,

*Diana.*

## III.

"For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever."

DODO TO MR. E. F. BENSON.

*Dear Mr. Benson:—*

Since you have been so kind as to write about me, I have one or two bones to pick with you. In the first place, why Dodo? Do you for one moment imagine that I am *extinct*? Why not better Gogo,—you might paraphrase the Laureate, and say that "I Gogo on for ever,"—you evidently think I do. But seriously, if you meant me to be attractive, as you seemed to, you have made a shocking failure of it. Libellous, I call it. If there is one virtue I have, it is worldliness, and by that I mean one of the finest things possible. Apparently you think worldliness entirely incompatible with brains or kindness. It isn't. In fact, a true wordling needs the very finest sort of brains and heart. And you deny me the faintest vestige of a heart. Now I don't mean I should have loved Chesterford, because he was a bit slow, but I am sure I should have stuck to Jack, if you only hadn't confounded him with Chesterford in the end, and I should not have gone off like a tame tigress with Hagenbeck—I mean Waldeneck. No, Mr. Benson, either you can't understand me, or else you have entirely failed to convey your impression. You surely mean me for a wordling; but a wordling would never have been as vulgar and loud-voiced as you have made me. You should have let me have an occasional relapse into dignity, and my nonsense should either have been wittier, or less continual. I should grow tiresome; and tiresome no true wordling ever is. Have you never chanced to meet Madame d'Ivry?

I may, perhaps, be wickeder than you say, but pray give me more distinction.

Faithfully,

*Dodo.*

*M. H. R., '95 and H. S. H., '97.*

## ON A FRENCH HILLTOP.

Do you know Laon? or have you heard only of its Cathedral as "one of the things to see," and nothing whatever of the many charms of the pretty little town itself? A fortress built on the very top of a curious, semicircular hill, which rises abruptly out of the plain with no other elevation for miles around, it can be reached on foot only by a long flight of steps—two hundred and sixty there are, I believe—and a weary climb it is, although wonderfully pretty when the steps come to an end, and a narrow footpath winds upward the rest of the way between trim little hedges.

The flight of steps is the only way up, but there is another and a much shorter way down to the plain. Just in front of the barracks you will find an odd little gutter of a path leading from the street down the inner slope of the hill, through pretty patches of garden and orchard, among bushes and brambles, over sticks and stones, and into stretches of mud, so that you must employ a systematic scheme of skipping and walking sideways. Once down in the valley, look back at the inner slope, that "Cuve de St. Vincent," as it is called, down which you have just scrambled, with the walks and terraces of the town above, the houses rising irregularly, one higher than the other; at one end of the hill a picturesque old fort, at the other the great Cathedral, very grand and imposing, presiding solemnly over its own hill and all the surrounding plain.

As you stroll slowly round the curved hill, you have from below a view of the broad walk along its margin, outside the old city walls—the "boulevard," with its rows of tall, straight trees, broadening out at the Cathedral end of the town into a Place for dancing, with a kiosk in the centre for the band; here the boulevard curves round the hill, follows the top of the inner slope for a short distance, and comes to an end with the old stone gateway that leads back into the town. When long, yellow bills pasted on the mirrors of the "Café de la Comédie" announce a "bal public et gratuit," it is in this Place that the dancing takes place; and if there is a fête the trees are beautifully hung with colored lights, the terraced walk lined with booths, and at one end the "chevaux de bois" whirl round and round all day, grinding out a tune that I shall never forget.

The boulevard has several characteristic phases : quiet, perhaps a little dull, but very restful in the early morning, when one meets only a few old women carrying baskets or those mammoth loaves of French bread, and stopping in little groups to gossip together ; or perhaps one or two stray soldiers from the barracks. But after noon the children are out in full force : little boys coming home from school, in long black aprons, reaching almost to their heels, fastened about their waists by leather belts, and with linen schoolbags slung about their necks ; infants in arms, with cloaks much too long, and little girls in flounced frocks, much too short. From the convent, built back among the trees, up on a lovely old terrace, come groups of girls in blue aprons ; with them, one or two sisters.

Late in the afternoon appear a few of the "four hundred," who spend nine-tenths of their lives shut up in those old-fashioned, square houses, into whose pretty courtyards we have an occasional glimpse through accidentally open doors. Except on Sundays, when they come down to the boulevard "en famille," the children the only gay or attractive element among them, this is all we ever see of the "aristocracy" of Laon, unless we meet them coming home from early Mass at the Cathedral, or in the market on Wednesday and Saturday mornings. It is a very short afternoon walk that they allow themselves, the demoiselles much dressed, and holding up dainty parasols in spite of the shade of the over-arching trees. An occasional officer, very gay in full uniform, and always gallant, stops for a moment to exchange a few compliments with a young madame and her husband who are taking the air together.

Then it is evening, and the boulevard is quite dark ; its rows of trees seem taller than ever ; the walk between, a long, dim aisle, ending suddenly in utter blackness, is full of mystery ; the only lights are the stars and the moon. It is wonderfully solemn to sit there then, "looking off" over the country into the darkness ; the lights in the plain below are like reflections of the stars above, and it seems almost as though one were on the deck of a great ship, sailing silently and peacefully along in the night. On Sunday evenings, however, it is bright and gay enough down by the kiosk, for the Place is lighted up and well crowded ; the band plays for an hour, and one has no opportunity for quiet meditation.



But the boulevard does not comprise all the walks in Laon, nor the extended outlook from its margin all the views! Around one-half of the inner curve of the hill, opposite the cathedral end of the town, runs a pretty shaded path, following—as the boulevard follows the city wall—the wall of what is now the arsenal, once, I believe, a convent. At the end of this walk, corresponding to the Place at the other end of the semicircle, is a broad, grassy plateau from which the view down into the plain is particularly lovely:—that long, straight road with the tall poplars on either side leads to a cluster of little villages over there among the trees; there are four of them, I think—you can tell by the spires; each one, of course, has its church.

No one will disturb you, for few people come to the plateau in the afternoon; but do not linger here, you must continue your walk round the convent wall and wait for the sun to set,—you have come to watch the evening shadows in the plain below. It is very pretty and peaceful on this side of the hill, and you will stay too long, and will be obliged to take a “short cut” home. You have not time to turn back along the pretty wooded path, but must cut across the open stretch between the old fort and the arsenal, and so reach the street. As you pass, you may see a group of tennis-players in front of the arsenal, and a very odd appearance they present; the young girls in long-tailed lace gowns or in riding habits, the men in equally impossible costumes. The elder members of the family, with one or two officers, are sitting under the trees watching the players, who play very badly, but who are enjoying themselves immensely.

Very weary and very late you reach the hotel, but in excellent appetite for the table d'hôte, and in just the humor to sit for an hour afterward at the café opposite, where the officers sit smoking and solemnly playing dominoes, and to listen to the band of the “Quarante-Cinquième Régiment de Ligne” in the Place outside.

It is difficult to say under which of its many aspects Laon is most charming. Market-day is the regular semi-weekly excitement; on Wednesday and Saturday mornings you wake and go out to find the Place before the Hotel de Ville and the square in front of the cathedral crowded with booths; the square overflows and the booths extend all along the narrow

street that runs by the side of the Cathedral, up against the wall of what once formed the old cloisters ; the vegetables and flowers converting the street into a long line of bright patches of color. There is everything for sale ! poultry and rabbits, alive and active, birds in cages, flowers blooming in pots or done up in stiff "bouquets" for the decoration of the altars, fruit, cheeses, ribbons, gowns, toys and stationery. And such a noise ! Every one is talking at once ! The old women lay aside their knitting and bargain excitedly with their customers ; the men lean over their booths gesticulating and chattering ; children, birds, chickens and dogs united in one great clatter and cackle, until eleven o'clock rings from the cathedral tower. Then everything begins to calm down ; the towns-people, laden with their purchases, return to déjeuner, the market-people gather together their unsold wares and prepare to go home.

It is wonderful how those quiet little streets can be suddenly transformed, on market-day or on a holiday, into scenes of the liveliest confusion. We reached Laon on a Sunday morning, to find the whole town "en fête ;" it was the annual gathering of "Gymnastes" from all the neighboring Departments, moreover a "Tir," or shooting-match, was in progress among the soldiers. There was every sort of contest and gymnastic performance, and the whole town went wild for three days. The Place, outside the Hotel de Ville, was lighted up as bright as day, and there was dancing there ; the streets were spanned by arches and hung with lanterns ; the colored lights reached on down through the old gateway and along the boulevard, where gayly-adorned booths and little shooting-galleries were set up. Along the boulevard and through the streets men, women and boys pursued one another with "confetti ;" from window to window or high in the air they threw "serpentins,"—long ribbons of colored paper in rolls,—the children waiting expectantly to catch them as they descended, then shrieking and tumbling over one another in their excitement. Processions passed up and down the streets, horns and bugles sounded all day long ; the "chevaux de bois," crowded with shouting soldiers and "Gymnastes," turned madly round in front of the very Cathedral itself, the sculptured oxen on the towers looking down on the noisy scene in mild surprise, but in no wise disapprovingly.

Just such another event is the time of the elections, or of the races, when strangers flock to Laon and the Hotel de la Hure is crowded to overflowing. And yet the little town is very lovely when it is itself again, when all the gayety and excitement are at an end, and there is no diversion but the military band twice a week, and no amusement except the walks. And then, the hotel!

If you visit Laon, go to the Hotel de la Hure. When Mr. Henry James found Laon "good" some years ago, he stopped there on his "very little tour," and stayed over night at the Hotel de la Hure; there he "was in perpetual intercourse with the landlord and his wife; the landlord cooked his dinner, wore a white cap . . . and brought in the first dish at the table." Times have changed since then! Monsieur and Madame confine themselves now to their little private office with its lace curtains and its visitor's book, which, we were triumphantly informed, could boast of the signature of the Dean of Windsor! From the door of this sanctum Monsieur bowed us a somewhat pompous, Madame an unchangeably enthusiastic "bonjour" or "bonsoir," as the case might be. If we met them in the late afternoon, when we were slowly and wearily making our way home on foot, they were rolling along in a carriage, with a dignity befitting their position. Madame was deprecating, kindly, and sympathetic, and helped us through laborious French phrases; Monsieur was more unapproachable, he was always dignified, and at times even frigid. There was no one of whom I stood more in awe than Monsieur, except the chef, a man of chilling hauteur, who read his paper in the little private office, and was on terms of easy familiarity with Monsieur and Madame. In pleasant contrast was the sous-chef, who had the most engaging of smiles, and who spent all his odd moments in the doorway of the great low kitchen on the left side of the court-yard, a suggestive signpost to the hungry guest.

I was never afraid of the sous-chef and I can count other dear friends at the Hotel de la Hure. What delightful people they were! First, there was George. On the authority of Madame, the widow, who owned the row of shops opposite, and who had taken her meals at the hotel for many a year, we knew that George had grown up there from a little boy. She had always taken an interest in him as though he were her own son; she had

a son, and, would we believe it? was herself a grandmother! George and Susanne—whom we never saw—had played together in the village when they were children—a boy and girl love—they were married now. Ah! George was a “*brave garçon*.” We did not wonder that Susanne had succumbed to the tender gallantry of George; no words can express the feeling he threw into his voice when he would persuade us to take every one of the fifteen courses at dinner, or the grace with which he handed us some final delicacy which it was past all reason to expect us to be able to eat, and explained that we could not refuse, because he handed it with his left hand, “*C’est la main gauche, la main du cœur!*”

And after George, Augustine! I cannot imagine the salon without Augustine in her wonderful black cap, its two long ribbon strings floating out farther and farther as she grew more and more excited and rushed distractedly to and fro, shrieking unintelligible directions to every one. Augustine, I know, was never without her cap and her excitement, they were a part of herself, and were what carried her through the task of waiting on the table.

When the long table in the main salon was not filled, there was moderate order, and we finished dinner and got to the “*Café de la Comédie*” before eight; this was desirable on the evenings when the band played, for the music was over at nine o’clock. Now and then, however, there was a rush of commercial travelers to the hotel, or market-day brought in an unusual number of wealthy farmers, who wore their long blouses at the tables and drank a great deal of champagne; or, more than all, the fête, the elections, or the races crowded us so that our table was filled, and the folding-doors were opened into the adjoining room and that table was added as well! Then there was nothing to do but to resign ourselves to the inevitable—to a dinner of two hours or more! Augustine lost her head at once; George, with a certain respect for her age, attempted to obey her directions, and the result was disastrous! Jean, who took care of our rooms, was called down and pressed into service, upon which occasions he seemed to answer to the name of “*Albert*.” Sometimes Giles, a superannuated servitor, in a dress-suit, was added to the number, and as he never accomplished anything except running into everyone else in the room, this completed the confu-

sion ! When all seemed desperate, the whole force would rush to the side-tables and cut bread, while we sat patiently waiting for them to work off their excitement.

But ah ! how many an hour would I not willingly wait my turn through one after another of the endless courses, for one more such déjeuner, another such dinner as those at the Hotel de la Hure !

The only cloud on the happiness of my stay at Laon was the visit of "the four generals" to the hotel. It was during the fête, and was a great recommendation for Monsieur and Madame. We had sentinels stationed outside the hotel, to be sure, and that gave us a feeling of importance and superiority. But I had a grudge against "the four generals," (they were always spoken of collectively) for I never fixed a longing gaze upon any particular delicacy that stood temptingly before me on the table, and hurried through the preceding courses in happy anticipation, that the sous-chef, or even Madame herself, did not rush in at the last moment and bear it off to the private dining-room of "the four generals !" They left, however, before very long, and on the eve of their departure had a grand dinner, for which we were turned out of the main salon, and the military band was stationed in the courtyard, and George, and Jean, and Giles were all on hand, and Augustine did not know whether she was on her head or her heels !

Our rooms at the Hotel de la Hure were at the end of that courtyard, and up a pair of stone steps made from the slabs and monuments out of some old graveyard—a few scattered letters and bits of scroll-work showing what they once had been. Down in the pavement of the court itself was one slab, quite complete; night and morning we were reminded of the transitoriness of life by all that remained of its inscription—"Priez pour eux," and I used often to wonder who "they" had been.

Across the courtyard, up those stone steps and along the hall beside our rooms continually clattered the wooden shoes of Jean and Désiré ! The last thing that we heard at night as we dropped off to sleep were those shoes—the first thing in the morning. No one ever tried to be quiet at the Hotel de la Hure ; Jean and George clattered about the yard ; Augustine screamed at them and they screamed at one another ; cyclers rode in on their wheels ; commercial travelers drove in and held long conversations

there—yet the place, like the rest of Laon, impressed one as a haven of peace. The very noise itself was restful! There was an escape from it, for the front rooms looked out on the Place, but I liked the courtyard best; it was certainly most entertaining.

It was six o'clock in the evening when we left Laon. I knew how beautiful the sunset must be! If we could walk only once more down to the boulevard and "look off!" But the train would not wait for sunsets, and we must drive down to the station stupidly in the diligence. There was a series of sad farewells to be gone through with first; how good they all were! even Monsieur relaxed! Madame patted my hand; she was always kind. We turned from Madame to Jean and Désiré, to Augustine, whose capstrings floated out farther than ever with emotion; and we almost wept when we came to George. Ah, the unfailing gallantry of George! with upraised hands he assured us that we left a "vide," a "vide" that could never be filled! He accompanied us, with his tender smile, to the diligence, into which we climbed, utterly overcome. Monsieur closed the door and bowed, the driver turned his horses, and we were off! But the last vision we had was George, the old familiar gesture, one hand on his heart, the last words we heard were his, in hopeful, reassuring tones—"à l'année prochaine!"

*Helen J. Robins, '92.*



## THORNS.

## I.

She was kneeling in a dark corner of the church waiting for the service to begin, and peeping, just a trifle, between her gray-gloved fingers. Suddenly she started a little, for she saw a man she knew coming in with his sister, and she knew he had seen her.

It was only a year ago that she and the man had been such good friends, and now they never met except on the street. There had been no quarrel, only a drifting apart in the year she had been in Europe and he in the West, and new interests had supplanted the old ones.

He sat down just behind her where she could not see him, and she wondered if he was watching her, as he used to say he did. Then she forgot him for awhile in the charm of the service; but just before the sermon she saw his sister go out alone, and her heart gave a little jump, for she was pleased at the thought that he was waiting for her. She did not hear much of the sermon after that,—she was thinking of what he might say to her when he joined her at the door, and of the walk home, and wondering whether they could forget the year between them and be quite good friends again. Just then she looked up, and the queer little smile on her face changed to a queerer one: she saw a girl whom she had not noticed before, and she realized that it was not herself for whom the man was waiting.

## II.

The clock in the court house tower was striking two as she had bidden her friends good-night at the door and very quietly let herself into the dimly lighted hall. She had crept upstairs very softly, fearful of creaking boards, and now had settled down in the Morris chair before the fire in her room to think it all over. It had been such a happy evening, and everything had happened as if she had chosen beforehand. And now it was all over: she

sighed with regret as she thought of it. All over, and nothing more tangible was left than delicious memories, except the heap of favors ; and the big stain on her gown where Mr. Gray had poured a whole glassful of claret punch. He had done his best to wash it off with ice water, and he had looked so amusing, kneeling at her feet with a glass of water in one hand and a doiley in the other, that she had forgotten to be angry at his awkwardness. She laughed now as she thought of it. He was not awkward usually, and he was really very nice. How carefully he had put her into the carriage and asked if he might come to see her to-morrow. There had been a new look in his eyes as he said good-night to her at the carriage door, a look that bewildered her and made her wish almost that she was not going to be at home. She wondered if he really did care for her as much as her best friend said he did. He had been with her most of the evening, and she did like him ; but— .

The cathedral clock on her mantel chimed the quarter past three and reminded her that the breakfast hour was eight ; and she waltzed across the floor, laughing at herself, to put her favors away in a drawer of her desk. There on the top was her share of the evening mail, and still keeping time to the Aphrodite Waltz that rang in her ears, she went back to her big chair for only five minutes more to read her letters. Three were invitations for the next week, and all such jolly ones. The fourth was a thick letter from her father. As she opened it, several newspaper-cuttings fell out : it was only a short note after all.

“You will be sorry to hear that your friend Jean’s brother is dead, thrown from his horse and killed.”

She could get no farther. The words swam before her eyes and repeated themselves in the time of that pitiless waltz that would not leave her peace to think. What did it all mean? She stooped to pick up the scattered clippings ; and she noticed the stain on her gown and vaguely wondered whether it would ever come off. It looked like blood in the firelight. Blood? She shivered, and began to read. Yes, it was all true. Her friend’s brother was dead ; and she was sorry. But for whom? To her he was only her friend’s brother, and he never would have been anything more ; she had realized that long ago, and was honestly

glad for the other girl. And now she had no right to be sorry for herself, that belonged to the other girl, too. She could only smile and go to her three dances the next week in her prettiest gowns. And to-morrow, Mr. Gray was coming, and she liked him very much. It was only the other girl that had the right to keep her life free for a memory. She could only be sorry that her friend's brother was dead.

### III.

The girl has not an atom of reverence in her composition apparently ; she jests at everything. She never speaks a serious word : she says she never has a serious thought. Even her best friends think that she is frivolous, and wonder if she will ever realize that life is not all a bed of roses ; and they hope that her engagement will steady her.

She openly avows two ambitions : to maintain her reputation for frivolity, and to add indefinitely to the charms on her chatelaine. One of those charms is a tiny brass key, curiously wrought. She laughs about it to inquisitive friends and calls it the key to her heart.

In a drawer of her inlaid desk is a brass-bound ebony box with a tiny keyhole. There is nothing valuable in the box,—only a couple of notes tied with a black ribbon, a newspaper cutting of four lines, and some crumbling green-brown dust that once was violets. She has never opened the box since the day she locked those things away in it with a curious little brass key,—perhaps it is the key to her heart.

Some day she means to tell it all to her husband ; and meanwhile she is trying to forget that she has felt the thorn among her roses.

*Madeline Vaughan Abbott, '93.*

## PIGEON HOLES.

## A SUMMER RESORT.

FOR the biologist no place in America has a greater charm in the summer-time than Wood's Holl. To him, of course, its principal attraction lies, not in the beauty of the land, water and sky, and not in the fine sailing and bathing, but in the exceptional opportunities offered for work at the Marine Biological Laboratory. It is on account of this station and that of the United States Fish Commission that Wood's Holl is, or ought to be, known to fame.

The town of Wood's Holl is situated on a point of land lying between Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound. The Holl proper is the strait connecting these two bodies of water. On a clear day one can easily see the houses across the Bay at Nonquit, while in the other direction one looks out to sea over a chain of islands beginning with Naushton, on the other side of the Holl, and ending with Penikese, the site of Agassiz's laboratory, lately burned to the ground (1891). Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket lie off to the south, floating between the sea and the sky. Over there, in the sound, more vessels pass than in any other water except the English Channel.

Its situation on the coast makes Wood's Holl a very good collecting ground, and the myriads of fresh water ponds back in the country furnish many specimens.

It was these advantages and that of being near the United States Fish Commission, which had occupied its present station for a number of years, that led to the establishment at Wood's Holl of the Marine Biological Laboratory in 1888. It is an interesting fact that the Laboratory owes its existence to the efforts of the Woman's Educational Association of Boston, assisted by members of the Boston Society of Natural History. The Laboratory opened in small quarters and with little apparatus, but by the generous assistance of its friends many necessary additions and improvements have since been made. The buildings have been enlarged and the Laboratory has been provided with more apparatus and books, and with a launch, boats and nets for collecting. The building now contains thirty rooms for investigators, five laboratories, a lecture-room and a library. In connection with the Laboratory is a building known as the "Home-stand," which, with a late addition facetiously called the "Life-Saving Station," is used as a mess-house by the members of the Laboratory.

The object of the Laboratory is mainly investigation, though instruction is given in physiology, zoology, botany and embryology, the latter course being intended as an introduction to investigation, and young investigators are given supervision in their work. In 1892 there were one hundred and ten men and women at work in the Laboratory—fifty investigators and sixty students—and more in 1893. The number is constantly

increasing. Students and investigators come from all parts of the United States: over one hundred different institutions have been represented.

The atmosphere in which work is done is delightful. One of the greatest advantages and privileges for the young scientist is the opportunity afforded him here to feel the inspiring influence of the greatest biologists of the country, to meet those whom he has before known only through their works, and to study under their direction. All the students seem to be endeavoring to live up to the spirit of the motto which was brought from Penikese and now hangs in one of the laboratories at Wood's Holl: "A laboratory is to me a sanctuary. I would have nothing done in it unworthy its great Author."

The life is one of the greatest simplicity. Work in the Laboratory is varied by excursions for collecting, and after the day's labor comes usually a game of tennis, a sail or a row, followed by a swim. After supper at the Mess and a trip to the post-office comes a lecture or an evening spent in reading or playing chess. The natives of the town are kind and hospitable and disposed to take a friendly interest in those connected with the Laboratory, although they do call them "bug-hunters."

The Laboratory at Wood's Holl was one of the first marine laboratories in the country. Its success has encouraged the founding of others, notably that at Cold Spring Harbour, Long Island, and the one lately started on the Pacific Coast under the auspices of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. What is needed, however, is not an increase in the number of such institutions, but perfection of those already established. It seems a shame that such a good work should be in the least hindered in its development, but the Laboratory at Wood's Holl, in spite of its success, is still "waiting for its ship to come in."

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## THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECT OF COLLEGE SETTLEMENT WORK.

THE evils of indiscriminate charity are very generally recognized by people of intelligence, and are constantly deplored by students of modern social problems. The decrease of pauperism effected in England by the Poor Law Commission has proved conclusively that its former prevalence in that country was largely due to careless and unwise giving; and investigations in America tend to show the existence of the same conditions here. Many experiments in reform, more or less tentative, are being tried in this country; but the inevitable difficulties have been, at best, only partially surmounted. One of the greatest of these difficulties is a lack of thorough knowledge, even on the part of active workers, of the conditions among which they are working.

It is gratifying to notice that these facts have been fully recognized by the women of the College Settlements. Their method of neighborhood work, or rather their method of living as neighbors to the poor, is already so well known to the readers of this magazine that it needs no further explanation. During the last two years, however, a new

feature has been added, which has in it the promise of great usefulness in the future, namely, the scientific investigation of social conditions by the Fellows of the College Settlements Association. Fellowships were awarded for the first time in 1892; one to Miss Amelia Shapleigh of Cornell, the other to Miss Maud Mason of Wellesley. Three have been awarded this year (1893-4); the Upham Fellowship to Miss Ada S. Woolfolk of Wellesley, the Dutton Fellowship to Miss Isabel Eaton of Smith, and another to Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, the author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker," and other socialistic novels.

A partial report of Miss Shapleigh's study of "The Dietary of the Poor" shows interesting results. She has obtained from fifty-five families facts concerning the amount and the kind of food purchased, its cost, the methods of preparing it, etc., and her conclusions enable her already to make valuable suggestions of ways of improving the nutritive value of the food, and at the same time lessening its cost. The other subjects at present under investigation are "The Use the Poor Make of Their Leisure Time," "The Obstacles to Sanitary Living Among the Poor," and "Typical Injuries and Maladies of the Workers in the Various Occupations."

In combining this kind of work with that peculiar to the "Settlement" idea, the College Settlements Association has shown its appreciation of the value and the really fundamental importance of a scientific knowledge of the facts on which its work must be based, and also its recognition of the fact that such scientific knowledge of many important phases of the lives of the poor can be gained only by means of the friendly intercourse which the Settlement workers aim to establish with their neighbors. An ordinary investigator might find difficulty in getting many of the details that have been willingly given to the College Settlement Fellows. Miss Shapleigh reports that her questions were, as a rule, kindly answered, and that she was received as a friend.

This work of visiting from house to house, in a friendly, neighborly way, seems peculiarly adapted to women. Through their interest in the children of the neighborhood, the Settlement Workers can gain access to the homes and learn to know the mothers, and thus many facts can be collected that could be obtained in no other way.

It is not necessary that the work of sociological investigation be confined merely to the Fellows of the Settlement. Any "worker" who is interested in sociological problems may choose this side only of Settlement Work, or may, in connection with other parts of the work, collect data for statistical purposes.

When it becomes more widely known that the College Settlement offers a rare opportunity for scientific research, and that the work has in itself more than a scientific interest, there is no doubt that many college women will be glad to work in so rich a field.

*J. L. B., '93.*



## AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY HERO.

TO wander seems to be the natural relaxation for all men. Perhaps it is in reminiscence of the time when to dwell in houses was the rare exception, not the rule, that the civilized man is impelled now and then to go back to primitive conditions. Leaving out the perennial *villeggiatura* and the occasional year's hunting in the Rockies, there is a large class of more or less lawless individuals, whom we call tramps, whose chief object seems to be to avoid all legitimate labour. The modern tramp is a chance product; but there is a whole nation of tramps who have acquired some dignity, simply by persistently clinging to their own mode of life; I mean the gypsies. The gypsies are a curious race, and we can well imagine that they came from the East, for they carry with them a sort of magic that we associate with the Orient, that has drawn many who are no kin to them to join them and lead their life. Under this fascination fell George Borrow. He does not regard the gypsy as do most of us, who have no practical knowledge of the matter. Borrow shows us the gypsy, not merely as the cringing beggar, horse-thief, or pick-pocket, but as a man possessed of pride, both personal and racial; a man who feels the dignity of a far-distant and mysterious past, who clings with love and reverence to his mother tongue, preserving it through all his wanderings, and guarding it zealously from the curious and vulgar. Nowadays there are few men of ability and position who would be willing to let civilization go and dwell among the gypsies from pure interest, or love: the gypsy problem is investigated in a less sympathetic if more scientific way, but there have not been wanting in times gone by notable examples of an irresistible leaning toward vagabondage in men of soberer birth. Perhaps the most famous case of this sort was Bampfylde-Moore Carew, who, though an Englishman of good family, became so enamoured of the Romany that he joined the wandering brotherhood, and could never be persuaded to come back to a more regular life. His happy-go-lucky disposition might be attributed, in part at least, to the manner of his christening, for, it being decided that he was to be named for both his godfathers, there arose a dispute between Mr. Bampfylde and Mr. Moore as to which name should come before the hyphen, and which after. The matter was settled by a toss-up, and Mr. Bampfylde, being the winner, presented a very handsome piece of plate with his godson's full name engraved thereon. Happening to see this name in a newspaper the other day, I looked the gentleman up, and found his history in a shabby and rather rare little volume, published in 1782, and entitled: "The Life and Adventures of Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew, commonly called the King of the Beggars." This book gives the same impression of absolute defiance of all ordinary law and morality that other accounts of the gypsies do, but withal there is an attempt at an apology. It is a naïve relation of the life of an unrepentant rogue, who would certainly have passed most of his time in confinement if he had not had the good luck to live in the eighteenth century. Mr. Carew, as he is punctiliously called throughout the book, did not even spare to deceive the girl he married, but wooed her in the respectable disguise of mate to a collier's vessel, and told her of his real calling only after he had

persuaded her to run away with him. When he finally had to confess what he was, the lady "was not a little surprised and troubled at it," as one might imagine, but Cupid, says the apologist, soon soothed her doubts, and the pair were married, with great gayety, at Bath.

After this fine beginning, Mr. Carew started out on a campaign against "the enemy," as all respectable gorgios were called, and succeeded so well in his depredations that he became famous throughout England for cunning trickery. There was no disguise which he could not assume; nothing, apparently, which he did not know. Whenever he heard of a fire, he immediately acquainted himself with the particulars of it, and then raised large contributions by passing for a burnt-out miller or shoemaker. The curious part of his deceit is that very few seem to have resented the imposition put upon them, but, when they found him out, paid the rascal well for the amusement his cleverness gave them. A short time after Mr. Carew's marriage, the King of the Mendicants, being near death, summoned his children and chief supporters about him, and in a sort of swan-song gave them a choice collection of maxims and rules of conduct, which the beggars seem to have followed until this day. After telling them how active he had always been for the good of his people, the king went on to advise them: "Remember, that where one gives out of pity to you, fifty give out of kindness to themselves, to rid them of your troublesome application; and for one that gives out of real compassion, five hundred do it out of ostentation. On these principles, trouble people most who are most busy, and ask relief when many may see it given, and you'll succeed in your attempt." And again:

"Whatever people seem to want, give it to them largely in your address to them; call the beau sweet gentleman; bless even his coat or periwig, and tell him they are happy ladies where he's going. If you meet with a school-boy captain, such as our streets are full of, call him noble general; and if the miser can in any way be got to strip himself of a farthing, it will be by the name of Charitable Sir."

The death of this worldly-wise rogue made necessary the election of a new king; consequently, a vast number of gypsies and mendicants came together in London for this important occasion. Here the apologist assures us that this election was not like the ordinary kind; no cringing and suing of the candidates, no bribing of electors, and if he had lived to-day he might have added, no murders at the polls, but a well-ordered ceremony, in which everyone had his vote, and no one more than one. At all events, by fair means or foul, and one is tempted to suspect foul in this case, Mr. Carew succeeded to the kingdom, and thenceforward was known as the King of the Mendicants. Although the wants of the king were freely supplied by his subjects, so that it was unnecessary for him to work at his profession, pure love of the art made Mr. Carew continue his pranks, until a catastrophe happened. Going one day to call on an acquaintance, who seems to have been more or less respectable, the door was shut upon him by a certain Justice Lethbridge, who was most unwarrantably bitter against the whole community of beggars. Whereupon the apologist comments: "So sudden are the vicissitudes of life! and misfortunes spring, as it were, out of the earth! Thus,

sudden and unexpected, fell the mighty Caesar, the master of the world ! and just so affrighted Priam looked when the shade of Hector drew his curtains and told him that his Troy was taken." There was a reason, however, for the justice's rancour, for Mr. Carew, in the guise of a lame man, had grievously frightened either the justice or his horse, or both, so that though many interceded for the culprit, Mr. Lethbridge proved obdurate enough to condemn him to be sent over seas, and sold for a slave in "Merryland." Mr. Carew's impudence was not quelled by his threatened fate, for he informed his lordship that the proper pronunciation of that word was "Maryland," and that he was being saved five pounds passage money, for he had always had a great desire to see the colonies. This desire was gratified. Mr. Carew was carried to Maryland, escaped once from his gaolers, but was re-captured, weighted with a heavy iron collar, and made to work harder than he had ever done in his life. In this condition some of his friends found him, and by bribery got his keepers to wink at his escape. As for the collar, they told him that he must seek the friendly Indians to get rid of that encumbrance, as a heavy penalty was exacted from anyone who took off the collar of a runaway slave. Mr. Carew, therefore, started out through the forest, meeting many wild beasts on the way, among them a large *white* bear, that fled from him, conveniently, when he waved a torch at it. Mr. Carew finally reached his friendly Indians, who took off his collar, and treated him with great kindness. This seems to the apologist a good place to insert the tale of Captain John Smith and "the Lady Pocohonta," as she is called, though so far as I can find out they neither of them have any connection with Mr. Carew. Despite the kind treatment of the Indians, Mr. Carew showed his usual ingratitude, and gave them the slip, making his way to the Delaware, where he promptly transformed himself into a Quaker, and thereby raised much money. Passing through several towns, Mr. Carew finally came to the city of Philadelphia, of which he gives an account, saying that at this time it contained no less than two thousand houses, and that some of its merchants were so wealthy that they kept their coaches. After many adventures, and much roguery, Mr. Carew succeeded in reaching England, even before the captain of the ship that had taken him to the colonies, and he immediately began his old way of life.

Once only did Mr. Carew meet his match. Happening one day to be begging, in the guise of a poor, unfortunate sailor, he saw another beggar making use of the same device. The two joined forces, and together attempted the household of Lord Weymouth, with some success. Unfortunately for Mr. Carew, however, the needy sailor was no other than Lord Weymouth himself, who, when it so pleased him, seems to have been as great a rogue as any. His Lordship, having doffed his rags, caused Mr. Carew to be seized and brought before him, and not being recognized, gave his brother sailor a fine fright. After tormenting him awhile, however, he let him go, with much laughter and a substantial present. Such good luck did not always attend this hero, for he was again caught and sent to America, where he promptly made his escape, as before, and this time had the privilege of seeing the town of Boston, then, as now, the chief seat of American culture, for says Mr. Carew: "There are five printing-houses . . . the

presses here are generally full of work, which is in great measure owing to the colleges and schools for useful learning in New England, whereas at New York there is but one little bookseller's shop." Alas! New York! As before, he gets back to England before the captain who took him out, and promptly begins his old tricks again, which continue until the end of the chapter. Whether he died on the gallows or in his bed, his apologist, perhaps wisely, does not tell us, but ends with this remarkable peroration: "We acknowledge he (Mr. Carew) has his faults; but everybody knows a perfect character is quite out of fashion, and that the present excellent writers of the age hold it a solecism and an absurdity to draw even a fictitious hero without plenty of faults . . . upon this account, we acknowledge, we have been at no little pains, in writing this true history, to throw a veil over some of the virtues of our hero, lest he should be found to exceed the present standard of heroism, and be thought a character out of nature."

*M. H. R., '95.*

## COLLEGIANA.

## DE REBUS CLUB.

THE De Rebus Club has been peculiarly fortunate this year in securing the services of lecturers of exceptional ability and established reputation. The need of an organization of this kind to keep the students interested in outside movements has never before been so deeply felt. The attendance on the lectures has been unusually large, and the students have shown a most encouraging appreciation of the importance of the meetings of the Club.

The Club has had the privilege of listening to the following speakers :

HON. WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE, on *Proportional Representation*.

REVEREND FREDERICK HOWARD WINES, on *Social Evils*.

MR. PERCIVAL CHUBB, on *Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and the Romantic Revival in England*.

DR. JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS, on *Certain Observations on Socialism*.

MR. DICKINSON SARGEANT MILLER, on *Hypnotism*.

The Club wishes to take this opportunity of thanking those to whose kindness and personal interest in the work the success of this year is mainly due.

E. R., '94.

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## SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THE success of the Self-Government Association, of which in former years we have been obliged to speak in a tentative way, is now an assured fact. Although the problems before us are many and grave, and although more sacrifice of time and work is necessary on the part of its officers than we perhaps realized in the early days of the system, yet we are convinced that, so long as the present friendly and helpful spirit reigns in the College, the difficulties in our way can never be insurmountable. The working organization has been greatly strengthened by the creation of an Advisory Board, of eight members, whose duty is to assist and advise the Executive Board whenever they may wish it, and especially in the more serious cases of an infringement of the regulations of the Association. To the combined boards has been given the judicial power of the Association, subject to appeal to the whole body. This arrangement makes the practical work more simple and convenient, and yet the committee is large enough to bear easily the responsibility laid upon it.

In short, we are gradually evolving a more and more practicable system of Self-Government, and the sound common-sense of the body of Bryn Mawr students encourages us to hope for an ever-increasing strength.

M. B. B., '94.

## GRADUATE CLUB.

A NEW feature of the college life this year is the Graduate Club, which was organized in January, 1894. Its membership, which now numbers forty-four, is limited to those who are registered as graduate students of the College during each academic year. Ex-members of the Club and any former graduate students of the College may become corresponding members, and may enjoy all the privileges of membership, except participation in the business meetings. It is hoped that they may aid the Club by suggestions and by information gained through their connection with graduate clubs and graduate work elsewhere.

The object of the Club is to promote the interests of the graduate students in every possible way. The distinctive feature this year has been the social meetings. Dean Thomas gave the opening reception of the Club. Dr. Horace Howard Furness added greatly to the pleasure of the evening by reading *King Henry the Fifth*. The Club has had two formal social meetings in the gymnasium. At the first meeting Dr. Edmund B. Wilson, of Columbia University, delivered an address on "The Physical Basis of Life in Some of its Present Aspects," and at the other Mr. Franklin H. Giddings spoke upon "The Study of Sociology." To these formal social meetings the members of the Faculty and other friends of the Club are invited.

The informal social meetings are held every fortnight in the club-rooms in Pembroke West. They are attended only by the club members and a few friends. At one meeting a talk was given on College Settlement Work.

Thanks to the kindly interest of several friends of the Club, the club-rooms are already comfortably furnished. Next year the Club will occupy permanent quarters in the graduate wing of Denbigh Hall.

J. L. B., '93.

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## COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ASSOCIATION.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE has for some years, in fact ever since the organization of a formal Association, taken an active interest in the College Settlement work. It has had its undergraduate and alumnae chapters, and has furnished from its alumnae a number of workers. Miss Dudley of the Class of '89 has been head worker in Philadelphia, and is now in Boston; Miss Putnam of '93 is Vice-President of the General Association.

The undergraduate chapter has been definitely organized for some time, and under its auspices various College Settlement workers have addressed the College, and deepened the interest already felt there on the subject.



The alumnae chapter was entirely unorganized until last June, and its efficiency suffered in consequence. There was no organization or communication to keep alive the interest of the members, and they were really no more bound to each other than to any other members of the General Association. This fact became evident from the cessation of subscriptions, and to meet the difficulty a meeting was called on Commencement day and a chapter formally organized. The alumnae graduate students and former students of the College are eligible for membership. A constitution was adopted and sent to all the alumnae and to many of the former students, and the result has been most satisfactory. The membership list has increased very largely, and the Bryn Mawr subscription for the current year is far larger than ever before.

It is hoped that it will prove possible to organize under the alumnae chapter, in a very informal manner, "sub-centres" for the extension of interest in the work, both among collegiate and non-collegiate people. The officers of the chapter have reason to be very grateful for the heartiness with which their efforts have been met.

*Susan G. Walker, '93,  
Alumnae Elector.*

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#### MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THIS Society has been especially active this year, and its meetings have been interesting and well attended.

The progress of missions in India was the subject of one of the first meetings. An account was given of the work of Miss Orbison, a former student at Bryn Mawr, whom the Society helps to support in that field. After the reading of the papers, tea was served by a student in East Indian costume, and many interesting articles from India, illustrative of its native life and customs, were exhibited.

Later in the year, two meetings were devoted to the McAll Mission in France, at one of which we were so fortunate as to secure an address from the Rev. Charles E. Greig, of Paris, who is in charge of the Mission.

In February the Society sent two delegates to the Convention of Student Volunteers which was held at Detroit. This organization, numbering some four thousand young people, embraces all college students that have volunteered to become missionaries after the completion of their education.

*H. M. B., '96.*

## SUNDAY EVENING MEETING.

THE large and steady attendance upon the Sunday evening meetings shows that they have met a very general desire among the students for some further union in spiritual life than is given by the chapel services. The attendance and the interest of the meetings have increased with the growth of the College, as we hope they may continue to do in future. Our special thanks are due to the new students, for the interest they have shown and the help they have given in carrying on these meetings.

*E. H., '94.*

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## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

THE Bryn Mawr Athletic Association held its annual Invitation Tennis Tournament in October, 1893. The colleges represented were the Harvard Annex and Bryn Mawr, but owing to the fact that the Annex sent but one representative, the doubles could not be played. Miss Whittelsy of the Annex won the singles from Miss Ely of Bryn Mawr.

The Bryn Mawr Athletic Association is still hopeful that it may have the coöperation of the other women's colleges in these invitation tournaments, and that an inter-collegiate Athletic Association may be formed at no distant time.

At Bryn Mawr, the interest in athletic sports has been increased this year by the introduction of basket ball. This is a new game here, but it promises to become very popular.

*E. M. W., '94.*

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## GLEE CLUB.

WHEN, in October, it was proposed that we get a professional director for our Glee Club, trying in this and every other way to make the meetings of the year a source of distinct benefit, instead of recreation merely, the objection was made that training by any other than one of ourselves would put an end to the informality which had always been the charm of our meetings. However, the contest resulted in our procuring an experienced leader and accompanist, and electing officers who were not members of the Glee Club. A picking and choosing of voices would have made the metamorphosis complete; that was left for the Bryn Mawr Glee Club of the future.

The final musicale showed in part how successful the experiment has proved. The traditional and delightful spirit of good fellowship has been preserved. Regular training and the study of carefully selected music have produced a decided improvement in the quality of the work done, while the introduction of system in the management has added to its dignity. We have reason to believe that our Glee Club has at last begun to realize its importance and to fulfil its obligations, as the only expression of the musical side of Bryn Mawr.

*M. D. J., '95.*

## GYMNASIUM.

THE work in the Gymnasium last winter was most successful. Chest weights and machines were popular as usual, and the class-work has been made attractive by the introduction of Swedish drill. There has been no marked change in the heavy work.

At the beginning of the second semester, it was decided to require four hours of physical exercise, instead of two, as heretofore; of these, three may be taken in the open air. This arrangement has proved eminently satisfactory to those students who prefer three hours of vigorous out-door work to one hour in the gymnasium.

The final drill took place on the 19th of April. The exercises went off well. It was, however, deemed advisable to take the records on a different day. Records were accordingly taken on the 27th of April in vaulting, kicking, rope climbing and running high jump. The advantage of this arrangement, in shortening the final drill and in bringing the contestants fresh to their work, will probably lead to its being permanently adopted.

*E. B., '96; M. D. H., '96.*

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## PHILOSOPHIC CLUB.

IN connection with the Department of Philosophy there is now in process of organization a club to be open to all students interested in philosophy. The Club will be devoted to the discussion of questions of general philosophic interest. Its meetings will be held fortnightly, and it is hoped that at least once a month it may be addressed by noted philosophic writers and speakers.

*B. D. F., '94*

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## THE MARY E. GARRETT EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP.

THIS Fellowship was founded within the present year by Miss Garrett of Baltimore. The holder of it receives five hundred dollars to be applied to the expenses of one year's study at some foreign university, and it is open for competition to any student, still in residence, who has for two years pursued graduate studies at Bryn Mawr.

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## THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.

TO many Bryn Mawr students, the most delightful part of the day is the hour after dinner in spring and autumn, which is usually spent in strolling about the campus. The pleasure given by these walks will be greatly increased by the opening up of the newly purchased land across Yarrow Street, and preliminary steps are now being

taken to close Yarrow Street from the old entrance to the Roberts Road, so that the grounds may be thrown into one lawn.

It is hoped that when this is done we may have an athletic field with a running track, and a well kept ground for basket ball.

\* \* \*

#### PEMBROKE HALL.

THE frontispiece of this number of the LANTERN is a sketch of the new residence hall, which is still unfinished. Work has already begun on the eastern wing, and it is hoped that the building will be completed by October, 1894. In the basement of Pembroke East seven rooms will be supplied with pianos, and thus a much needed opportunity for piano practice will be given.

\* \* \*

MR. LINDLEY MILLER KEASBEY, A. B., Harvard; A. M. and Ph. D., Columbia, '90; student, Berlin, 1890-91; Doctor of Politics, *summa cum laude*, Strasburg, has accepted the Associate Professorship of Political Science at Bryn Mawr for 1894-95. Mr. Keasbey held the position of Assistant in Economics, Columbia, June, 1892, and that of Professor of History, Economics and Political Science in the State University of Colorado, 1892-94.

Mr. Richard G. Bury, of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, a brother of the well-known Professor Bury of Dublin University, Ireland, has been appointed Lecturer in Greek and Latin literature for 1894-95.

Mme. Thérèse F. Colin has been appointed Reader in Romance Languages.

Dr. Alice Bertha Foster, M. D., University of Buffalo, '91, has been appointed Director of the Gymnasium. She has been six years director of the Woman's Gymnasium, Buffalo, and is now Tutor in Physical Culture, Chicago University.

Dr. Mary Sherwood, M. D., Zürich; graduate student in medicine, Johns Hopkins Hospital, 1891-94; Lecturer on Pathology in Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, has been appointed College Physician for the next academic year. An office under Pembroke East has been assigned to her, and she will have regular office hours.

## STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF GOVERNMENT.

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

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ELIZABETH BUTLER KIRKBRIDE, '96,  
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SUSAN FOWLER, '95,  
RUTH WADSWORTH FURNESS, '95,

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Out-door Manager.

ELIZABETH GLEIM GUILFORD, '94,  
In-door Manager.

### DE REBUS CLUB.

ESTELLE REID, '94,  
Chairman.

THE appointments to Fellowships in Bryn Mawr College for the year 1894-1895 are as follows :

Mary Bidwell Breed, *European Fellow* ;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1894.

Ada Isabel Madison, *Mary E. Garrett European Fellow* ;

University of South Wales and Monmouthshire, 1885-89 ; Girton College, Cambridge, England, 1889-92 ; Mathematical Tripos, 1892 ; Oxford Greats, 1892 ; graduate student in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1892-93 ; B. Sc., University of London, Mathematical Honors, 1893 ; Fellow in Mathematics, Bryn Mawr College, 1893-94.

Edith Hamilton, *Fellow in Latin* ;

A. B. and A. M., Bryn Mawr College, 1894.

Laura L. Jones, *Fellow in English* ;

A. B., University of Toronto, 1891.

Esther Tontant de Beauregard, *Fellow in Romance Languages* ;

A. B., University of Toronto, 1894.

Minna Steele Smith, *Fellow in German and Teutonic Philology* ;

Newnham, 1890-94 ; Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos, First Class, 1893.

Nellie Neilson, *Fellow in History* ;

A. B., 1893 ; A. M., 1894 ; Bryn Mawr College.

Frances Hardcastle, *Fellow in Mathematics* ;

Girton College, Cambridge, England, 1888-92 ; Mathematical Tripos, 1891 ; Part II, 1892 ; Honorary Fellow in Mathematics, University of Chicago, 1893-94.

Esther F. Byrnes, *Fellow in Biology* ;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1891 ; A. M., Bryn Mawr College, 1894 ; Demonstrator in the Biological Laboratory, Vassar College, 1891-93.

Amy Cordova Rock, *Fellow in Chemistry* ;

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1893.

The George W. Childs Prize, which is to be awarded annually to the best English Essayist in the Senior Class, is this year awarded to

Emma Stansbury Wines,

A. B., Bryn Mawr College, 1894.



## PASSIM.

## DILETTANTE.

(CATULLUS XXII.)

"*Suffenus iste, Vare, quem probe nosti  
Homo est venustos—*"

Varus, a certain friend of ours,  
Suffenus, you'll recall his name,  
A fellow of no common powers,  
And more than usual worldly fame,—  
A wit, a beau, a man of parts,—  
Whose store of jest a widow's cruse is,—  
Has dropped his rôle of breaking hearts,  
To try his hand on wooing muses.

He has a thousand poems, no less,  
Not scribbled down in haste, but  
printed !  
(Private subscription, one would guess.)  
I picked the volume up, fresh-minted ;  
Most charming, richly-bound, compact,  
With rough-edged page, gold-lettered  
labels,  
*Edition de luxe*, in fact,  
A gift-book, fit for center-tables.

"*Poeta nascitur, non fit,*"  
Came sadly home, as I perused him.  
Whate'er the gods, at birth of wit  
Did grant, true genius they refused  
him ;  
Vapid and trite, no country lout  
Could duller be, 'twixt pipe and dozing,  
Yet is he never, I've no doubt,  
So crowned with bliss as when com-  
posing.

Ah well, we all, could we but know it,  
Have, tucked away, some dear delu-  
sion  
About ourselves ; too wise to show it  
Perchance, within it works confusion.  
The foibles of our friends, indeed,  
We note with zeal, as odd or heinous,  
Yet all the while we fail to heed  
How very much we're like Suffenus.

*Edith Child, '90.*

## THE REASON WHY.

My Julia, just comparing tastes with  
mine,  
Asked me what color I, of all, opine  
To be the loveliest. What could I say,  
When looking into Julia's eyes, but gray ?  
Julia was angry then, because—'tis true,  
I had the day before declared for blue ;  
She said, who in small things knew not  
his mind,  
In love would prove as fickle as the wind.  
  
In my defence the whole that I could say  
Was this ; Julia forgets that yesterday  
Her eyes and gown were blue, and now—  
are gray.

*Ruth Wadsworth Furness, '96.*

## TANT MIEUX!

(" *Perhaps—because the grapes are  
sour!* ")

Good-night, dear Rose! Yes, I must go.  
The east a blush begins to show.

You are unwearied still, you say,  
And yet the golden lights turn gray,  
The music falters in its flow.

Your violets long have lost their glow,—  
I saw you fling the sweet things low  
While you danced on. Is that your way?  
Good-night, dear Rose!

I watch you, musing on the "no"  
You gave me half an hour ago.  
Ah well,—your pretty life is play,  
While mine shows stern and work-a-  
day,  
Such lightness, faith! *would* pall. And so  
Good-night, dear Rose!

*J. O. L., '95.*

## "—ET NOS MUTAMUR IN ILLIS."

April had come with buds and birds and  
all  
Those same old adjuncts poets always  
sing;  
Me also did the vernal muse inspire,—  
I wrote a lyric gem and called it  
"Spring."

In eager haste the editor I sought,  
Elate o'er laurels—also cash—ex-  
pected,—  
But editors were ever obdurate,  
And so, forsooth, my poem was rejected.

I laid it by with a regretful tear,  
And in a week or so there came around  
A well-grown blizzard—piercing winds  
and ice,  
And snow six inches deep upon the  
ground.

Then to the editor once more I brought  
That selfsame poem—fickle Fortune's  
tool—  
With "thanks" it was accepted, just  
because  
I'd changed its name from "Spring"  
to "April Fool."

*C. R. F., '95.*

## TO V. H.

Give me the Town; let others go  
Where babbling streams of water flow,  
Where soars the lark on daring wing,  
(I'd rather hear De Reszke sing,)  
And where sweet scented breezes blow.

I love to be where, to and fro,  
Weary or eager, fast or slow,  
The *human* tide is eddying;  
Give me the Town.

The Balls, the Theatres, the Row,  
Who would not find amusement so?  
Here's where a man can have his fling,  
Can drink the dregs of—everything.  
Would you change this for Surrey? Oh,  
Give me the Town.

*M. H. R., '95.*

BALLADE OF THE CHEAP  
EDITION.

On every stall they meet my sight,  
A feast poetic spread,  
Shelley and Pope stand left and right  
Of brave old Holinshed :  
The pages soiled with milk and bread,  
The covers full of dents ; —  
What boots ? They once were bound  
in red  
And sold for fifty cents.

When with a friend I spent the night,  
And to the bookcase sped,  
I found in Keats a pure delight,  
But she read Young instead.  
It makes me hang a heavy head  
And question Time's intents ;  
*Does* Fame mean being bound in red  
And sold for fifty cents ?

I wake at early morning light,  
A ruddy glow is shed  
Where row on row to giddy height  
They hang above my bed,  
Like those his clerk, Dan Chaucer said,  
Loved more than lands or rents ;  
Were his, *y-clad in blak and red*,  
Sold, too, for fifty cents ?

ENVOY.

Princess, when thou and I are dead—  
Since Death for none relents—  
God grant we too be bound in red  
And sold for fifty cents.

G. G. K., '96.

Y<sup>e</sup> WOEFULLE BALLAD OF  
MARYE ANNE.

There was a comelye nurserye-mayde  
Y-clepéd Marye Anne,—  
Fulle welie was she beloved, pardée,  
By y<sup>e</sup> greene-grocerye manne.  
“ Wilt'ow be mine, swete Marye Anne,  
& thou shalte have, I sweare,  
Fresshe beetes, lyke to thy cheekés redde,  
& carrottes, lyke thy hayre.”

“ Graunt mercy to thee, grocerye-manne,  
For all thy beetés redde,  
I love y<sup>e</sup> bolde policemanne beste,  
& hym alone I'll wedde.”

& she hath taen y<sup>e</sup> three small boyes  
& gonne into y<sup>e</sup> square—  
Y<sup>e</sup> gallante parke-policemanne  
Hath she encountoured there.

“ Goode-morrow, Mystresse Marye Anne,  
I prythee hyde anon,  
For thou'rt as fayre a syghte, I trowe,  
As e'er y<sup>e</sup> sonne shined onne.”

Then uppe & spake fayre Marye Anne  
Unto y<sup>e</sup> bairnies three,  
“ Now hyde ye heere, ye lytel brattes,  
Beneath thysse greenwoode tree.

“ & marke y<sup>e</sup> sygne, y<sup>e</sup> whyche doth runne  
' Treade notte y<sup>e</sup> goode greene grasse,'  
& pluck notte any floweret,  
Nor speke to them whyche passe.”

& Marye Anne hath hied her thence  
Wyth y<sup>e</sup> policemanne bolde,  
& she hath left those lytel kyddes  
To gambole on y<sup>e</sup> wolde.

Eftsoones, alacke, y<sup>e</sup> grocerye-manne  
 Those chyl drenne dyde espye,  
 As mounted onne hys grocerye-carte  
 He came a rydyng bye.

"Now Godde you save my lither laddes,"  
 Fulle wynsomely quoth hee ;  
 "Come hyther, & a bonnie syghte  
 I warrante ye shalle see."

Those lytel churles have wended them  
 Unto thatte wyckked wighte,  
 Whose wallett was fulle balefullye  
 With appelles greene bedyghte.

& he hath fylled their lytel smokkes  
 And eke their handes, I weene,  
 I trow noe appelles evere yette  
 Were halfe soe harde & greene.

"Now eate away, my lustye laddes,"  
 Thatte caytif them doth rede,  
 & they fulle soone have gared them onne  
 That deadlie fruite to feede.

Butte as they ate, their lytel lypes  
 Grew greene & greye & whyte,—  
 Their lytel lymbes waxed styffe & colde,  
 Alle gruesomelye they shrighete.

Now haste thee, Mystresse Marye Anne,  
 Hear'st 'ow thatte pitous sounde ?  
 See those three wrythinge lytel formes  
 Stretched out in deadlie swounde.

"What glyntes so greene uponne y<sup>e</sup>  
 grounde,  
 Thou wyckked grocerye-manne ?"  
 "Oh, 'tis y<sup>e</sup> fresshe younge blades of  
 grasse  
 Thou seeste, Marye Anne."

"Yonge grasse was nevere yette so  
 greene,—  
 Speke soothlye now toe me."

"Now, by my troth, 'tis verdaunte leaves  
 Fromme offe y<sup>e</sup> greenewoode tree."

"Greene leaves be notte soe greene, base  
 churle ;

The truthe nowe prithe state."

"These, Marye Anne, be appelles greene,  
 Of whyche these chyl drenne ate."

Thenne rangge y<sup>e</sup> welkin wyth y<sup>e</sup> sounde  
 Of Marye Anne's sadde pleynte,  
 Bismotered was hyre countenance,  
 Inne bytter teares y-dreynte.

"What penance wylt thou doe for  
 thyse ?

Speke, now, false grocerye-manne."

"I'll borde a shyppe & sail awaye,  
 I swear it, Marye Anne."

"Whatte wylt thou leave these lytel  
 bairnes,  
 I prithe, grocerye-manne ?"

"To eche a lytel Soda-Mynte  
 For y<sup>e</sup> digestianne."

"Whatte wylt thou leave thy erstwhyle  
 love ?

Speke soothlye, grocerye-manne."

"The faithe & trothe thou gavest me  
 I'll leave thee, Marye Anne."

& he hath gonne onne borde a shyppe  
 And sayléd farre awaye,  
 Where Ferris Wheelles whyrle alle daye  
 longe,  
 & organne-grynders pleye ;

Where peanutte shelles lye onne y<sup>e</sup>  
 grounde,  
 & bandes of brasse doe screeche,  
 & pynkest lemonade doth flowe,  
 Atte Coneye Islande Beaches.

*C. R. Foulke, '95.*

## BALLADE OF WINTER ROSES.

When winter broods above the lands,  
 And slumber falls on things below,  
 As, touched by countless mages' wands,  
 The world lies buried deep in snow;  
 When brooks are fettered in their flow,  
 And sparrows meet an icy doom,  
 And life seems done with long ago,  
 Within my heart the roses bloom.

When western skies are turned to strands  
 Of gold and pearl, beneath whose  
     glow,  
 Where one lone elm-tree naked stands,  
 The world lies buried deep in snow;  
 When wan blue shadows plainlier show  
 And dusky grows my little room,  
 And wailing winds begin to blow,  
 Within my heart the roses bloom.

When life seems weary trackless sands  
 Whereon no hope may ever grow,  
 (As—heedless of the Spring's demands—  
 The world lies buried deep in snow :)  
 When space is strait and time is slow,  
 And earth a void and echoing tomb,  
 I hear your voice, your name, and lo!  
 Within my heart the roses bloom.

## ENVOY.

Princess, who well my love dost know,  
 The world lies buried deep in snow,  
 But since thy face illumines the gloom,  
 Within my heart the roses bloom.

*G. G. K., '96.*

## TO E.

If thou should'st e'er prove cruel  
 Or heartless or untrue,  
 Think'st thou in angry pique, dear,  
 I'd treat thee coldly too?

Nay, rather would I strive, dear,  
 To win thee back to me,  
 For tho' revenge is sweet, dear,  
 'Tis not so sweet as thee.

*C. R. F., '95*

## RECIPE FOR A CLASS PLAY.

50 assorted girls.

A large quantity of college jokes.  
 They are always in season, but if fresh  
 ones cannot be obtained the preserved  
 will do.

½ doz. original songs, flavored with  
 ancient airs.

2 or 3 new and pretty dances.

1 doz. characters from mythology, his-  
 tory and fiction. They should be care-  
 fully picked over, and all that have not  
 striking and picturesque costumes thrown  
 away.

Season very sparingly with plot. A  
 few ideas may be added if liked, but be  
 very careful not to put in too many, as  
 too strong a flavor would ruin the dish.  
 Mix all very thoroughly, stew three  
 weeks, and serve piping hot. It will fall  
 flat if allowed to cool.

*E. S. W., '94.*

## TRIOLETS.

## I.

I shall never disclose  
 What Dick did to my sister—  
 Cousin Jane may suppose,—  
 But I shall not disclose,  
 (For 'twas under the rose)  
 That he almost *quite* kissed her!  
 I shall never disclose  
 What Dick did to my sister.

## II.

Bess is quite in the style,  
 And she looks most engaging—  
 Her ruffles beguile,—  
 Bess is quite in the style  
 And her sleeves are worth while—  
 Why, the rest are all raging!  
 Bess is quite in the style  
 And she looks *most* engaging.  
*J. O. L., '95.*

## IN ARCADY.

(*A Valentine.*)

In Arcady, dear love, they say,  
 The season always is as May.  
 Green is the earth and blue the sky,  
 And little birds sing sweet on high,  
 Light sadnesses do come, ah yea!  
 (Or dull 'twould be) but cannot stay,  
 And life goes gently on alway  
 That like the silver brook flows by  
 In Arcady.

But if December and not May  
 The season were, and skies were gray  
 Instead of blue, yet Arcady  
 I'd love, sweet heart, because that I  
 Have heard you dwell there, so they say,  
 In Arcady.

*Edith Franklin Wyatt, '96.*













· THE · LANTERN ·

· DRYN MAWR ·



1895





# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

1895



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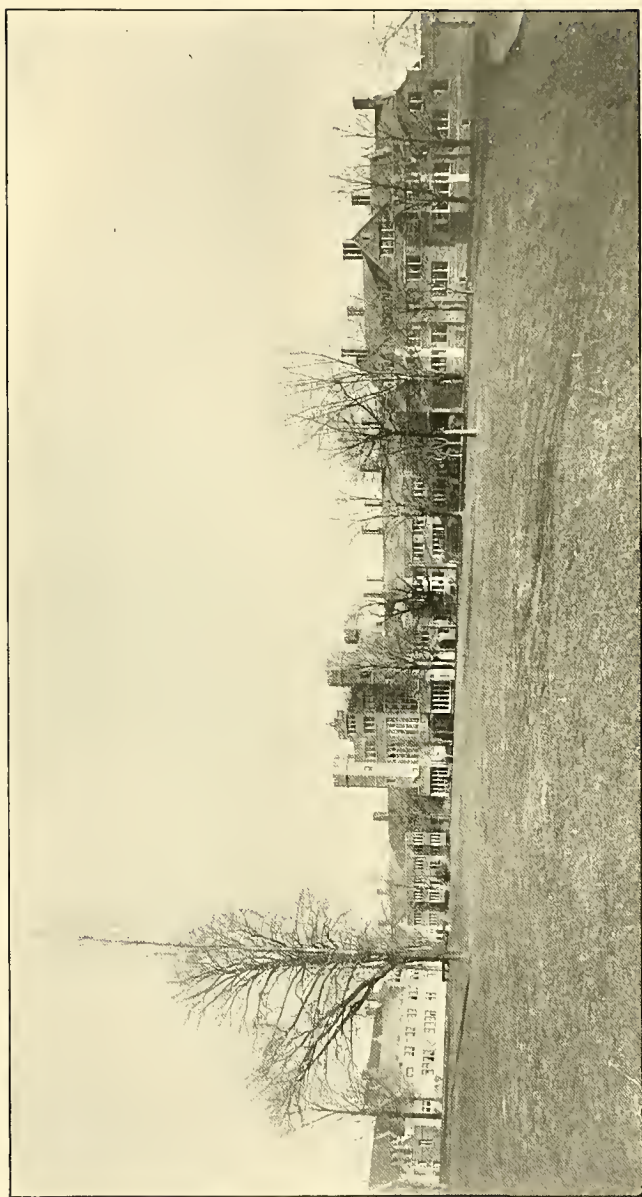
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# THE LANTERN

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No. 5

BRYN MAWR

JUNE, 1895

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## EDITORIAL.

IT is perhaps a trifle irritating to the ordinary young woman who goes to college to find that she is still considered a factor in an experiment. She is used rather to regard herself as an accomplished fact, and a grandly triumphant one at that. While she is undergoing her years of scholastic training she is in the company of several hundred other young women, most of them in no way unusual, who are doing the same things as herself; and it is not until she gets back into the everyday world that she finds herself considered by her whilom friends and acquaintances an awe-inspiring and not entirely pleasing phenomenon. It is not ridicule that she has to contend with now-a-days, but a widely diffused impression that no woman who is not forced to earn her own living will go to college, unless she has good reason to think that she will not be a social success. If the collegian's attractions controvert this theory, then it is audibly wondered why she wanted to go, and she is considered more extraordinary than ever. New acquaintances on introduction are carefully warned of her dangerous character, "You must be careful what you say to Miss So and So, she has been to college, and is very learned," until the unfortunate blue-stocking sedulously conceals the fact that she ever learned any more than a finishing school could teach her. She finds that if she wishes to enjoy herself in society she must hide the fact that she may know as much as the men she meets. The college-bred man does not try to conceal that he is educated. Why not? It is true that it is far from being a reproach

to him now, but when men first came together and lived in universities a very similar state of things existed. About the year 1300 the unlettered knight looked with considerable contempt upon the humble clerk who was useful to him to write his *billets doux*, but was far from being ornamental to society. The ranks of the scholars were recruited chiefly from those who had no chance of becoming distinguished in the lists, and the name Oxonian called up, not the polished gentleman whose manners and bearing have received the *cachet* of university training, but a deprecating and apologetic dependent, who realised his hopeless inferiority as far as society was concerned. There were exceptions; there are now, and no doubt the exceptions will increase in number, until the world will outgrow its feudal attitude towards the feminine scholar, and cease to demand that the woman who has not her living to earn shall content herself with purely ornamental brains.

Perhaps one reason for the critical attitude assumed toward the college woman in society is that only of late years have women gone to college for any but strictly business purposes. The class of men that made Harvard and Yale training schools for the manners as well as for the mind, had no parallel in any woman's college; nor had college women, either the time or the money to attend to such matters. During the last ten years this state of things has been changing, and a class of women with no need to coin their brains, and no definite aim in life, has come to enliven the college atmosphere, just when it seems as though their brothers were attending to other things. The ordinary young man is beginning to think that learning for its own sake does not pay; he is beginning to demand that his college education shall represent so much capital when he starts on the serious business of life, money-getting, and to grumble loudly when it fails to do so. We hear more and more every day of the uselessness of the classics to the young man who is going into business as soon as he has taken his A. B. From a purely monetary point of view it is undoubtedly better to dispense with collegiate training and to save the time that it involves; but money-getting should not be the main object of education, and to regard the acquirement of learning from the utilitarian side, will finally result in the creation of specialists only, so that we shall need a new revival of learning to bring back the humanities. If then a college or

university education is not for the purpose of fitting its recipient for some special business or line of work, what is its value? Cardinal Newman has set down for us what he considers it to be:—

“Our desideratum is, not the manners and habits of gentlemen . . . but the force, the steadiness, the comprehensiveness and the versatility of intellect, the command over our own powers, the instinctive just estimate of things as they pass before us, which sometimes indeed is a natural gift, but commonly is not gained without much effort and the exercise of years.”

This is a much more general and far-reaching aim than the mere acquirement of specialized knowledge to assist in some particular pursuit, and if it be objected that such an object could lie within the reach of a leisured class only, it may be replied that here we have an excellent argument for the giving of this university training to women who will turn it to no account but that of the general service of society. It has often been said that America has no leisured class except its women; if that is true, it is obviously suitable that they should take upon themselves the duty of keeping high the standard of trained intellectual life. The objection most often urged against sending women to college is that a knowledge of Greek and mathematics is of no possible use to them in after life. To quote from Cardinal Newman again:—

“If then a practical end must be assigned to a university course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art; heroic minds come under no rule; a university is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a university training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education



which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home with any society, he has common ground with every class, he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. . . . The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete in its result."

If this is the ideal result of a university training, no matter how far the actual result may fall short of that ideal, who shall say that it is inexpedient or useless to give it to the women of society as well as to men? Why, if the struggle for existence is so keen that very few young men can afford to stand aside from it, should not the women for whom it is not necessary or desirable to join in that struggle be sent to fill the vacant places? It is pretty generally conceded now-a-days that college training is useful and almost necessary for the women who have some direct aim in life; but for the daughters of the great number of ordinarily well-to-do people it is thought to be too expensive, both in time and money. As for the time, it may be questioned whether it is not better to send a young woman into society at an age when she may be supposed to have thought enough for herself, to have some firm basis of action, rather than to launch her into a complex existence while she is still practically a child, and must gather her experience as she goes along. Perhaps it may be asked here, why not let her give the time her collegiate education would take to study under competent tutors, who could give her their undivided attention, and train her mind and judgment without removing her from home just at the formative period of her life? We have seen that the mere acquirement of



knowledge is not the chief benefit of university life for men, and to argue from analogy we must think that there are certain benefits to be derived by women also from living in community. It is too soon to say that women reap no advantages from living together—if there are many disadvantages to be seen in the workings of the system at present, it must be borne in mind that the experiment has been tried for much less than half a century, and we should be willing to give it a little more time. As for the money, the four years of college would cost no more in most cases than the extra gowns and entertainments that are given to the daughters of the well-to-do when they stay at home, and in no case would they need as much as their brothers are supposed to require—and get. If it costs less to give the same education to the daughter as to the son, does it not seem a little hard to deny it to her?

In talking about the beauties of collegiate education for women there is always danger of falling into a common error, and exalting too high their brains and capabilities. But in spite of that risk, we venture to say that in this ever-busy America, at least, it seems not unlikely that the women only will have time for the pursuit of learning for learning's sake.

## SCIENTIFIC PASTURES NEW.

There are probably few people who have not, at one time or another, looked into some old-fashioned scientific text-book beginning with an elaborate classification of the natural and physical sciences, or heard a course of lectures of which the first was devoted to (or shall we say wasted on?) such an outline. It took a long time for us to find out that science is one and indivisible, and that any distribution of the whole into parts corresponds in many ways to the distribution of the land into political divisions, and is essentially artificial, if not arbitrary. When we had found this out, it took us some time longer to learn how to act in accordance with our new view of the case. But at present, not only do we realize that the individual sciences of the old-fashioned text-books are simply small areas of the great field that have been worked upon more than the rest of the space, and that the boundary lines are just as unreal as the meridians in our atlas, and are used like the latter merely for convenience; but we are also making some attempts to explore the hitherto little known regions just along those imaginary boundary lines. We generally find that an old boundary line grows more indistinct the closer we come to it, and the more we explore the more difficult it is to fix any boundary at all. Therefore, we shall not hesitate to invade and claim as our own the territory of the neighbouring power, when we reach so far in our explorations. One can picture to one's self the progress of scientific history, when physics, with her unrivalled equipment of well-founded law and highly developed theory, shall conquer and subject to her own laws the neighbouring kingdom of chemistry, and when the two, combining their forces, shall reduce to law the great state of biology, together with her many provinces. When we have reduced sociology, anthropology, philology, philosophy, æsthetics and all the rest, to biological law, and this in turn is all explained by physics, and physics shall have reduced all of *her* laws to mathematical expression, then we shall have reached the scientific millennium. Then every thing, from the formation of a crystal or of an opinion to the opening

of a bud, will be completely described by a few differential equations, or some new form of mathematical expression, just as now-a-days we describe the motion of the pendulum in our clock. To the non-mathematical mind this may not seem a very alluring picture of a millennium, but such an one may find some comfort in the thought that science progresses slowly, when we consider absolute, not relative advancement, and that this glorious consummation may not come to pass for several hundreds of thousands of years,—perhaps not before our sun has burned out, and our globe has reached that dreary state of cold and darkness that the astronomers predict.

The present generation need not, therefore, anticipate the reign of applied mathematics over their intellects or emotions; but such a state of things is not too utterly fanciful to be out of the pale of reason. That our own generation will see some long steps taken toward this consummation seems not only reasonable but highly probable. The first thing to be done, of course, is to explore thoroughly the whole field, especially those shadowy border-lands between the various sciences, and to this task many investigators have set themselves. After we have learned more, we may begin to formulate general laws and then to speculate. At present we are in the first stage, that of investigation and experiment, of tedious and often fruitless research. But even now we have reached results so important and significant, that we do not hesitate to look for knowledge, which, as human knowledge goes, shall be complete, and that at no very distant day.

I say that we are in the stage of investigation, and it is to point out and describe very briefly two particular fields of investigation, that I am writing. The first of these fields is usually spoken of as "the new science of physical chemistry," though the giving of such a name to it is somewhat misleading. It is not physical chemistry any more than it is chemical physics. It is really the science of phenomena which we cannot explain either by chemistry or by physics alone, but which we are endeavoring to explain by combining the resources of the two. In order to give some idea of such a science, of its importance, and especially of its theoretical significance, I must recall, at the risk of tedium, the nature of the phenomena dealt with by the two older sciences and their methods of procedure.

In the visible universe, and especially in the inanimate universe of which these sciences treat, we are accustomed to think of matter as the only thing that has objective existence. Now matter is something with which we are so familiar that it seems at first quite unnecessary to explain what we mean by the word, but we must devote a little space to such an explanation. What then do we mean by matter? The first description that occurs to us is that matter is something that occupies space, and this definition is often given. I need hardly remind you of the philosophic difficulties such a definition involves, the least of which is that it defines in a circle, for I am concerned not with the philosophical but with the physical side of the question. Leaving the philosophical difficulty, the practical meaning of the definition is,—if we try to put one body of matter into the space occupied by another body of matter, we meet with a certain force of resistance, which force is always great enough to counterbalance the force we are exerting, and therefore we never succeed in making one body of matter occupy the same space as the other at the same time. In other words, this description means that matter of itself possesses certain forces of resistance. The force we apply may compress matter, or it may set it in motion, but it can never overcome its *impenetrability*, due to these forces of resistance.

Another very common description of matter is that it has weight. The more matter, the greater the weight. This means that bodies of matter attract one another, and that the more matter there is, the greater is the attraction. The weight is the measure of the force of attraction, or gravitation, as it is usually called. This description means also that matter, of itself, possesses certain forces, this time forces of attraction. I need not multiply instances of such descriptions of matter, but merely add that all descriptions, without exception, are based on some property, the existence of which rests either directly on a force, or on something analogous to a force, and convertible, more or less completely, into a force. The best description that can be given is substantially this: matter is something which can be made to move, or to change its rate of motion, only under the influence of an external force.

We find then that all the physical properties of matter are due either to mechanical forces, which result from or produce motion, or to heat, a

“mode of motion,” as Tyndall calls it, or to reflection and transmission of light, which is also a form of motion, or to electric properties which can on the one hand be induced by mechanical means, and on the other hand be made themselves to produce motion, heat, or light. Further, all these seemingly intangible things can be measured accurately, and then converted into one another, and not the smallest fraction of the whole be lost in the process. Heat, light, electricity and mechanical force in its many forms, are all eventually convertible without any change in quantity, and are evidently merely the different manifestations of some one thing. That thing we call energy. The conception of energy has been to physical science all that the conception of evolution has been to natural and social science. Energy is an immaterial, but perfectly definite, objective entity, in the same sense that matter is an objective entity. We have found that all descriptions of matter involve the conception of energy, and similarly all descriptions of energy involve the idea of matter. The one is never found without the other. When a scientist attempts to explain what he means by matter, he finds himself talking about energy, as I am doing now, and *vice versa*. This, of course, leads us to consider matter somewhat further. When we attempt to describe it *in statu quo* we reach nothing but a description of energy. Let us see if its transformations will give us any light as to its nature. If we cannot find out what it *is*, let us find out what it will *do*.

Though all matter possesses such characteristic properties as impenetrability and gravitation, various forms of matter differ very much in their less essential properties; and there are characteristic material substances in the objects around us. These substances are capable of undergoing many changes, the most radical being known as chemical changes. The coal burning in my grate is undergoing a chemical change, for it is partially escaping as a gas, and the ashes left are very different from the coal. By no process can I obtain the coal again from the gases and the ashes. The properties of the matter are changed, and it has given out much energy in the form of heat. But in this, and in every other chemical change, however radical, one thing remains unaltered; that is the amount of matter. Matter like energy, is unchangeable in quantity, and its quantity is quite independent of any changes of energy. The two are in a sense



perfectly independent, although we can define either only in terms of the other, and in fact we can conceive of neither alone.

Matter and energy, then, different but inseparable, both of them unchangeable in quantity, are the subjects of which physics and chemistry treat. This, to go back to our old figure, is the field which the two sciences are to explore and occupy. Hitherto physics has devoted herself mainly to the investigation of the laws of energy in its various forms, while chemistry has studied the transformation of matter, under the influence of a special form of energy, comparatively little known, and called chemical affinity. They have occupied only two provinces of the vast field, and it remains for them to explore the rest. They are to find, for instance, the exact relation of chemical to other forms of energy; to heat, electricity, light and so on. The immense practical importance of such knowledge is felt when we remember that we are coming to rely more and more on the energy of such chemical processes as the burning of coal and gas for the motive power of our factories, for the lighting of our houses, for transportation, for transmission of news, for the general machinery of our civilisation. We are fairly well acquainted with other forms of energy, and can use them economically, so the question now is how to convert our chemical energy most completely into these more useful forms. Not less important than this is the discovery of the laws by which affinity itself is governed, in order that we may gain a more complete control of chemical changes, and thus be able to build up more substances with new and perhaps more useful properties. To find these laws of affinity we must start from the well-known field of physics, and gradually work our way into more difficult paths. Thus we shall gain, in time, more and more mastery of chemical synthesis, until we make in our workshops not only our drugs, our dyes, our fruit essences and our sugar, as at present, but our very food-stuffs. Then we can laugh at Malthus and his doctrine, for we shall no longer need the earth for wheat-fields and pastures, but can use it all for standing-room, while the tall factories make our albumens, fats, starchy substances and the rest, in the most concentrated forms of nourishment. Even though we do not need this prospect to make us laugh at Malthus, we have reason to congratulate ourselves at the great economy of labor that such attainments will bring about.



Aside from these practical advantages which we may prophesy from the pursuit of this new science, there is the theoretical significance of the study of matter and energy, which is to many of us the most interesting phase of the new development. Metaphysicians have always spoken of the world of mind and the world of matter as if this classification embraced all phenomena. The old view was to regard heat, electricity and other forms of energy as special forms of matter, as *imponderable fluids*. Even to-day, when this view has been so long given up, the common idea is that energy is merely a property of matter, and that the existence of the former is conditioned by that of the latter. From what I have said, however, concerning the nature of the two, I think it will be plain that such a view is not the only one tenable. In whatever sense we ascribe reality to matter, in the same sense we may, if we will, ascribe reality to energy. And just as the metaphysician, in considering mind and matter, has three possibilities open,—the co-existence of both, or mind conditioned by matter, or matter conditioned by mind,—in the same way the speculative physicist has three possibilities open with regard to matter and energy,—the co-existence of both, or energy conditioned by matter, or matter conditioned by energy. The first of these theories is the working hypothesis of most practical scientists. It is the easiest and most natural, just as the hypothesis of the co-existence of mind and matter is the easiest and most natural. The second is rather out of date, and the third is merely an ingenious speculation.

Matter conditioned by energy,—energy the one thing that has independent existence in the visible universe,—the desk on which I write nothing but an aggregation of attracting and repelling forces, heat and electricity, such is the fantastic result of such a theory. And yet it is no more fantastic than the idealism of the metaphysicians, in which some of us believe and still consider ourselves sane. It may, indeed, be adapted to all our facts, and even made to harmonise with the august Atomic Theory itself, for according to this new idea an atom is merely a point without extension, the centre of a sphere of attractive and repellent forces, which vary in such a way as to produce all the changes matter is known to undergo. That we should ever prove this to be the case seems as improbable as that we should ever prove the corresponding idealistic theory with

regard to the non-existence of anything in the external universe. But at all events it is not impossible that this may be the prevalent view of scientists before very many years, and that we may then have not materialists but "energists," waging bloodless war with their friends, the idealists, on the question as to whether energy can have an objective existence.

Such is the new departure in physical science. The other new field to which I referred is one which, though not more interesting to a pure scientist, is perhaps more vitally interesting to the public at large. Just as the first of our new fields was that lying between chemistry and physics, so this one is the much more obscure and difficult field, lying between the physical sciences in general and the biological; and this latter, therefore includes the problems of the living and non-living, their differences and relations. Until well on in this century it was thought that the substances found in living beings were formed there by the action of a so-called "vital force," and that they could be formed by no artificial means whatever, thus differing essentially from the substances found in inanimate nature. Complicated inorganic compounds could be made by building up simpler ones, by chemical synthesis; but it was not until 1828 that the first substance characteristic of many animal secretions was prepared synthetically, and not until much later that it was found possible to make in the laboratory any considerable number of such organic bodies. It was, however, established that such organic substances were in all essential respects of the same nature as the bodies which go to make up the soil and rocks, and that there was no room for the action of such a thing as "vital force," for chemical and physical forces were sufficient to bring about the changes observed. As more and more complicated bodies were formed in the laboratory, and were found to be identical with the products of living organisms, the question arose, What is the limit to our power of synthesis? Can we not make organisms in our laboratories?

The problem of the genesis of life from dead matter can be attacked in three ways. We may start from the general biologist's point of view and see whether life can be created, whether there is such a thing as *spontaneous generation*. At present there is no evidence whatever for such a phenomenon, and experiments that were thought to prove it have been shown to be

inaccurate. On the other hand we may start from the physiologist's point of view and attempt to find out exactly what is going on in an organism, with the hope of being ourselves able to induce similar processes. This method has led to few results, for there is one insuperable difficulty. As long as an organism is alive we cannot experiment on it in any way that will tell us the fundamental changes going on, such as the chemical reactions. As soon as we get into a position to follow them, the organism as such has ceased to exist, and is merely dead organic matter. Physiologists know a great deal about dead organic matter, from which life has just ceased, but about the changes in the living state they know practically nothing.

The third way is to start from chemical data, to get as complete an idea as possible of the simpler organic substances, such as sugars, fats and oils, the vegetable dyes and so forth, and from these to develop more and more complicated substances. A complete command over such syntheses would come only from physico-chemical results, as I have before indicated; but meanwhile we are making long strides towards the understanding of such compounds as are characteristic of life. It may seem that the chemists are merely advancing to meet the physiologists, and such is really the case. But it must be remembered that most of our brilliant results in science come, not from the direct study of complicated and obscure phenomena, but from the gradual clearing up of simpler and apparently less important problems, from which we learn enough to be able to attack the others in a more intelligent way. Just as in physical chemistry we hope the most from the work of the physicists, who start nearer the beginning of things, so to speak, here in physiological chemistry we must look to the chemists for our best work. It seems rather inappropriate that we should recommend physicists to study chemistry, and chemists to study biology, and biologists in turn to clear up and reduce to order sociology and her various neighbouring sciences; but if the logicians speak truly when they say that to explain a thing we must describe it in terms of some well-known thing, then this recommendation of ours will be altogether natural.

Life is something of which we know absolutely nothing. It is the great unknown of science; and matter and energy are things of which we know something, though perhaps not very much. Therefore, if we succeed in defining life at all, it will probably be in terms of matter and energy, and only

with the aid of the knowledge afforded by the study of matter and energy. It is not altogether impossible, and indeed such a theory has been hinted at more than once, that life consists merely of a continuous series of chemical changes going on in a system of extremely complicated chemical compounds. Speaking generally, changes in the inanimate world go on with much less rapidity, and are of much less frequent occurrence than changes in organisms, but there is no conclusive reason for believing that they are of an essentially different nature, or do not obey the laws of matter and energy. The difference between living and dead would then be one of degree and not of kind; for according to this idea, growth and the performance of functions would depend only on the extremely complicated chemical processes that were going on, and would last only so long as the conditions for those processes remained favorable. When the conditions altered so that these peculiar reactions could no longer take place, the "living" matter would become "dead." That any one would be bold enough to regard this idea as anything more than a rash, but perhaps suggestive, hypothesis, is not to be expected. But the mere fact that such an hypothesis should be suggested, shows in what direction we may look for future and better attempts at explanation; and when we consider that the best description of life now possible, is that it is "the sum-total of the forces that resist death" we may see the rationality of such attempts at explanation. It is such an idea, perhaps unrecognised, that is spurring on much of the present work in synthetic chemistry; for if life is what this hypothesis assumes it to be, there can be but one answer to the question,—where is the limit to our power of synthesis? That answer is, of course, "Nowhere." If we can make organic substances at all, there is no apparent reason why we should not make more and more complicated bodies, until we succeed in making living matter, and if we make living matter at all, there is no apparent reason why we should not succeed in making new and entirely different forms of living matter, and improve on nature, just as now, in our workshops, we make new drugs similar to those in nature, but improvements on them.

*Mary Bidwell Breed, '94.*

QUATRAINS.

I.

MEDIA VITÆ.

A world of sky-blue sea and sea-blue sky ;  
    Gulls wheeling, crying, up the crystal air ;  
A broken figure-head slow drifting by ;—  
    Death's very self in such a world is fair.

II.

HEINE THE SATYR.

Celestial locks parted by furry ears ;  
    White brows, and hoofs that oft the mire have trod ;  
Eyes bright with unshed tears ;—  
    Poor soul, half goat, half god !

*G. G. K. '96.*



## BATHOS AND BLUE RIBBON.

The Catherwood's summer cottage on the hill was being soaked by a penetrating September rain into a uniformity of colourlessness with the rows of little frame houses in the village below, while a still more penetrating September wind blew up the hill from the bay and howled bleakly forth from dismal corners.

Woodruff shivered involuntarily as he closed the door behind him, and stood on the verandah for a moment looking blankly out at the dispiriting prospect. Then he plunged down the steps into the rain.

He tried mechanically to remember everything that had happened during the past hour, but his only distinct impression was that Anne had looked uncommonly pretty as she left him—and then he found himself solemnly informing the landscape that his engagement was off, and that it really was of no material consequence to him whether he went to the devil or not, on the whole he believed he would go to Boston by the night train. Then he laughed grimly and called himself a fool.

Such an utterly inane thing to quarrel about! He had hardly realised there was anything serious in it until Anne, with a fine poisoning of her handsome head, had handed him that confounded solitaire and had said as she left the room with a bow of frigid politeness, "I shall send you your letters at once, Mr. Woodruff; I should be glad if you would burn mine, or return them as soon as possible!"

How odd it was to hear her say "Mr. Woodruff!" It brought back all those months of mere acquaintanceship last winter, and yes, by Jove!—it wasn't till April she had dropped all that for "Dick."—That jolly night. Oh, hang it!—and with a dismal, half-choked groan he once more faced the fact that it was all up—forever!

By the time he reached the hotel his aspect of dreary despair caused young Ferguson, who was smoking a very black pipe in front of an open fire in his room, to sit up and beat his breast tragically, declaiming in melodramatic tones, "Enter impassioned swain with gloom depicted on



his manly brow. What aileth thee, fair youth? Hath lovely Mistress Catherwood frowned upon thy suit to-day?"

Woodruff threw back his head with a gesture of hopeless wretchedness.

"No joke, Bob. She's thrown me over. I'm going to get out of this to-night. Evening train to Boston. Can't stay here. All broken up."

Ferguson waxed paternal. "Now Richard, don't you go and make a blooming idiot of yourself. Your family isn't in town yet and you must guard your young life against the demoralising influences of the club. The air here is healthful and exhilarating"—(renewed howls from the wind outside)—"moreover the divine Anne is no doubt crying her little eyes out for you this very minute. Now trot along back to her—beg her pardon like a man and live happily ever after—I speak advisedly, my son, having had wide experience in affairs of this nature," and with a magnificent wave of the hand and an expression of infinite complacency, he subsided into the depths of his big chair, and devoted his entire attention to the black pipe and the contemplation of a pair of exceedingly well-built patent-leather shoes stretched out on the fender in front of him.

He was aroused from this absorbing pursuit some fifteen minutes later by a broken sigh coming from the next room, and found Woodruff, a very pattern of despondency, with his head down on his writing-table, and beside him a heap of plump blue letters, one of which lay open in his hand. Ferguson became sympathetic at once, and tapped him commiseratingly on the shoulder. "Oh, I say, old chap,—it isn't really as bad as that? Brace up,—she'll come round all right. Don't be downhearted, now—really shouldn't you know."

Woodruff raised his head and shook it dejectedly and then set himself fiercely to arranging the letters in a neat pile, talking nervously all the while. "No, there's no help for it. These must be sent to her at once. I was fool enough to read some of them over again just now—upset me, of course. Serves me right for making such an idiot of myself. Deuce take my hands,—what makes them shake so confoundedly?—I can't manage this string at all. Hold on here, will you Bob, while I tie them up."

"My dear fellow," ejaculated Ferguson in his most impressive tones, "you can't send these *this* way!"

"What's the matter with them?" demanded Woodruff blankly.

"Don't you see, that's *string* you're trying to tie them with—*pink string*!"

"Well," growled the other, tugging savagely at a knot, "what of it?"

"If your divinity, my friend," with a wave of his pipe in the direction of Miss Catherwood's photograph on the mantelpiece, "were to behold her soul-outpourings desecrated by a piece of knotted pink cotton string, you might in very sooth bid an eternal farewell to your pretty little romance. Her artistic sense would never allow her to forgive you. Little details of this kind mean everything to young women of Mistress Anne's type," he continued with a manner suggestive of vast reserves of worldly wisdom, surveying the lady's photograph critically through half-closed eyes.

Woodruff began distractedly to overturn his bureau drawers. "Confound it,—Bob,—why don't you help me out of this mess? What *am* I to do with these, anyhow? I haven't a blessed thing to wrap them in except that string and these," and he threw down on the table for his friend's inspection a leather collar box, a pasteboard shoe box, a yellow silk cravat case, some stout wrapping-paper and brown twine. "Do you think any of those would do?" he added deprecatingly.

Ferguson smiled a superior but indulgent smile. "These articles, my dear young friend, are quite impossible," he said solemnly. "The only thing allowable in a crisis of this nature is blue ribbon. Blue ribbon is an absolute essential in the transfer of the love-letter—blue ribbon you *must* have!"

Woodruff renewed his search, and at length exhumed from some obscure corner two small pieces of ribbon—a red one attached to a dilapidated German favour, and a bedraggled-looking green one without encumbrances. These he held up tentatively before Ferguson's critical gaze. "No, Dick," he said, firmly, "with anything but blue ribbon you risk all future chances with Miss C., and I wash my hands of the responsibility."

Woodruff sighed tragically and attacked his friend's bureau drawers. But again his search was unsuccessful, and he retired to an easy chair and devoted himself for a short time to the pensive contemplation of Anne Catherwood's photograph, while the other smoked in silence. Then he walked over to the mantelpiece and laid the picture face downward upon

it, and turning sharply, said, "We might ask some of the women here in the house—women always have such things on hand, I fancy—Mrs. Fraley, or Mrs. Warden,—some of those people, you know."

Ferguson shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, if you intend making confidantes of Mrs. Fraley and Mrs. Warden—charming confidantes, I have no doubt, though perhaps just a trifle young. Of course, you understand that a sudden thirst for blue ribbon on the part of an engaged youth, with wild eyes and distracted port, will carry with it a depth of significance to the hearts of those sympathetic ladies, and their tender sympathy will naturally soon be shared by the majority of your acquaintances here, and it will be *so* sweet for you to have your little troubles understood and felt for, *dear* Dick!" he said with an effusive suggestion of pretty Mrs. Warden's manner.

Woodruff shuddered. "What *am* I to do, Bob?" he groaned, "this affair means life or death to me. Don't you see, I can't afford to be made a fool of by a paltry piece of blue ribbon? It's simply impossible!"

"The situation *does* seem to demand more dignity of detail, I admit," said Ferguson sagaciously, "try the Emporium."

"Why, man, it's a vulgar village shop. They traffic in tinned vegetables at the Emporium, and hardware, and tallow candles, ugh, and dried beef—you don't suppose—!"

"With keener powers of observation, Richard, you would have been an exceptionally clever young man," said Ferguson, "you would then have perceived that the windows of the Emporium are further wont to flaunt in the eyes of a dazzled public gay-coloured chintz and cheese-cloth—and *notions*, Dick,—do you grasp the full significance of that Americanism?"

There was a half-incredulous expression on Woodruff's face, but he pulled on his mackintosh with nervous haste. "Sorry I can't relieve you of these sordid little details, old fellow," drawled the other lazily, "but this wet weather, you know—beastly cough—I'll have to be careful of it for a day or two;" and he enforced his remark with a few illustrative croaks.

Woodruff went off without replying, and his friend lay back gazing confidentially at the black pipe.

"This rain will tone him down a bit if he stays out long enough," he soliloquised, "Bring him around beautifully before night. He'll see the ridiculousness of the whole business,—happiness of two lives hanging on small piece of blue ribbon,—that's the idea,—rather neat situation on the whole, I flatter myself. What awful fools the tender passion makes of the erstwhile sane and sensible,—eternal rows and beatings of breasts and gnashings of teeth. Ah, Dick! you used to be such a level-headed chap." And again the patent-leather boots monopolized his attention, and he fell to musing amid clouds of fragrant smoke-wreaths.

Two hours later Woodruff burst into the room, flushed and frowning and thoroughly drenched. "I hope you found the right shade of blue," said Ferguson airily, "I quite forgot to tell you before you went out that there are only certain shades correct in cases of this kind."

"Hang it, Bob," roared Woodruff, "look at me—do I look as if I had a right shade or a wrong shade or any other variety of shade concealed about my person?"

"No, I confess," said Ferguson surveying him critically, "Your appearance doesn't suggest even a *sunshade* to my mind; you look like an exemplification of bad plumbing," he went on, standing on a chair, "Should you mind hanging yourself out of the window to drip for a short time?—Wicker furniture isn't particularly seaworthy in rough weather."

"Vastly amusing," growled the other, "Come down off that, will you, and help me get rid of these beastly things!"

"You *are* a cheerful-looking customer," said his friend, dragging off his dripping mackintosh,— "Where have you been?"

"Only to Millville—sweet little walk for a rainy day," snarled Woodruff,— "Bolts of green ribbon and yellow ribbon, yards of red ribbon and pink ribbon,—*So* sorry, just out of blue ribbon—Have some in in a day or two—Anything else we could show you?—Call again.'—Great Scott, Bob—don't you see what an awful ass I've been making of myself? If Anne were to hear of it,—all this mess for a few ridiculous letters,—she'd be hugely diverted, I've no doubt. Those letters have *got* to be sent off at once," he thundered, "Do you hear? At once! Why don't you come out of that refrigerator pose of yours and suggest something!"—and he tramped up and down the room with clenched hands and a most unlover-like scowl.

"Shades of love-sick sighs and tender yearnings and soft despair, what sight is this!" declaimed Ferguson.

"Tender yearnings and soft despair be hanged," growled Woodruff, "I've got to get out of this scrape—are you going to suggest anything or aren't you?"

"You might burn the letters—that is usually an allowable alternative in these little difficulties—perhaps Miss Catherwood may have mentioned the fact to you."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Woodruff simply; and going over to the table with an aspect of stern determination he began to gather up the plump, blue envelopes before referred to. One sheet of closely-written paper lay open among the pile, and he picked it up separately and bundled it in more slowly with the rest,—then the postmark of another attracted his attention, and he stopped a minute or two to decipher its blurred lettering. And then more and more lingeringly he gathered them together. As he picked up the last envelope he read the address over six times, added it carefully to the pile in his other hand, sighed, and then laid the whole back on the table again.

"No, Bob, I can't burn these," he said helplessly.

"Then there is only one thing else you *can* do," said the other who had been waiting for this very softening of Woodruff's mood,—*"Swallow your pride, go back there and square up your share of the row. If you do it handsomely she can't help relenting—and there you are,"* conclusively.

Woodruff shook his head despairingly; but he set Anne's photograph in its former upright position on the mantel-piece, and then stood contemplating it in silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Anne heard the door close behind Woodruff that morning she walked with close-set lips upstairs to her mother's room and told her that the engagement was broken. There was a look on Anne's face that made expressions of sympathy, or even of surprise, unadvisable; so Mrs. Catherwood simply said, "Indeed," with a rising inflection, and left further discussion of the subject to a more favorable moment.

"Will you take a note for me to Mrs. Sturgis, Anne?" she asked, "You look rather pale, and a walk in the rain will do you good, I think.



This afternoon I should like to talk with you," and she went on with her writing.

Anne obeyed half-mechanically, and tramped for an hour or two through mud and rain, returning drenched and tired, but with a fresher colour and a shade less of that ominous firmness about the mouth and chin. She went up to her room, closed the door, and seating herself in front of her dressing-table, drew from a drawer thereof a bundle of long, narrow envelopes, addressed in a firm, manly scrawl, and tied together by a piece of narrow blue ribbon.

Now Anne was a young woman of much force and decision of character. She was very angry with Woodruff and had quite firmly determined never to see him again; therefore it is quite incomprehensible to me what possible satisfaction it could have given her to untie that ribbon and re-read any of those dull letters,—for did she not herself several times while she was reading, in perfectly audible tones, pronounce them "insufferably stupid"? It must have been as a sort of self-imposed penance that she forced herself to plod through so much "insufferable stupidity," for she read them from beginning to end,—every single one. When she had finished the last of the number, she put it carefully back into its envelope, and then—ah, humiliating confession!—that most strong-minded of all young persons covered her face with her hands and wept hysterically. Presently Mrs. Catherwood, who had been hovering about Anne's door for nearly an hour awaiting a favorable opportunity for effecting an entrance, heard a significant, stifled sound from within and arming herself with formidable-looking bottles of cologne and "Pond's Extract" she softly entered the room.

Her motherly presence was soothing, and with her quiet voice and generous applications of her pet remedies to the girl's hot forehead, she soon restored relative calm, and then the two settled themselves to "talk it out." This occupation proved so absorbing that Anne for a time forgot that Woodruff's letters had not yet been sent back to him, until a clock struck somewhere in the house and reminded her. She rushed to the dressing-table only to find that something had upset the "Pond's Extract" bottle, and the luckless letters lay in a soaked and stained little heap, the ink blurred and streaked and the paper here and there adorned with



purplish blotches, where it had come into contact with the sodden blue ribbon. It was a sorry sight, and every attempt at drying and cleaning seemed only to make matters worse.

"Whatever shall I do!" moaned Anne, "I said I would send them to him at once—they can't go like this,—just *look* at them, and *smell* them!"

Mrs. Catherwood renewed her efforts with the melancholy-looking epistles, but the streaks and splotches seemed irreclaimable and an unmistakably characteristic odour clung to them tenaciously.

"You will have to write and explain why you cannot send these, Anne."

"But, mother, don't you see what a silly thing this is to have to explain? What an absurd climax to a terribly serious affair? Oh, and I was really the one that got angry first and insisted on breaking the engagement and all that, and I tried to be so fearfully dignified! I simply *can't* appear ridiculous now—Dick would no doubt derive infinite amusement from such a piece of anti-climax. Oh, no, I can *never* give him such an advantage—it would be *too* humiliating!"

Anne almost wept again—it was so very provoking to have a dramatic situation ruined by so commonplace an accident. Mrs. Catherwood made one or two mild suggestions, but Anne waxed more and more despairing, as the utter foolishness of the predicament grew upon her.

"Oh, dear," she wailed at last, "the whole thing is so unnecessary. I must have been very ill-tempered to quarrel with Dick, he's such a good-natured fellow. It's so tiresome to be in the wrong, too,—if it were only he, perhaps he'd have the grace to come and apologise, and save all this trouble about the letters."

"Don't you think, perhaps, if you owe him an apology, that might be the simplest solution?" ventured her mother.

Anne drew herself up and became haughty at once.

"I owe Mr. Woodruff no apology," she said magnificently, "and would accept none from him, even if he should choose to apologise—please say nothing further about it."

The door opened and "Mr. Woodruff" was announced.

Now, as I have before intimated, Miss Catherwood was a young person of much firmness and determination, and I have always had the utmost

faith in her ability to cope with the most perplexing situations. I can therefore imagine but one possible outcome to that interview of hers with Mr. Woodruff.

But Bob Fergusson told me not long ago that the last time he visited the Woodruff's he saw in a pigeon-hole of Mrs. Woodruff's writing-desk a large bundle of envelopes, half of them plump and blue, half of them white and adorned with many blots and stains—all tied together with a badly streaked and crumpled piece of narrow blue ribbon!

*Caroline Reeves Foulke, '95.*

## TO A TANAGRA FIGURE.

Come down to us from far-off days,  
    In dearest Greece beyond the sea.  
    I hold thee ; sweetest, can it be,  
A girl lived once, whose gracious ways  
Of movement had a charm that stays  
    About thee, still, and is through thee,  
Come down to us from far-off days  
    In dearest Greece beyond the sea !

Thy slim, sweet hands bind up with bays,  
    Thine hair ; the long, straight folds leave free,  
    Thy slender feet ; thine eyes—ah me,  
I love thee, sweet, I cannot praise ;  
Come down to us from far-off days  
    In dearest Greece beyond the sea !

*Louise Sheffield Brownell, '93.*

## ADMISSION BY CERTIFICATE.

The usual argument against admitting students to college by certificate is that this practice lowers the standard of the college. People who urge this objection often seem to think that admission by certificate means indiscriminate approval of any candidate whom any school whatsoever may choose to indorse. Even those who are somewhat better informed usually argue that the certificate cannot be received as satisfactory evidence of thorough preparation, because it is impossible for the college to supervise the work of the fitting-schools. This impression is, however, at least as to its latter part, a mistaken one. Wellesley College, which as the oldest and largest college for women is most often cited in illustration, does not indeed attempt to supervise the fitting-schools, except by correspondence. Any school whose catalogue and application are satisfactory, receives the certificate privilege for a year, on trial. But other colleges are more exacting. Smith requires the school applying for such privilege to send specimens of examination work, covering all requirements for entrance. If the papers sent are satisfactory, the privilege is extended to the school; but all certificates, even from schools entitled to grant them, are subject to the final approval of the Board of Examiners. Vassar admits students prepared (1) by schools from which pupils have previously been admitted without conditions; (2) by tutors who are graduates of Vassar and whose pupils have previously been admitted without conditions; (3) by schools which have been visited and approved by a committee of the Faculty, or "in regard to which the Faculty have other sufficient means of information." Michigan University, which probably exercises a stricter supervision than any of the above-mentioned colleges, sends a committee of the Faculty to examine any school which applies for the certificate privilege; if the committee approves the school, the privilege is conferred for three years, at the end of which time another examination of the school is necessary to a renewal of the privilege. Schools near Ann Arbor are visited at shorter intervals. It is needless to say that all colleges

which admit by certificate reserve the right to examine candidates upon any point or points that may not be sufficiently covered by the certificate, and that all reserve also the right to withdraw the privilege from any school, upon the failure of any pupil of the school to do satisfactory work in college.

But, it is sometimes said, while all this may ensure the school's doing good work in its own way, it does not ensure just the kind of work desired by the college. What the college wants is not an assurance that the student has a good general knowledge of such and such a subject, but an assurance that he knows just those parts of it which are most necessary for the more advanced work offered by the college in question. People who urge this objection do not seem to be aware that every college which admits by certificate requires the certificate to cover definitely prescribed work. Certificates for Smith must be "to the effect that the requirements of the Classical Course," or of the Literary and Scientific Course, as the case may be, "have been fulfilled." Vassar prescribes that "in all cases the certificate must specify the text books used, the ground actually gone over, and the date of examination." Wellesley requires the certificate to "show distinctly that the candidate has met in detail the requirements as published in the current calendar. Whenever any variation has been allowed, the work done must be specifically stated and offered as an equivalent, to be accepted or refused." I have known a candidate at Wellesley to be obliged to take the whole series of Latin examinations—translations, prosody, prose and all—because she had omitted to read one of Cicero's orations. The conditions of admission on certificate may be made as stringent in this respect as seems advisable.

The certificate system, at its best, has a very beneficial effect on the work of the schools affected by it. Indeed, every college of high standing contributes more or less to raise the standard of the secondary schools in its neighbourhood. But there is a marked difference between the influence of the college which offers as incentive a rigorous examination, and that of the college which offers the approval of a committee of Faculty. In the one case, the minds of teachers and pupils are fixed mainly on the acquisition of the facts necessary to pass the examination; in the other, they are fixed on the excellence *per se* of the work done in school, and on its value as a preparation for the work to be done in college. And I speak

from my own experience; as well as from the testimony of many other teachers, who, like myself, have taught under both systems, in saying that while the prospect of the examination may secure a more nearly uniform preparation and the memorising of a greater number of facts, it sacrifices to these what is of more importance to the college as of more worth in itself—the development of intelligence; and that the teacher whose attention is not absorbed in preparing pupils for the examination devotes far more time and thought to preparing them for the work they will have to do in college. For (in the latter case) it is upon the success or failure of the pupil in college that the success or failure of the teacher depends; and no good teacher is willing to risk her reputation, no good school is willing to risk its certificate privilege, on the chances of success of a pupil whose capacity for college work seems doubtful. I myself believe that the admitted superiority of the public schools in the group of States lying around Michigan is partly due to the wise employment of the certificate system by Michigan University.

But whatever may be the interest of the college in the improvement of the schools, and, whether from a generous or from a selfish standpoint it ought to be a deep interest,—this is nevertheless a matter of comparatively little moment. No college can afford to try to raise the standard of the secondary schools at the expense of its own standard. We must return after all to the original question:—Does admission by certificate necessarily lower the standard of the college? Everyone admits that in order to maintain the highest level of scholarship the entrance test ought to be a strict one; the only difference of opinion is as to whether the certificate can be made as strict a test as the examination. It is undoubtedly true that under the certificate system some students enter college who are not at all fitted to do good work after they are in, a thing which has sometimes been known to happen even in the case of students admitted by examination. It may even be true that the number of inadequately prepared students who succeed in getting into college is proportionally greater under the certificate system, as at present conducted, than under the strict examination system. But there are several considerations to offset this. In the first place, it is a matter of practical experience that a certain number of students do enter college on certificate, and do excellent and



even brilliant college work, who would not have been able to pass the examinations, at least not without further preparation; and we all know how often the question of now or next year is a question of now or never. In the second place, the examination system sometimes works in a way that would never be anticipated by anyone who had not seen it in practice,—that is, it admits students who are not well enough prepared to obtain a certificate. It is by no means uncommon to hear among the teachers of a good fitting-school such a conversation as the following:—

*A.*—Mary Brown wants to enter college next fall; can she be ready?

*B.*—She has had only one year of German.

*A.*—Well, let her try the examination, and if she gets through, all right; if not, she will have to wait a year longer. You know Jane Jones got through with one year's German, and she was anything but a clever girl.

*B.*—Very well, she can try the examination and see; but I would not think of signing her certificate, for I don't consider her prepared for college work.

And it frequently happens that under just such circumstances, the responsibility being assumed by the college,—the candidate passes the examination and enters college a year sooner than she would do if the responsibility were thrown upon her teachers.

It must also be remembered that because some incompetent students do get into college, whether by obtaining certificates or by passing examinations, it by no means follows that they stay in. Such students are merely dropped at the end of the first semester, or at any rate of the first year. Wellesley even refuses to consider a student matriculated until after she has passed her mid-year examinations. Of course, the temporary presence of students who are unable to maintain their standing involves more or less injury to the first semester's work, more or less friction and subsequent readjustment of relations; and it would be very desirable to exclude such students altogether, if possible. But it is a curious fact that the facility of entrance by certificate seems to stand in inverse ratio to the number of entrance conditions allowed, the one kind of laxity thus offsetting the other.

Students who enter conditioned, have, besides the implied lack of thorough preparation in certain subjects, the further disadvantage of being obliged to pass off the conditions within a year, in addition to the regular

college work ; many fail to do so, and thus drop out, having wasted a year instead of a semester in college. It is a serious question whether the injury to the first year's work is not greater, and the difficulty of readjustment more serious, under the system of entrance with heavy conditions, than under that of entrance by certificate.

There is another consideration of great practical importance, which yet is seldom taken into account in this connection. The student who enters college on certificate almost always finishes her work in the preceding June, and with a mind free from anxiety is able to devote the whole summer to rest and relaxation ; she enters college in a favorable condition of body and mind for thoroughgoing hard work. The student who enters by examination hardly ever completes her work until the week before college opens ; this usually means that she devotes the summer to "cram," and that she is in a more or less exhausted state when she begins work in college.

Examinations, though always an imperfect test, are in many cases the best yet devised—an evil, but still a necessary evil. But is an examination a better test than the verdict of a competent teacher concerning a pupil whose daily work she has studied for one, two or three years ? As for the competence of the teacher, and the thoroughness of the school, it rests with the college to insist upon these things. A college may decline to exercise more than a nominal supervision over the schools on its list, may accept certificates from incompetent or dishonest teachers, may put up with superficial and unscholarly work ; and a college may impose easy examinations, mark leniently, allow many and heavy conditions, and permit ill-qualified students to slip through without meeting even its own facile requirements. After all the maintenance of a high standard depends less on the choice of entrance tests than on the earnestness and thoroughness of the college in enforcing those tests. But taking the two systems at their worst, which is likely to do poorer work in college ; the student who after idling away two years in a preparatory school, enters with no scholarly habits of mind, and with no thorough knowledge of anything ; or she who, with an ignorance really if not apparently equal, and an equal lack of mental training, after six months' desperate "cram," enters with four heavy conditions, in such a physical state that a rest-cure would be the most

appropriate place for her. The latter may seem an extreme case, yet it is not so rare but that it has more than once come within my own limited sphere of observation.

A high standard, in morals, manners, or scholarship, is an excellent thing to have. One's standard, or at least one's ideal, can hardly be too high. But is there not sometimes, in college circles as well as elsewhere, a good deal of talk about high standards which has a more intimate connection with one's self-satisfaction than with one's possession of any genuine superiority?

*Emma Stansbury Wines, '94.*

## MUST THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION GO?

There are unmistakable signs that a much-needed and wholesome reaction is now going on against mechanism and mechanical methods in education, a field in which the conditions are rather those of organic life, and the methods necessary those of organic growth. The kindergarten and its coadjutor the inductive method, have come among us, and have come to stay. We are growing into the conviction that power and not acquirement is the object of education; that not what a man has, but what he can do, is the test of his quality, and the essence of his value to society.

Following out this line of thought, too frequent and too detailed examinations, the results tested in accordance with an iron system of "grades" and "marks" are deprecated as being both unnatural and unnecessary, a heavy burden on the student, and without real educational value. Readers of *THE LANTERN* may remember a discussion on this point carried on in last year's issue. In the course of that discussion the present writer endeavoured to show in some detail the evil effects arising from such a system.

An opposite evil is, however, equally to be guarded against. When the application of "natural" methods goes so far that no motive power is employed other than the "natural" impulses of the pupil; when he is not required to walk in any paths that do not seem pleasant to him; when the inductive method, with its persuasive insinuations, wastes weeks in coaxing the pupil to reach by his own devious wanderings a point he could have been authoritatively led to in three days, perhaps it is time to call a halt, and see whether in our ardour for the new we are not forgetting some of the good and necessary features of the old. Must we not recognise the fact that there can be no patent methods for "learning made easy": education means discipline, and discipline of a strenuous sort, and in this discipline the written examination, used in a proper way, at the proper time, in the proper place, is not the least effective means.

In what way, then, and where, may the examination be used to the best advantage? Where should it be omitted? Shall the college, for

example, cease to apply it as a test of admission to candidates for entrance? It is urged that the application of such a test is unfair, unnecessary, and highly exhausting to the student; unfair, because some students, and perhaps those of the brightest original powers, are at such a disadvantage in the unnatural conditions of the examination room, as to be unable to meet its requirements, while others, of perhaps a far lower grade of general intelligence, are at their best with a list of questions before them, for which they are quite ready to supply appropriate answers from the storehouse of a capacious memory, and thus sail into college under flying colours; unnecessary, because the certificate of a reputable school, for example, could give a fair general idea as to the fitness of a student for collegiate work; exhausting, and thus to the prejudice of future sound work on the part of the student, because such a fixed and stated examination in many subjects at the same time makes necessary a severe process of "cram."

These are indeed considerations of much weight, and show a laudable inclination toward the conditions that favour nature, and away from those that thwart nature. But are the conditions objected to so much against nature as is claimed? First, as to the idea that bright students, or students who are capable of doing good work in college, are kept out of college by the bar of the examination room. I think it may be laid down as a positive statement that if a student is unable to write down in plain and sensible English, an intelligent summary of the results of his study in the preparatory school, he has not sufficient control of those results to make proper use of them in college. One of the ends of educational discipline is to transform the rough, half-formed guesses at truth, impulses toward truth, feelings of truth, into accurate and definite knowledge of truth. It is to transform the savage, with his language of few words and many grunts and gestures, into the civilised man, who no longer needs to use his whole body to get out the thought that is in him; he can speak. When we hear any one say, "I understand this perfectly, but I cannot express it," we may conclude pretty accurately that he does not understand it perfectly. Now the examination paper is simply a means of expression, written, it is true, and to some the written form of expression is difficult. So much the more necessary that they should acquire skill in it, for this is pre-eminently the age of writing. Those who wish to influence the current of affairs, no



longer mount the orator's rostrum, but sit down at the editor's desk. The preacher writes his sermons, the college professor writes his lectures, if he does not want to involve his students in a formless mass of unarranged material. The school teacher will find a great help in doing the same if he wishes to escape the mechanical routine of text-book question and answer. The social reformer writes a novel, as the most effective way to disseminate his ideas. The "impromptu" speaker has written down his address beforehand at home—if he has not, the reporter writes it down for him, and next day, in the morning papers, it is shown up in all the rambling prolixity, the rhetorical inaccuracy, the repetitious formlessness of the merely spoken expression. The written word enforces accuracy, clarity, brevity; and these qualities above all others are demanded in the present age. Does not a glimpse at the examination papers written by our students, show that not less, but more, of such discipline is needed?

It may be claimed that the college entrance examination is not a fair recapitulation of the work done in preparing for college; so far as the writer's personal experience goes, most of what is contained in entrance examination papers is absolutely necessary to a profitable use of the opportunities afforded in the college. If the student is not able to answer enough of the questions on an examination paper to reach the pass level, it is a sign that he is either unprepared, incapable or lazy. In the first case it is better for both himself and his college that he stay away until he is prepared; the second class, the incapable, the college does not want; the third class, the lazy, need not exist at all, has no claim to consideration, and should be suppressed as far as possible.

Granting all this, it may be asked, why should the college administer the examinations? Why may not the preparatory schools be left to test according to their own judgment in the particular circumstances of each case, the fitness of students for collegiate work?

In the first place it must be said that our preparatory schools are not as yet sufficiently well organised to be trusted as a body with such a function. In Germany this plan is pursued with good effect. The Gymnasium examination admits without further formality to the university. But in that country the Gymnasias are parts of a well arranged, well co-ordinated system; they are taught by perhaps the most scholarly of the university



graduates (for sheer merit has more to do with appointments to posts in Gymnasias than to posts in the universities themselves), they are in consequence perfectly familiar with the requirements of the universities, and are in touch with their spirit. They are, in fact, perhaps more fitted than the universities themselves to judge of the general requirements for a foundation to specialties, since the university, split up into its various faculties, is concerned with specialties only, and not with the field of learning as a whole. In this country the college, at least during the first two years of its course, represents the interests of general culture. The preparatory school may or may not be in touch with the college spirit, it may or may not be officered by college graduates, it may or may not be a sound judge of the character of instruction most likely to meet college requirements. In short the preparatory school as yet represents special, individual lines of work, the college alone represents the general. If the college then accepts certificates of schools in lieu of its own examinations, it must choose certain schools for this privilege and exclude others from it. Here is an open door to endless bickering, and—shall we say it?—dickering. There is an ever-present temptation for the college to offer the privileges of certificate to schools sending the largest numbers, to compete with other colleges for the patronage of such schools by making conditions easy; for the schools, in their turn, to keep their part of the bargain by keeping up the number of students entered, stretching a point in favour of those whom a strict examination might show to be unfit for entrance. The possibility ought never to arise that receipts at the treasurer's office may be laid in the scale as against the requirements of pure scholarship.

It seems desirable for the advancement and improvement of the schools themselves that they be not allowed to send students to college upon certificate. The regulation of study in accordance with a standard set in published collegiate-examination papers is an effective means toward bringing about that high level, that uniform grade of general excellence so much needed and to be desired in our secondary schools. New lines of thought may be opened up to both teacher and pupil by a chance question in an old college examination paper, taken up and studied with a view to the coming examination paper. In short, by this means the schoolboy or girl comes into touch with the college spirit and is made ready to receive

the best of its influences, as in the college he or she should come into touch with the university spirit in preparation for its influences.

If now the college entrance examination is seen to be necessary and desirable, may it not be purged of some of the evils that have drawn just criticism upon it? The chief one of all is the marking system. This, in the writer's opinion, is responsible for nearly all the harm arising from the examination system. Do away with the practice of marking in grades of from three to six, seven or ten degrees, and nine-tenths of the harm resulting from examinations ceases to exist. Cramming is not done for a "pass,"—it is done for a high grade. Any well-prepared, intelligent student can write a pass-paper without one particle of "cram;" almost no student can write an absolutely perfect paper of the ordinary college-entrance type without more or less "cram." And it is the "cram," resorted to in over-measure, which causes over-tension, over-fatigue, application to details to the exclusion of principles, and which forbids the following up of special lines of thought interesting to the student, if such lines happen to lead away from expected examination questions. The entrance examination paper is primarily to test one thing, and one thing only; the writer's fitness to pursue collegiate studies. This is not a question of degree—the student either is fit, or is not fit; hence there should be two grades only in marking examination papers, passed, and failed. The students who pass the barrier of the higher grade find themselves ready to go on in collegiate work, according to the measure of their respective abilities, unhampered by the presence of those who are not ready to go on; those students who are unable to pass this barrier go home again until they are able, much to their own advantage, as well as to that of their prospective Alma Mater.

*Kate Holladay Claghorn, '92.*

## PHONEMAINOMETICS.

## A HUMBLE IMITATION.

Beyond the billowy bosom of the west,  
 The fiery-petalled bloom whose heart is rest—  
 Beyond the lingering line of long delight  
 There where the sun-bright song-god sinks from sight,  
 Beyond all night or light,  
 Where days or dreams make manifest the soul,  
 Unheld of highest or heavenliest control,  
 Whose beam-winged words are as the sun god, bright ;  
 Where scintillant stars wax pale for hate or love,  
 Being bound of none but her who is throned above  
 All powers and principalities that dwell  
 Or dwindle or droop in earth or heaven or hell,  
 Or where beyond either as each in splendour unknown  
 Unutterable, intolerable, alone,  
 The rapturous riotous aether rolls and rings,  
 Albeit fulfilled of clamour and clangour of wings  
 And splendor of sound that sings  
 Unseeing the shimmer of shadowless shallow or swell,  
 The insatiable Aphrodite, inexorable,  
 The false, fair, faithless foam-flower, fallen on sleep,  
 Drives drifting down the dazzling darkness of the deep.

For a star in the wild wan welter of wet waves inwoven arising,  
 A sun ever shrouding his splendour in radiance of glimmering gleams,  
 There where all-glorious Greece and imperial Italy arising  
 Falter nor fall in the dead days of the years of our dreams,  
 Though all we as water be wasted, as water poured out in profusion,  
 Foaming and falling in flood from the perilous precipice-height,  
 Vet thou, O our mother most fair, being surely nor dream nor delusion,  
 When light, fulfilled of the dawn, grows white with the death of the night,  
 When the flame-winged fire-footed splendour out-flashes from nation to nation,  
 With mighty and Moenad-like motion uplifting from depths of despair,  
 From a bitterer blame in the shame of a deathless and dull desolation,  
 Each king-cursed and priest-ridden land, by the breath of her back-blowing hair  
 Caught from the chasm, and stayed with feet on the edges of ruin,  
 Who stumble and fall not, upheld by the wind of the word of thy breath,

And fear not the years nor their tears, as not fearing what all men may do in  
 The hours of their power, that are many, who fear not the tenour of death,  
 Yea, and though all the high gods in the might of their majesty thunder,  
 Doom up-piling on doom and whelming wave upon wave,  
 Vet with a higher-hearted scorn and a holier hope fling asunder  
 Fetters that bind on branded brows the syllable—slave !

But when with sad slow step beneath the wave  
 The drooping sun-god sinks as in a cave  
 Wherein pale sea-flowers pave the painted floor  
 In tremulous tessellations patterned o'er,  
 There where the salt tides seaward ebb and flow  
 With reflux motion mingling shadow and show,  
 Blown blossom and bloomless root sown red for fruit,  
 Whereof with laughing lips undestitute  
 Who tasteth hath to guerdon great desire,  
 Sad hope, sweet bitter shame that burns as fire,  
 Yea, all things bitter or sweet or bond or free  
 In all men's lands, nor only in all the sea,  
 All suns and songs, all times by thee made ours,  
 O mother of days and years and months and hours,  
 Of manifold sorrow and sighing whose mouth makes moan,  
 Knowing all things glad and sad, nor these alone,  
 Howbeit all things most highest or lowest in truth  
 That fill the fiery heart of age or youth,  
 All sights that sing in all men's ears or eyes,  
 All sounds and scents that seeing in any wise  
 How deaf soever of eye or blind of ear  
 All men being melted of thee nor see nor hear.  
 O mother of copious cadence and rhythmical rhyme,  
 And all mellifluous measure melodious in time;  
 Yea, of all fluency florid and fervent, harmonious  
 Figures of language, of circumlocutions euphonious,  
 O voluble eloquent exuberant great grandiloquent  
 Polysyllabic poetic multiverbia magniloquent !

*E. S. W., '94.*

## CHALK STUDIES.

## I.

Through parallel streams of water pouring over the eaves, a woman sends abroad her level glance.

A grey day, and full of straight lines ; the world seems drawn with a ruler upon a damp slate. The hemlock's rigid branches are edged with dull fringe ; the pale birch-trunks glimmer between perpendicular, dripping leaves. Filling the valley, and caught by the currents of water in the air, mist, that parts in slanting lines to show the shapes beyond, like a ghostly army.

Her cloak, heavy with damp, drops in unbroken folds to the stone sill ; from her sharply cut features all roundness is worn away till they show not a curve in cheek or jaw.

In the world no beauty of shape and of might, only faint colour, grey and green all things shadowy. In the woman no colour, only beauty ascetic, of purified line, of controlled power. On the landscape, the grey light of an under world ; on the face, the white light of an upper world.

## II.

The last faint radiance had scarcely died from the hollows between two western mountains, but already the Scorpion and the Lyre were paling and flushes of white light eclipsing the stars above the eastern trees. Beneath these, along the flank of a great mountain, ran a straight, lonely road, in the midst of a universal shadow a paler grey.

A man, with bent head and hands clasped behind him, walked slowly along it, glancing up from time to time at the growing eastern light. The trees on the ledge above began to cast long shadows, even across the road, barring with seemingly greater blackness the long, vague line. On the other side, where grass, set thick with flowers and little bushes, sloped down into the valley, the taller plants threw sharp silhouettes. The moon's white face was seen through the higher tree-tops, peering down at the man, but he looked neither at it nor at the Michaelmas-daisies which, even on the shadowed bank between the road and the ledge, were taking on colour. His eyes gazed straight before him, where he saw two moving figures, swift as blown leaves.

Love was the foremost: Love with lithe young limbs and soft fluttering robes, and bright hair blown back from his white temples. His wings drooped except when a puff of wind caught them, rosy, downy within, but at the edge and back formed of strong purple plumes. His face, with a tender half-pitiful smile, curving his mouth, weighing down his eyelids, turned backward to the girl, his pursuer. She ran, holding up with one hand the black clinging robe that impeded her, and, blown against her body, showed the whole exquisite line from ankle to throat; the right hand stretched out in passionate eagerness to catch the golden border of Love's flying garment. So they sped on, fleet as the shadows of driving clouds.

But the sun, now riding high in a clear heaven, saw only one figure—the poet, pacing the long white road with bowed head and hands clasped behind his back.



## III.

By late afternoon the car was almost crowded, but the young man of the foremost seat did not know it. A large box of sweet peas filled the rest of the seat; he held a book and from time to time read a page, but for the most part looked out of the window.

The day had been hot; it was still grey, smoky, sombre. But to him the world was exquisitely beautiful. As they flashed by, he saw a thousand details he had never caught before. The fallow brown of newly ploughed fields delighted him; a man at the plough was guiding a shambling grey horse, and trotting along in the furrows, driving him with a piece of string and a dead stick, came his little boy, whose pinafore had taken on the exact shade of the fresh-turned earth; a yellow cur, very active as to tail, followed them. Then the track ran for several miles by what had once been a busy canal, now disused, stagnant, covered over with scum of that extraordinary green the impressionist painters alone know. Steering a cranky boat stood a girl in a scarlet gown, like a jungle-blossom.

He found his thoughts breaking into metre and rhyme; tag-ends of unwritten songs, it seemed, were floating through his brain, which, when he tried to catch them, slipped through his fingers and, breaking, spoiled his mere joy in the beauty outside, so he left off trying. Nevertheless his heart was crooning to itself a song without words; her face changed into melody, and the remembered touch of her hand, blending with it, gave the chord.

"Six o'clock! six o'clock! six o'clock!" said the car-wheels as they hurried on. The sky was all grey except in one place, where the sunset fire had eaten almost through, and gave there a red shine as of flame through porcelain. The time of the car-wheels changed: "In half an hour! half an hour! half an hour!" they sang. The young man fancied his deep delight must shine through his face, as the sunset glory was shining through the clouds.

*Georgiana Goddard King, '96.*

## THE TUNEFUL NOTES OF SHEPHERDS' REEDS.

"Pipe, Pan, for joy, and let thy shepherds sing."

The bewildering throng of shepherd lads and lasses that trips and sings through the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries proves how true it is that "under all the love of playthings there is almost always hidden an appreciation of something really engaging and delightful."

Playthings indeed these gay creatures were, but they were the tribute paid by the poets of that later day to the engaging and delightful qualities of Theocritus, who, singing in Alexandria, of the childlike folk of Sicily, first brought shepherd swains to court, and still enthalls alike the triflers in verse and the mighty poets. Too often misled by the would-be shepherdesses of the court, we forget that our truest pastorals, full of the fresh breath of country life, have also caught their merry note from him. If we would know the true followers of Theocritus among singers of field and fold, we must learn the spirit that breathes through his work; we must gain some idea of the man himself, if we would know the reason of his charm.

It is not from the meagre, almost grudging accounts of his biographers, but from his own unconscious revelation of himself that we must gain our knowledge of Theocritus. His self-revelation shows us a man of winning qualities, and it is a pleasant task to trace from the hints and suggestions thus given a character so simple and so kindly.

A happy, healthy childhood, an untrammelled boyhood, passed in busy idleness, roaming through the flowery meadows, had made him lovingly familiar with the songs of the birds, the leafy glory of the forests, the changeful face of the sky, and the waywardness of the tossing sea. In his listless wandering he had noted the little things that might have escaped a busier mind. He had had time to watch the dry thistledown as it floated lightly past. Lying idly on the sand he had tried to count the waves and

proved the hopelessness of the task. The swallow under the caves was his familiar friend. Nothing in all this sunny world was too slight or too homely for him to mark;—the snub-nosed bees, the musical cicada, the toil of the shepherd people. Gifted with the perception of natural beauty, Theocritus was besides one of those sunny, breezy souls whose joy in life and gladness of heart cannot be taken from them. It was his nature to be happy, and with his spirit of gay content and his memory of bright days spent in Sicily, he came as a cheering influence to dreary Alexandria.

Alexandria had become the metropolis of the world. All nationalities, all trades and professions jostled one another in her busy streets. The student of abstruse science, the literary dandy, the stern philosopher—all met in her great schools. Everywhere there was intellectual activity, but the creative inspiration was gone. The decadence, with its formalism and pedantry had set in. In this dull, if learned society, Theocritus was the one natural, spontaneous element. Coming into contact with polished society and with learned men, he showed that he, too, had both learning and polish. He did not hold himself aloof from life as he found it, but mingled sympathetically with men of all kinds. There seems to have been a feeling of good fellowship about him, an easy fashion of intercourse, a genial worldliness of spirit. He took an interest in the life around him and concerned himself rather with happiness and enjoyment than with perplexing philosophies. A delicate sense of humour is shown in his idyls. He saw the follies and the foibles of those about him, and preserved them for us, but in so kindly a way that no charge of malice could possibly be made against him. Content to tell only what he himself saw and heard, he brings before us the trivial everyday interests, the little peculiarities of character and manner, so that his personages stand out with a vividness, which attests the truth of his art.

Natural and unaffected he was, even in that formal age. "It is such a piece of good luck to be natural! It is the good gift which the fairy god-mother brings to her prime favorites in the cradle. If not genius it is alone that which makes genius amiable in the arts. If a man have it not he will never find it, for when it is sought it is gone." Happy Theocritus! This gift of naturalness was bestowed on him, and whatever we think of

his genius, his loveliness can never be denied. The engaging personality that shines out for us in his lines is that of a true, gracious pagan, who reveals to us sweet resting places, where the scent of the new-mown hay, the rustle of the leaves, or the purl of the fern-fringed stream wins us from thoughts of care and sorrow. Assuredly we may rank him as one of those who by their mere existence have benefited mankind.

What wonder that songs mirroring a nature so fresh and blithe, should have cast their spell over many poets after him! From the Elizabethan dramatists and song writers alone, how many and various are the pastoral strains! Eager students of the ancient give us close imitations, such as the Shepherd's Calendar, or translate freely and skilfully as Jonson has done in many passages. Compare for instance the lines from his "Sad Shepherd":

"Ye kind to others, but ye coy to me.  
Deft mistress! whiter than the cheese new prest,  
Smoother than cream, and softer than the curds  
Why start ye from me ere ye hear me tell  
My wooing errand, and what rents I have?  
Large herds and pastures! swine and kine mine own!  
And though my nose be camused, my lips thick,  
And my chin bristled, Pan, great Pan, was such.  
Who was the chief of herdsmen, and our sire!

\* \* \* \* \*

An hundred udders for the pail I have,  
That give me milk and curds, that make me cheese  
To cloy the markets! twenty swarm of bees,  
Whilk all the summer hum about the hives,  
And bring me wax and honey in bilve.  
An aged oak, the king of all the field,  
With a broad breech there grows before my door,  
That mickle mast unto the farm doth yield.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twa trilland brooks, each, from his spring, doth meet  
And make a river to refresh my feet;  
In which each morning, ere the sun doth rise,  
I look myself, and clear my pleasant eyes,  
Before I pipe; for therein I have skill  
'Bove other swineherds. Bid me, and I will  
Straight play to you and make you melody.'

with the following :

ὦ λευκὰ Γαλάτεια, τί τὸν φιλεῖοντ' ἀποβάλλῃ;  
 λευκοτέρα πακτᾶς ποτιδεῖν, ἀπαλωτέρα ἀρνός,  
 μόσχῳ γανροτέρα, φεζρωτέρα ὑμψακος ὠμᾶς·  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 γινώσκω, χαρίεσσα κύρα, τίνος οὔνεκα φείγεις·  
 οὔνεκά μοι λασία μὲν ὀφρὺς ἐπὶ παντὶ μετώπῳ  
 ἐξ ὧτος τέταται ποτὶ θῶτερον ὡς (μία μακρὰ)·  
 εἰς δ' ὀφθαλμὸς ἔπεσι, πλατεῖα δὲ ῥίς ἐπὶ χεῖλει  
 ἀλλ' ὧντός, τοιούτος ἐὼν, βοτὰ χίλια βόσκω,  
 κῆκ τούτων τὸ κράτιστον ἀμελγόμενος γάλα πίνω·  
 τυρὸς δ' οὐ λείπει μ' οὔτ' ἐν θέρει, οὔτ' ἐν ὕπνῳ,  
 οὐ χειμῶνος ἄκρῳ· ταρσοὶ δ' ὑπεραχθῆες αἰεῖ.  
 συρίσδεν δ' ὡς οὔτις ἐπίσταται ὧδε Κυκλώπων,  
 τίν, τὸ φίλον γλυκύμαλον, ἀμὰ κήμαντὸν αἰίδων,  
 πολλὰκι νυκτὸς ἄωρί· τρέφω δέ τοι ἐνδεκα νεβρώς  
 πᾶσας μαννοφόρως, καὶ σκύμνως τέσσαρας ἄρκτων.  
 ἀλλ' ἀφίκεν τὸ ποτ' ἄμμε, καὶ ἐξεῖς οὐδὲν ἔλασσον·  
 τὰν γλαυκὰν δὲ θ' ἀλάσσαν ἔα ποτὶ χέρσον ὀρεχθῆν  
 ἄδιον ἐν τῶντρω παρ' ἐμὲν τὰν νύκτα διαξεῖς.  
 ἐντὶ δόφναι τηρεῖ, ἐντὶ ῥαδιναὶ κυπάρισσαι,  
 ἐντὶ μέλας κισσός, ἐντ' ἄμπελος ἡ γλυκύκαρπος·  
 ἐντὶ ψυχρὸν ὕδωρ, τό μοι ἂ πολλυδένδροος Αἰτνα  
 λευκᾶς ἐκ χιόνος, ποτὸν ἀμβρόσιον, προΐητι.

Other poets adopt the form of the Idyls without in any way translating from Theocritus. In the swing and melody of their merry answering strain, however, they remind us of the originals. Peele struck the keynote of these shepherds' songs, when he urged one of his swains to begin

"Some rounds and merry roundelays, we sing no other songs,  
 Your melancholic notes not to our country mirth belongs."

Again he shows the influence of Theocritus in the musical dialogue between Paris and CEnone;—

PAR.—Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

CEN.—There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call it 'Cupid's Curse,'

'They that do change old love for new, pray gods they change for worse!'

The note is fine and quick withal, the ditty will agree,  
 Paris, with that same vow of thine upon the poplar tree.

PAR.—No better thing; begin it then; CEnone thou shalt see  
 Our music figure of the love that grows 'twixt me and thee.

CEN.—Fair, fair, and twice so fair,  
 As fair as any may be;  
 The fairest shepherd on our green,  
 A love for any lady.

PAR.—Fair, fair, and twice so fair,  
 As fair as any may be;  
 Thy love is fair for thee alone  
 And for no other lady.

CEN.—My love is fair, my love is gay,  
 As fresh as tric the flowers in May,  
 And of my love my roundelay,  
 My merry, merry roundelay.  
 Concludes with Cupid's curse,—  
 They that do change old loves for new,  
 Pray gods they change for worse!

BOTH.—They that do change, etc.

CEN.—My love can pipe, my love can sing,  
 My love can marry a pretty thing,  
 And of his lovely praises ring  
 My merry, merry roundelays.  
 Amen to Cupid's curse,—  
 They that do change old loves for new,  
 Pray gods they change for worse.

BOTH.—Fair, fair, and twice so fair,  
 As fair as any may be;  
 The fairest shepherd on our green,  
 A love for any lady.

CEN.—Sweet shepherd, for CEnone's sake be cunning in this song,  
 And keep thy love, and love thy choice, or else thou dost her wrong.

PAR.—My vow is made and witnessed, the poplar will not start,  
 Nor shall the nymph CEnone's love from forth my breathing heart.  
 I will go bring thee on thy way, my flock are here behind,  
 And I will have my lover's fee; they say, unkind, unkind."

By far the most interesting expression of the spirit of Theocritus in this period is to be found in these dramas and songs which although original in their development, owe their existence to the charm which Theocritus cast over a life spent amid the flocks on the sunny hillsides. He was the first to praise the herdsman's lot, and to sing the glories of the shepherd's life.



ἂ δ' ἄστυκά οὐκ ἐφίλασεν,  
 ἀλλ', ὅτι βωκόλος ἐμμή, παρὲδραμε· κ' οὐποτ' ἀκούει,  
 ὡς καλὸς Διώνυσος ἐπ' ἄγκεσι πόρτιν ἑλαΐνει·  
 οὐκ ἔγνω δ', ὅτι Κύπρις ἐπ' ἀνέρι μῆνατο βώτα,  
 καὶ Φρυγίης ἐνέμευσεν ἐν ὤρεσιν αὐτὸν Ἀδωνιν  
 ἐν ὀρνθοῖσι φίλασε, καὶ ἐν ὀρνθοῖσιν ἐκλάνασεν.  
 Ἐνδιμίων δὲ τίς ἦν; οὐ βωκόλος; ὃν γε Σελάνα  
 βωκαλέαντα φίλασεν ἅπ' Οὐλύμπω δὲ μοιῶσα  
 Λάτμιον ὃν νάπος ἤλθε, καὶ εἰς ἓνα παιδί κάθενδε.  
 καὶ τὴν, Ῥέα, κλαίεις τὸν βωκόλον. οὐχὶ δὲ καὶ τὴν,  
 ὦ Κρονίδα, διὰ παῖδα βοηρόμον ὕρις ἐπλήγχεθης;  
 Εὐνίκα δὲ μόνον τὸν βωκόλον οὐκ ἐφίλασεν,  
 ἂ Κυβέλας κρέσσων, καὶ Κίπριδος, ἃ τε Σελάνας.  
 μηκέτι μηδὲ σὺ, Κύπρι, τὸν ἀδέα μήτε κατ' ἄστυ  
 μήτ' ἐν ὄρει φίλέεις, μῶν δ' ἀνὰ νύκτα καθεύδοις.

In much the same strain the Elizabethan poet sings ;

"Ye shepherds that on hillocks sit,  
 Like princes in their thrones;  
 And guide your flocks, which else would flit,  
 Your flocks of little ones;  
 Good kings have not disdained it,  
 But shepherds have been named;  
 A sheep-hook is a sceptre fit  
 For people well reclaimed,  
 The shepherd's life so honoured is and praised  
 That kings less happy seem, though higher raised.  
 The summer sun has gilded fair  
 With morning rays the mountains;  
 The birds do carol in the air,  
 And naked nymphs in fountains;  
 The Sylvans in their shagged lair,  
 With hamadryads trace;  
 The shady satyrs make a quire,  
 Which rocks with echoes grace.  
 All breathe delight, all solace in the season:  
 Not now to sing were enemy to reason."

Or again,

What pleasure have great princes  
 More dainty to their choice  
 Than herdmen wild, who careless  
 In quiet life rejoice?  
 And fortune's fate not fearing,  
 Sing sweet on summer morn'ing.

With song and fruit and flower the swains of Theocritus woo their disdainful sweethearts, and Marlowe echoes their promises in his song—

“Come live with me and by my love.”

Of such country songs developing out of the pastoral, and still bringing us the sweet breath of early morning, the following are very perfect examples;

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,  
 With night we banish sorrow;  
 Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft  
     To give my Love good-morrow!  
 Wings from the wind to please her mind  
     Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
 Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,  
     To give my Love good-morrow;  
     To give my Love good-morrow;  
     Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest Robin-red-breast,  
     Sing, birds, in every furrow;  
 And from each hill, let music shrill  
     Give my fair Love good-morrow!  
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,  
     Stare, linnet and cock-sparrow!  
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves  
     Sing my fair Love good-morrow.  
     To give my Love good-morrow  
     Sing, birds, in every furrow.

And again,

My Phyllis hath the morning sun  
 At first to look upon her;  
 And Phyllis hath morn-waking birds,  
 Her risings still to honour.  
 My Phyllis hath prime-feathered flowers,  
 That smile when she treads on them;  
 And Phyllis hath a gallant flock,  
 That leaps since she doth own them,  
 But Phyllis hath too hard a heart,  
 Alas that she should have it!

Without doubt Phyllis is of near kin with that playful maid whom Daphnis describes;

παντᾷ ἔαρ, παντᾷ δὲ νομοί, παντᾷ δὲ γάλακτος  
 οὐδατα πλήθουσιν, καὶ τὰ νύα τρέφεται,  
 ἐνθά καλὰ Ναῖς ἐπινίσσεται αἱ δ' ἂν ἀφέρποι,  
 χῶ τὰς βῶς βόσκων χ' αἱ βόες αὐότεραι.

Among this glad company of maidens who tend their flocks or pass their days under the green trees are those incomparable figures Perdita and Miranda. In their untroubled innocence they are the comrades of fickle Amaryllis and Bombyca, whose voice was drowsy sweet and whose ways were past finding out. We have wandered far from Theocritus, it would seem, when we come to that most perfect of pastorals, the romance of Arden and the matchless Rosalind. Yet even here we hear the well-known strain. Who so gladly as Theocritus himself would have sprung to answer the tempting summons;—

Under the greenwood tree  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat—  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun  
 And loves to lie i' the sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleased with what he gets—  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

We are still among the loved haunts of Theocritus, in that land where all is spring and the singing of birds, and the lover and his lass wander through green fields.

Theocritus revealed a truer, sweeter and healthier life, and in the "golden days of great Eliza" kindred spirits loved to roam with him and tune their songs to Pan's pipings.

## THE LANTERN

"Sweet songs! The golden hours  
Grew brighter for that singing.  
From brook and bird and meadow flowers  
A dearer welcome bringing."

*Marian MacIntosh, '90.*

## WHITE MUSLIN AND LILIES.

(Curtain rises and discloses a dinner in progress at the Bennetts. The persons of the drama, Jack and Ethel, are seated side by side near the host. Former is an oldish looking man with dark hair, which has begun to turn slightly grey at the temples, nice grey eyes, rather good-looking. Latter a young woman of twenty or thereabouts, extremely handsome, got up in a sheer white muslin, simply made. Lilies of the valley at her waist and in her hair. A trifle phlegmatic in appearance, but on the whole captivatingly girlish and unsophisticated—maybe.)

*Jack*—What a charming, charming frock! I wonder if you know just how effective it is?

*Ethel*—Do I know? Yes, rather. I've been thinking over it for two weeks. I hope I look good and cool—good people always are cool, aren't they?—like a pistache and lemon ice or an Easter card, "Many happy returns of the day," and that sort of thing.

*Jack* (*dubiously*)—I don't believe that's what they put on Easter cards. It's more likely, "Hark from the tombs."

*Ethel*—You aren't very polite; but I don't believe you meant to be rude, and I'm quite sure you tried to be witty. Who is that individual opposite us? I was presented to her this evening, but, of course, can't remember her name—it would give her too much pleasure. I thought my type would appeal to her, but evidently I haven't jeune-filled myself into her good graces.

*Jack*—That doesn't signify anything—for her I mean. Curious sort of beggar! Takes a vicious delight in the universality of death. At present she is probably reflecting that notwithstanding your incomparably superior attractions you both are—*dust*. The thought seems to be bracing.

*Ethel* (*frigidly*)—Perhaps so; but I differ from her, I think, in that I'm not the dust one likes to shake off one's feet. I heard about her at the Goddard's the other night. Why weren't you there? We were very jolly.

*Jack (meaningly)*—I don't doubt it.

*Ethel*—And really quite stupidly proper. From Mrs. Goddard's behaviour one might have imagined her a free muffin enthusiast, and Colonel Goddard seemed quite as hopelessly respectable as the average society young man. I was disappointed in a way, they behaved very much like ordinary people. Such a delicious supper! And the house is really lovely.

*Jack*—Do you think so? I think it's too—bare—for lack of a better word. What it needs is more furniture—some knick-knacks—some, some—

*Ethel (naïvely)*—*Objects of vertu*, perhaps?

*Jack*—Ethel! I am shocked.

*Ethel*—So am I. I've my muslin frock on to-night. But listen, Jack, I've something to tell you.

*Jack*—I always pay you attention.

*Ethel*—Ah, that's very nice of you, and prettily said. Jack, you're amusing at first, but you don't wear well. Why don't you travel?

*Jack*—Because I should wear out altogether in that case.

*Ethel*—Have you ever read "The Asylum for Decayed Pundsters?"

*Jack (imploringly)*—No—*do lend* it to me.

*Ethel*—That was very nasty of you, Jack.

*Jack*—What?

*Ethel*—Oh, never mind. You're getting very hard to talk to. Do you remember poor Mrs. Bell who—

*Jack*—Why do you say, "Do you *remember* Mrs. Bell?" She isn't dead yet.

*Ethel (dubiously)*—No, but she ought to be—but that's neither here nor there. Mrs. Bell at a luncheon leaned across the table and said to that élégante, Mrs. Trevelyan, "Mrs. Trevelyan, you remind me of a cow's tail." Mrs. Trevelyan expected an epigram of course; so, in the fashion of the end man of the minstrel show, replied, "Why do I remind you of a cow's tail?" "Oh, nothing," said our ungrammatical friend, Mrs. Bell, aghast at the attention she had excited, "I only said it to make conversation."



*Jack (interestedly)*—Do I remind you of a cow's tail?

*Ethel (tentatively)*—You're always coming back to the same subject.

*Jack (meditatively)*—I don't think that was very good. Perhaps it has travelled too much.

*Ethel*—Don't be an idiot, Jack. Look, Kate Lushington is watching us. I hate Kate Lushington.

*Jack*—Do you? *Ethel*—I—

*Ethel*—Yes; she's always "in" when I call, and she returns the visit the week after it's made. I never leave a card on her now. I'd as soon think of throwing a boomerang.

*Jack (dejectedly)*—Oh! that's it, is it?

*Ethel*—Really, Jack, you are very rattling. I wish you wouldn't let off those sky-rockety sentences. I am so busy with myself that I don't know what has happened until they explode—near enough to make me jump. Where are you going to-morrow evening?

*Jack*—To the Lennings' to dine, and afterward to the opera. I'll see you there, of course?

*Ethel*—No; I'm tired of "Falstaff," so we shall stay quietly at home and mamma has asked Freddy Brooks to dine with us and help us worry through the evening.

*Jack (jealously)*—Who's Freddy Brooks?

*Ethel*—Oh—er—"A man of no consequence."

*Jack*—Ethel! Your muslin frock and your lilies.

*Ethel*—I haven't forgotten them. (*Naïvely*) Have you?

*Jack (soliloquising)*—"Oh, death in life, the days that are no more."

*Ethel (innocently)*—What days?

*Jack (savagely)*—Dog-days—principally.

*Ethel (airily)*—I wish I could quote something, but my memory has fallen into a condition of innocuous desuetude. "Things are not what they seem." Oh, I've got one better than that, though. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." (*Anxiously*). That is a quotation, isn't it, Jack? It sounds dreadfully like an advertisement for Lundborg's perfumes—Goya Lily and those things. You'll be at the Riding School Friday, won't you?

*Jack*—Yes; I've asked Miss Lushington to let me ride with her.

*Ethel (slowly)*—Oh, you're *teaching* her to ride; that's awfully good of you, Jack. It must be an awful bore. It's really unselfish of you.

*Jack (surprised)*—Not at all. Why, haven't you noticed her riding? She rides beautifully.

*Ethel (indifferently)*—A matter of taste.

*Jack (warmly)*—Good taste in this instance. Seriously, Ethel—

*Ethel*—Fiddlesticks! I know she is perfectly beautiful and wonderfully accomplished, and so good that she's not content with her own personal sanctity, but has to worry about other people's. She's very charitable and starts fairs and living whist things, and positively to me she's very annoying. She has a satanic fashion of finding things for idle hands to do. I know she has breadth of interest and human sympathy and all the sort of thing that is to be found in Mr. Hutton's book reviews, or the cough syrup prospectuses. I know all about it. She doesn't let one remain ignorant. She is full of vain repetition, like the heathen, and as a Christian I can't stand her.

*Jack*—Alas, poor Kate!

*Ethel (abstractedly)*—I wonder why Mrs. Bennett sent Mamie Best and Tommy Dwyer in together. Mamie must be nearly six feet, shouldn't you think?

*Jack*—Perhaps.

*Ethel*—And Tommy can't be over five feet two. How funny they look together.

*Jack*—And yet they have a glorious possibility.

*Ethel*—What do you mean?

*Jack*—They would make a beautiful tandem.

*Ethel (severely)*—You aren't pleased with that, are you?

*Jack*—Yes: aren't you?

*Ethel*—Humph! So so. Ah, here is the punch. Do you remember the story of the old gentleman at the temperance dinner, whose disappointment waxed so intense as course after course appeared and no wine, that when the punch was served, he exclaimed in heart-felt accents, "Thank heaven! At last we have reached a life-saving station."

*Jack (meaningly)*—Ethel, tell me why you are like the Father of his Country.

*Ethel*—Of course you expect me to give it up.

*Jack*—Because you can't tell a story.

*Ethel (suggestively)*—I always tell people you're clever. But (*sighing*) that really doesn't prove anything.

*Jack*—Why?

*Ethel*—Nobody ever believes me.

*Jack*—By Jove! that's rough. I'll cut you off with a shilling.

*Ethel (interestedly)*—Have you left me anything? I'm a sort of ward of yours you know.

*Jack*—What do you care about it?

*Ethel*—Everything. I've an intense curiosity on the subject.

*Jack*—Well, know all then. I've left you—

*Ethel*—Have you ever heard of Victor Hugo's legacies? He left his soul to God and thirty thousand francs to the poor.

*Jack*—Ethel!!! And don't interrupt. I've directed that the photograph which you gave me in happier days shall be returned to you. (*Sighs.*)

*Ethel (sniffs)*—Is that all?

*Jack*—Isn't that enough? My most valued possession. What do you want?

*Ethel (abstractedly)*—What photograph do you mean?

*Jack*—The one you gave me on your twenty-second birthday—three years ago—with—

*Ethel (indignantly)*—Jack! You know—

*Jack*—with your autograph and the quotation "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence."

*Ethel (angrily)*—Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You know I *never* was so silly and you *know* I *never* was so old.

*Jack*—Did I say you were old?

*Ethel*—No, but your words implied it.

*Jack*—I take it back then. I must have confused you with myself.

*Ethel (rudely)*—"No fool like an old fool."

*Jack (sadly)*—Yes, Ethel.

*Ethel (after a pause of a moment or so)*—I'm—sorry I said that, Jack. I—I didn't think. I had forgotten. It was dreadfully nasty of me.

And you're not so awfully old, after all. (*With an effort at gayety*). Why you're only thirty-three and that— isn't exactly ancient, though of course—

*Jack (slowly)*—You are right, Ethel. I do need travel and a shaking up. I think I'll go to Florida and look for the fountain of youth. The Lushingtons are going this week and it would be jolly to make up a party.

*Ethel (wickedly)*—You and Kate might hunt the fountain together.

*Jack*—Oh, eternal malice of woman! But, seriously, I do intend to go.

*Ethel (slowly at first then excitedly)*—How charming! And—I hope you—will have a sa—tis—fac—tory stay. It w—will do you no end of g—good, and Kate h—has the most adorable frocks in the world, and I—I'm sure it will be lovely. And you m—must tell me all about it. (*Stops short, then earnestly*). What do you want to go to Florida for, Jack? It's awfully hot there now—and Easter will soon be here, and it isn't the season for Florida, and I don't see why you begin your travels there. You won't get any friction at St. Augustine or Tampa.

*Jack*—Where do you want me to go then?

*Ethel*—Oh, to any place for which there is a *raison d'être*.

*Jack*—To the devil then?

*Ethel (seriously)*—No, Jack.

*Jack (very gravely)*—Ethel, I am going to follow the example of history and repeat myself. (*Earnestly*)—Do *you* want me to stay? (*After a pause*)—Please say yes, and—(*despairingly*) if you can't say yes why—say it anyhow.

*Ethel (after a pause—slowly)*—Jack, you've got paresis. And, why—that is, what I want to tell you, Jack, is that like the immortal Shakespeare I never repeat, and so—er—that is, suppose you don't go away—just yet, anyhow.

*Jack (aptuously)*—Oh, Ethel! Ethel! You *are* in earnest, aren't you? Don't say you aren't, dear.

*Ethel (provokingly)*—If you could only get up and slap your chest you'd be—immense—but Mrs. Bennett mightn't like it.

*Jack (pretending to get up)*—What difference does that make? Here goes!

*Ethel*—Behave yourself, Jack. No, I think you needn't travel—just yet. I'll—

*Jack (rapturously)*—Ethel! I l—

*Ethel (severely)*—Don't interrupt and don't be so fatuous. As I started to say, I'll see that you get enough friction at home.

*Jack (tenderly)*—My motto henceforth is that maliciously ascribed to the esteemed Archbishop of Canterbury. "*J'y suis j'y resle.*" Listen dearest.

*Ethel (in low voice)*—S-sh. Don't talk at the top of your lungs, Jack. Mrs. Bennett and Inevitable Death are watching us. (*In rather loud voice.*) Aren't you glad high decorations are the mode once more? So much more effective, don't you think so?

*Jack (low and adoringly)*—Oh, Ethel!

CURTAIN.

## INCOMPETENCY.

If I knew how, I would make to-day,  
    A poem to keep forever new  
This wide sea bordered with broken spray,  
    And it's slow waves' tints of purpled blue :  
The shattered reaches of rock that make  
    A battered bulwark along the shore,  
And the floating gull whose white wings take  
    The quivering sunshine o'er and o'er.

If I knew how, I would sing to day  
    The golden sun-dust in the air,  
The sparrow's brief, sweet cheering lay,  
    The wild bay's odour everywhere ;  
The breath, the voice, the flow, the fall  
    Of this unwearied, unwasted sea,  
If I knew how, I would make of all  
    One splendid song of praise to thee.

*Lila Verplanck North, '95.*



## A WORD FOR THE EVANESCENT.

It is so much the fashion to-day for reviews and magazines to cry out against the amount of ephemeral writing now being published,—writing which, giving *them*, at least, cause for gratitude, keeps alive those same magazines and reviews,—that a protest against their protest seems not out of order. Why, it may be asked, should there be complaint, even if much of current publication that we are inveigled into reading is not great, is not, indeed, very good, looked at as literary art? Although a great work of literature often is necessary to satisfy the human need for greatness, one Shakespeare and a few Ben Jonsons are enough to satiate most people—indeed failure to feed satisfactorily on such a banquet, may argue a poor digestion in affairs of the mind. And there are many wants felt not by the unlearned alone, that are fitly satisfied by small works whose art is matter for discussion—wants that are not purely æsthetic, but that confuse themselves with our æsthetic needs, and demand a mixed kind of satisfaction. And many things that gain the epithet, somewhat contemptuously given, of ephemeral, offer just the mixed kind of satisfaction necessary. They do not wholly satisfy our æsthetic needs, but they satisfy certain social needs, mingling with such satisfaction a little æsthetic pleasure.

The use of books for their æsthetic value merely comes to only a few, but their social use, their use for pleasurable development of peculiar qualities in the individual, is for anyone who is awake to the exigencies of the time. To compete for pleasant position to-day in any place where the decade's fittest thinkers foregather, even the "average man" must be as daintily self-conscious as the veriest *Flavian*, and, in careful self-cultivation, books, looked at as human experience rarified, passionately worked over under pressure from the longing for perfection, are the most potent refiners upon the crude material offered by the semi-natural man. To live in the company of books and bookmen is to be forced into careful living, into the skillful association of common things. And the company of our contemporary writers, speaking in all strictness, is, as far as everyday life

goes, not inexplicably more suggestive—to use that bedraggled term—than that of the gods and giants of an earlier time. They are born into the world under the same trying conditions as ourselves, their thought evolution we can follow easily, often we can go along with it in delightful feeling of companionship.

In seeking, however, to feel the force of the works of our contemporaries, we must to-day, of necessity, it is commonly said, expose ourselves to the insidious corruption of much that is at best but second-rate, whose commonplaceness is but half concealed, in dangerous fashion, by a thin wash of novelty. To the timid, making effort nevertheless to attain the somewhat complex delicacy now demanded in even the minor rôles of life, the *Yellow Book* and other similar books seem indeed perilous assistants. But there is being published in England and America enough that is wholesome and hearty to counteract the sort of thought Mr. Henry Harland and his like tend to engender, and that is at the same time no mere imitation of what has been salutary and educative to several generations preceding our own. Moreover even the bilious writing that that so aptly named *Yellow Book* allures us to not pass over, has—to speak in platitudes—its uses, in that it is the often none too careful expression of a stream of thought, or rather of feeling, now and for some years past obtaining among us. And the expression of this thought has great social significance. After all has been said against the gentleman we have, in a rather bold and unmaidenly manner, taken as leader of a set, he represents one of the results of a combination of conditions to be found even off here in healthy America. And with every one of the results of this combination we have much to do. The brilliant but over-obvious affectations of *John Oliver Hobbes* and the mawkish personal note Mr. Le Gallienne sounds assiduously but pleasantly, are, perhaps unduly, interesting as vices undoubtedly sympathetic to each one of us, let it be frankly avowed. Even if they offend us they serve to interest us in ourselves, and self-interest, we were told not long ago, is the beginning of education. We may smile when *Lord Twacorbie* is described as “a gentleman whom food did not nourish, and whose airy shapelessness made him seem in some way symbolic of the universe when it was without form and void.” If we are not of an analytic humour toward the self, we may

shrug our shoulders at *Bertram Leicester*. *Mildred* may very naturally seem to us inadequate to so many words. Yet individually-coloured phrasing, lack of force great enough to seem crude, and intimate revelation of the inmost personal quality, in so far especially as these are manifested as age-end, are traits we have all of us a fondness for. Through observing them, we are in a manner revealed to ourselves, we place our master-feeling, we satisfy our need for self-knowledge. And observation of our inborn tendencies as also tendencies of the decade generally, may not infrequently be joined with æsthetic pleasure even amidst what is, it may be, ephemeral.

Phrasing, highly charged with individuality, we can seek in a greater artist than the author of *A Bundle of Life*. Mr. Francis Thompson cannot perhaps put a twist on common words, but extort from what certain critics have denied may be truly called the English Language, strange words, rich in sound and, it may be, poor, for the present, in "second intention." From his significant, and to some moods overpowering, *Hound of Heaven*, listen to the ending of one of the strophes :

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue ;  
 Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.  
 But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,  
 The long savannahs of the blue ;  
 Or whether, Thunder driven,  
 They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,  
 'Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet :—  
 Fear wist not to evade as they wist to pursue.  
 Still with unhurrying chase,  
 And unperturbed pace,  
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
 Came on the following Feet,  
 And a Voice above their beat—  
 " Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

Mr. John Davidson, too, has novel, characteristic, and, it cannot be over often repeated in these ultimate years, sympathetic phrasing. His force, it is true, from its very freshness, may sometimes seem crude, but the vividness of his vision of objects, whose beauty is strange, often almost to grotesqueness, makes all that he writes peculiarly possessing and stimulating. And his wording of what he sees is adequate to the vividness

of his seeing. Hear this description from *A Ballad in Blank Verse* of a vision that is not strange :

He saw Apollo on the Dardan Beach :  
 The waves lay still; the winds hung motionless,  
 And held their breath to hear the rebel god,  
 Conquered and doomed, with stormy sobbing song,  
 And crashing discords of his golden lyre,  
 Reluctantly compel the walls of Troy,  
 Unquarried and unhewn, in supple lines  
 And massive strength to rise about the town.

Or this strange vision in *A Ballad of Hell* :

She waited, shuddering in her room,  
 Till sleep had fallen on all the house.  
 She never flinched ; she faced her doom :  
 They two must sin to keep their vows.

Then out into the night she went,  
 And stooping crept by hedge and tree ;  
 Her rose-bush flung a snare of scent,  
 And caught a happy memory.

She fell, and lay a minute's space ;  
 She tore the sward in her distress ;  
 The dewy grass refreshed her face ;  
 She rose and ran with lifted dress.

She started like a morn-caught ghost  
 Once when the moon came out and stood  
 To watch ; the naked road she crossed,  
 And dived into the murmuring wood.

The branches snatched her streaming cloak ;  
 A live thing shrieked ; she made no stay !  
 She hurried to the trysting oak—  
 Right well she knew the way.

“ That is good ballad manner,” Mr. Matthew Arnold might say.

The more educated among the dwellers in the “ effete East ” have been of late years in a somewhat dubious position. By various, and oddly assorted, English and Continental writers and thinkers, they have been hailed, rather mischievously sometimes, as the new product of this vast forest and meadowland, as a product just advertised and explained to the

old world by Walt Whitman. On the other hand, by various American writers they have been accused of slavishly aping an older if not higher civilisation, and of being, by their imitation, considerably more degenerate than the at any rate original people that they admire. Now these dwellers in the East, oddly enough, have wished to disclaim their identification with the man and woman of the Camden poet's song, no less than their slavishness toward Europe, but being young, and therefore a little lacking in self-consciousness, they have not as yet justified themselves in laying claim to a few peculiarities, not unintelligent nor without some history. Although they have not as yet been revealed to themselves, perhaps—but prophecy is a poor business—they soon will be. A very young lot of American writers has been lately coming to the fore, Harvard bred for the most part,—neither unintelligently free from European tradition, nor unaffected by the broad spaces in American landscapes. Their influence on, or rather their message to, the puzzled Easterns is as yet only to be guessed at, but promises to be full of force, of pleasantly fresh strength. Let this *Spring Song* make its own suggestions :

“ Make me over, Mother April,  
 When the sap begins to stir !  
 When thy flowery hand delivers  
 All the mountain-prisoned rivers,  
 And thy great heart beats and quivers,  
 To revive the days that were,  
 Make me over, Mother April,  
 When the sap begins to stir !

\* \* \* \*

For I have no choice of being,  
 When the sap begins to climb,—  
 Strong insistence, sweet intrusion,  
 Vasts and v.rges of illusion,—  
 So I win to time's confusion,  
 The one perfect pearl of time,  
 Joy and joy and joy forever,  
 Till the sap forgets to climb ! ”

Much that is ephemeral is indeed welcomed just now, but the wrong reasons are given for its joyful reception. We are having new Wordsworths, even new Shakespeares, thrust upon us by enthusiastic discoverers,

while Wordsworths and Shakespeares we do not want—*new*. Pure æsthetic pleasure from a contemporary we ought not to over-eagerly seek. We need a new manner of living from day to day much more than we need a new manner of speculation or of perceiving art. Above all we need a new, or perhaps a very old, manner of taking pleasure, for we have a good deal neglected our pleasure-taking in this century—have let it become barbarised indeed. Why not then look for social education through self-knowledge in observing our contemporary belle-lettrists, ceasing to hail them as modern Miltons, the decade's—or decadent's?—Dantes, but using them as incarnations of the separate tendencies each man to-day is born with, and must up to a certain point develop? We need not leave off hoping any the more that

“Still is the great world young;  
Not yet is the lyre unstrung,  
As it shakes to the quivering rhyme,  
Sighs for the resonant rhyme  
Of the songs unsung.”

*Edith Pettit, '95.*



## FAIREST HANDS IN ALL THE WORLD.

Love came quick as April thaw  
Just when *Florinel* I saw,  
Silky hair o'er starry eyes,  
Changing cheeks of opal dyes :  
Skilled alone as viol-strings,  
With the witchery music brings,  
Dimpled hands, as soft as snow,  
Flushed within as roses glow  
When I kissed the tips up-curved  
Of fairest hands in all the world.

*Isabel* when once I saw  
Smote me with delicious awe :  
Large and dear in mind as eyes,  
Womanhood in hero-size !  
Love shall wane and wax and wane  
Ere I see her like again,  
See her hands so white, so strong,  
Not o'er large, but grandly long,  
See to life the gauntlets hurled  
From fairest hands in all the world.

Drenched in sunrise-fire and dew  
*Clarimonde* broke on my view,  
Wan and worn, with radiant face,  
Slim with stress of sinuous grace.  
O World's Light, thy shadowy hands  
Lifted to the light of lands  
Cannot hide him with their flesh  
More than painted-windows' mesh.  
Veined, with agony-sweat empearled,  
Are fairest hands in all the world.

## ENVOY.

Sweet, my heart from over-sea  
Its kingdom found and holds in fee,  
(Anchors dropped, now, canvas furled)  
From fairest hands in all the world.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

Charles Lamb—and surely it is of good omen in a paper on names to start out with the mention of his, “best beloved in English literature”—Charles Lamb has somewhere said, “The names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakespeare. It may be that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden and Cowley.” Lamb speaks almost with apology of these fanciful preferences of his, as though the merest preference expressed by him were not worth a hundred solidly based “opinions” from judges of other, and therefore of less fine stuff than he. But are such preferences altogether fanciful? Is there not something very real in the quick sympathy that responds to certain names,—to certain mere words, perhaps; something quite as real in the antipathy that others rouse?

Swinburne, commenting on Lamb, shows that his own fine critical sense is alive to the same thing. “Even so,” he says, “do we now find a homely magic in the name of Lamb, a special fragrance in the fame of it, such as hardly seems to hang about the statelier sound of Coleridge’s or Wordsworth’s or Shelley’s.” And one’s *sensibility* need not be of the finest to feel the suggestiveness of names like these and be conscious of their charm.

Beyond the mere charm, too, a certain happy guiding fortune seems to have distributed some names with peculiar fitness and felicity; has called the author of *Essays in Criticism* Matthew Arnold, and the writer of *Ave Atque Vale* Algernon Charles Swinburne; has marked as inhabitants of different spheres a man named Geoffrey Chaucer and a man named Aubrey Beardsley. Is it all a mere matter of association of ideas, an unconscious result of a knowledge of the man named? Is it not rather the working of that subtle power that hangs about a name, by which, with the suggestiveness of some faint odor or color, it makes upon us certain impressions, vague and indefinable, but none the less distinctly to be felt.

Such happy fitness as in the names above is, of course, quite accidental; yet one cannot but feel the effect of the accident. We are rightly grateful for the chance that christened William Makepeace Thackeray and Nathaniel Hawthorne, just as we rightly cry out, if we are lovers of that English poet whose rank is determined solely by a half-dozen pages of perfectly flawless poetry, against the fate which gave him his name. It seems a piece of wanton barbarism that the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* should be signed with a name like his. That one can be quite insensible to its hideous inappropriateness is little short of miraculous. Such a feat, however, has been achieved by one of our well-known verse-makers, in delivering himself of the following happy lines:

River or sea, the voice is still the same,  
Each curving water lip the word repeats,  
Forever rumoring the poet's name  
And murmuring melodiously, "Keats."

The comparison that instantly suggests itself with Rossetti's magnificent sonnet on John Keats speaks at least for the courage of our magazine writer. Rossetti's sestet, on the same subject, reads:

O pang-dowered Poet, whose reverberant lips  
And heart-strung lyre awoke the Moon's eclipse,—  
Thou whom the daisies glory in growing o'er,—  
Their fragrance clings around thy name, not writ,  
But rumour'd in water, while the fame of it  
Along Time's flood goes echoing evermore.

In the entire sonnet the name does not occur. It would almost seem that Rossetti—master of words that he was—felt himself unequal to "murmuring melodiously, Keats." One cannot but wonder by what means Time's flood itself could succeed in such a task.

The more modern names have about them associations, of necessity perhaps, somewhat common place; at least they do not produce the altogether delightful effect of names whose sound reaches us from farther down the past. Wolfram von Eschenbach, Leonora di Este, Richard Cœur de Lion, each one is like a chord struck and held, an accompaniment to the story of these men and women as it moves before our mind. Nay, it is even more than an accompaniment; it sets the key. Could Richard

have become to our child imagination the hero he is had he borne less royal a name? And the charm and power of names like these is not wholly due to their picturesque combinations of words; for Blondel's name is as delightfully full of suggestion as that of his master. One cannot fail to feel the serious sweetness of Lady Jane Grey; the courtliness, without reproach of Philip Sidney or Fulke Greville; and is it a mere personal fancy of my own, or are the names of Samuel Pepys and Taddeo Gaddi really altogether irresistible?

After all, as has been said, the fitness of names of history is an accident. We may be sensible of it, take delight in it; we may not confidently expect it or press its suggestions far. But when we enter the field of literature we may look in names for a really serious significance. Here aptness is not accidental. Here we may be sure that the repulsion that the name Uriah Heep arouses, or the frank affection that goes out unbidden to an Alan Breck is no chance, but an effect clearly foreseen, deliberately produced. The suggestions of personality that hang about such names may safely be taken as hints, as indications, in forming one's estimate of the men who bear them. Lucy Snowe and Di Vernon must needs be at opposite poles of character.

Of the names the poets have given to the women whom they have loved, or whom their heroes have loved, what can be said? Isolde, Beatrice, Madeline, Elaine, Ianthe—a long chain of lovely sounds, to Rose Aylmer, perhaps the loveliest of all. The beautiful and fitting name of itself suggests a gracious presence, conveys an indefinable charm. Not one in the circle of maidens that surrounds the Lady Mary in the *Blessed Damozel* is described, save by the mention of her name. By that alone each seems invested with a special loveliness, like the flowers Keats and Shakespeare bind into garlands, which though strange to us through the mere sweetness of the names they bear, seem fairer than any we have ever seen.

Therefore it is, that when one finds in literature a woman lovely in all else, a name out of keeping with her character, is painful, like a persistently recurring false note. How, for example, could Browning give to his most beautiful creation the name Pompilia? Pompilia brings with it an idea of loftiness and strength of character, it may be, but one is aware in it, too, of a certain pride and self-assurance, an old Roman majesty and severity.

It is of a kind with Lucretia, Volumnia, Octavia. It is historically accurate, perhaps; but one would have let accuracy go to call this woman by a name sweet enough to suggest something of her divine love and perfect selflessness.

It is, of course, in poetry that names make their deepest impression. There each word, each sound, receives its fullest value. A whole poem can grow terrible through repetition of the ominous name Faustine. Yet though such effects are neither possible nor desirable in prose, names have a certain part to play in novels, too.

In the great romances the names of the characters that move upon the stage are of two kinds. They are either impersonal and colourless,—mere marks of the presence of the actor,—or they are distinctly typical, characterizing exactly the person named. Catherine and Heathcote, Chillingworth and Hester Prynne, could bear any other names equally colorless and lose nothing of their significance as characters, not so Becky Sharp and Sir Willoughby Patterne. One cannot easily fancy for them other names that would so instantaneously sum up this man and woman. It is this sort of name that becomes a part of the world's proverbial wisdom, and wins itself at once popularity and fame.

A third expedient has been tried, notably by Mr. James and Mr. Howells (that of a name suggesting associations completely at variance with the character). Too much sweetness surfeits; we have certainly had enough of the Basil Underwoods of literature; yet can anyone really find a place in his heart for a lovely Lydia Blood?

The same may be said of titles. They, too, may be the barest words, empty of any suggestion, or they may be typical in character. We have the best authority for both; for names like *Macbeth* and *Julius Cæsar*, and for names like *Measure for Measure* and *As You Like It*. Yet one may, perhaps, be allowed a preference for names of the latter kind, and find a legitimate pleasure in the mere titles of *Paradise Lost*, the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Idylls of the King*, the *Scarlet Letter*, *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Kipling assigns names with the hand of a master; some of his titles are no less than strokes of genius; and in a like, though more delicate and fanciful vein, Mr. Austin Dobson, is unrivalled out of France. It is to France, after all, that one must look for perfection in a matter so wholly one of taste and form.

It is tempting to dwell on this significance of names ; to think of the fascination of certain names of places ; to note the names of animals, the dumb characters in literature ; Crab and Gram mark the two extremes, and how one loves them both ! Tempting, too, to observe the effect of a name in a mere inanimate thing. "Crimson Lake !" cries Stevenson, in his charming study of the art joys of childhood. "Crimson Lake ! hark, the magic sound !" We have all felt a spell like this, cast by certain syllables, which have for us half-hidden significances, play upon our fancy and awaken our imagination. This power of names it is true is among the lesser, subtler influences of literature,—one of its mere cross-currents of stimulus and suggestion. Yet we may not forget that it is these cross-currents that contribute so largely to our enjoyment and our gain, by keeping us wide-awake, with our senses about us ; by affording us at once the excitement and the pleasure of a continual alertness of mind. Quite apart, then, from any special ideas they may stimulate, any special images they may suggest, it is in the very process of stimulating and suggesting, of holding us thus constantly alert, that names play for us their really important part.

*Louise Sheffield Brownell, '93.*



## MY YELLOW GOWN.

To some of you this will seem the Confessions of a Frivolous Girl, but to me it is still serious. It stands as a landmark in my life.

Urged by numerous home letters and a sneaking though unacknowledged *heimweh* we had managed to tear ourselves from Paris. I acknowledge myself an American of the most Philistine type, one who considers Paris made solely for women and women of the distinctly butterfly species, although I do remember having come across stray individuals from the smelly Latin Quarter who as art students doubtless thought themselves more Parisian than the Parisians, and acted accordingly. But that is not Paris. That autumn I had had a Paris time *par excellence* and figuratively hugged myself and audibly chuckled when I thought of certain trunks and their precious contents.

My first day at sea strengthened this feeling of general satisfaction and self-sufficiency. It was perfectly calm and there followed a noon and a night that put me at peace with the world at large and with an excessively amiable youth in particular, who would have been unpardonably stupid had he not in some way been related to one of the ship company and therefore convenient.

The next day we woke to a lowering sky and then began a series of seas that are better passed over in silence. I, of course, succumbed for a time, and just as I was beginning to recover interest in life, the stewardess entered with that provokingly cheerful manner peculiar to stewardesses, announcing that water had entered the hold, and that the luggage was navigating on its own account. Hope appeared in the person of my friend of convenient connections who had gained permission for us to go down and investigate. Imagine my relief when I found my belongings high and dry and in a perfectly sound condition. I returned to the deck gleeful, to be met by my maiden aunt with an anxious inquiry for the welfare of her own possessions. Now my maiden aunt is a good woman and I appreciate her, but it had not occurred to me that her Paris clothes were by any

means so important as my own, so I was obliged to confess that her trunks had not entered my mind. She gave me a lingeringly reproachful look, murmured "your sainted mother" and retired to her state-room. Now I knew from long experience that this phrase always indicated a descent in my aunt's opinion, so the amiable youth and I promptly clambered down again. I found my aunt's trunks standing dejectedly in a pool of water with much the same injured air that their owner was wont to adopt. Of course I felt very badly, and was quite at my wit's end until my energetic *fidus Achates* assured me that the situation was not hopeless, and that I might have the trunks brought up and the clothes resuscitated.

My aunt's troubles rather accentuated my own good luck, and during the rest of the trip I regarded her with a pitying eye and found it rather a temptation to grieve for her. But I knew from sad experience her feminine sensitiveness and dewy proclivities, so refrained. In the light of later events, when I look back upon my confiding innocence, I could weep at the bitter irony of it all.

The first day in New York was spent in the hunting up of friends and in other diversions, so that for the first time in a fortnight the Paris gowns were not thought of. But that evening I was to realise fully the agony of disappointment. My maid entered the room where I was writing enthusiastic letters home, and announced with an awe-stricken countenance, and in a somewhat ambiguous fashion, that the trunks were spongy. They, too, had shared the fate of the common herd in spite of my pretty sentimentalities. The ruin and destruction that met my eyes on the unpacking of my miserable luggage are beyond description. It was a concentrated impressionistic exhibition. Pink had run into green and through to purple. I picked out each article to find that it had left a lasting mark on the one below. I shook out one after the other in fear and trembling, for at the bottom of the pile was the masterpiece of my Paris shopping, a yellow velvet. This resplendent creation had cost me many hours of thought and energy, had been written up by one of those all-knowing American correspondents, and was altogether the pride of my heart. Well, the yellow velvet was not recognisable.

In my despair I bethought me of one Monsieur D——, cleaner and dyer of damaged goods, and a very magician in his art. The little man

arrived promptly and entered the room in a bustling business-like manner, but his confidence soon vanished. He was not quite equal to this situation. He turned each garment over with a dubious smile while I perched myself dejectedly on one of the trunks and gazed at him appealingly. But in vain. He condemned each in turn until he came to the yellow gown and announced that this was not altogether hopeless.

During the few days in New York I refused all consolation save permission to tell my woeful tale as many times a day as I chose, until finally all my friends could repeat it verbatim, including the charms of that yellow gown, and Monsieur D——'s promises. So I left my last hope in New York and started homeward, a sadder if not a wiser maiden.

This second season was but a feeble repetition of my débutante year. Having expended my winter's allowance in heartless Paris, I was compelled again to affect simplicity and sweetness in the form of last year's tulles and maidenly muslins. I was in truth a bedraggled bud, and was forced to content myself with describing at length and on all possible occasions the contents of those hapless trunks—the yellow gown always saved up as a telling conclusion. The winter passed, but amid its diversions and excitements I never forgot my last hope still lingering in New York. It was the mainspring of my existence that season. At stated intervals my correspondence with Monsieur D—— went on furiously; he—in answer to my urgent demands for its delivery—reminding me of the dire state of that fair garment, and I unable to deny this suggestion, periodically letting the matter drop. Lent came and still the yellow gown failed to put in an appearance, but in spite of the sober meditations encouraged by Mrs. Grundy during that period I still babbled the same motif. Its fame spread far and wide and became a by-word and proverb for my friends. Over the tea-table, when conversation flagged, I was wont in such glowing terms to describe myself begowned in the garment, that a friend declared that I had appeared before him in a dream as a vision of living gold, which he threatened to send as a church window design for Easter, or better still as a model to *Vogue*.

One day I surprised that brutal Monsieur D—— by arriving in New York. The little man met me with the encouraging news that the gown had been finished but a few hours before and would be sent up to the

hotel that very afternoon. The same day, when an invitation for the opera came, I accepted in spite of a raging headache, and turned upon my aunt, who mildly remonstrated, with the reproachful query, "Have you forgotten that the yellow gown is finished?" It arrived. The pent-up feelings of a winter, the ambitions of a second season, the realisation of a fond dream, were concentrated into the one moment when the folds of yellow velvet came shimmeringly out of the soft background and wrappings of white tissue paper. I almost knelt before the beloved garment laid out in majesty, and was rather annoyed when a card was brought up disturbing my devotions.

The man was an old friend, so that we were neither of us making much effort, but enjoying a silence that is always restful and only possible between old friends.

I slowly sipped my tea and thoroughly enjoyed the wonderful calm of the evening. I did not remember so peaceful an hour since that one first night on shipboard the autumn before, after those happy shopping weeks in Paris. Then, of course, I thought of the gown up-stairs and felt quite a little glow of pleasure dreaming of the vision of myself at the opera and wondered whether the man opposite realised that I could look as well as I was going to that night.

Suddenly he looked up with a slight smile, and said, "By-the-way, I think I have seen your yellow gown."

"Impossible," I replied, "I haven't worn it this winter."

"I don't doubt it," he laughed out, "it has been exhibited in a shop window on Fifth Avenue since November."

"Wretch!" I ejaculated, and saw scarlet.

The man started. I thought afterwards he might have taken it personally.

This, then, was the explanation of the delay. My yellow gown had flaunted before the eyes of an admiring public as an advertisement of the skill and approved methods of Monsieur D——, cleaner and dyer of fabrics, number 332 Fifth Avenue.

*Julia Blackburn Duke, '97.*

## SOCIAL EVOLUTION—BY BENJAMIN KIDD.

IN the literature of science, as in that of art, there are two widely different kinds of originality. There is the originality that discovers and gives to the world new facts, new truths; and there is that which rearranges material already at hand, presents old and well-worn subjects in a new light, offers a new explanation of familiar facts and circumstances. The latter variety probably requires higher and rarer qualities of mind than the former; and perhaps for that very reason those who essay it are the less often successful. A single fact, or even the long series of single facts that serves as basis for a law, may be verified with comparative ease. But the wider the scope of a generalization, the more complex the relations of the particulars included under it; and when we come to deal with such wide and complicated phenomena as life, progress, civilisation, the number of possible explanations is practically infinite.

It is to such a task, however, that Mr. Kidd addresses himself in his recent book, *Social Evolution*. He begins with a rapid review of "the outlook;" first outlining the present state of things—political equality practically attained, all the conditions of life changed by the enormous industrial expansion of the present century, national and even racial barriers giving way before class organisation, socialism obtaining a stronger and stronger hold upon the masses; he mentions briefly various religious movements of the century, and discusses the attitude of science toward religion and toward other social phenomena. For the most part, he says, we find science content with declaring that religious beliefs have no foundation in reason. But this is not the question. These beliefs are among the most widespread and most persistent of all sociological phenomena; they must, therefore, perform a correspondingly important function in the evolution of society; and it is the business of science to discover what that function is. When we examine the attitude of science toward other sociological phenomena, we find it equally unsatisfactory. Modern science has proved herself unable either to explain the past or to predict the future: with regard to the great social movements that are now in progress she stands uncertain, having no clear message to deliver. This helplessness is the result of the isolation of sociology, political economy, and kindred branches of study from their sister sciences. Sociology, says Mr. Kidd, deals with life in its last and highest development; sociology, therefore, is necessarily founded on biology, which is the science of life in general; and the adoption of biological methods is destined to make as far-reaching a change in the social sciences as it has already made in the physical sciences.

Studying the conditions of universal existence, biology formulates the profoundest law of life:—that progress is inevitable, and depends upon reproduction beyond the limits of comfortable subsistence. For, the moment that competition ceases, the action of natural selection is checked, and degeneration begins. On the other hand, the fiercer the competition, the more freely does natural selection operate, and consequently the more rapid is progress. At that point in the evolution of life where man appears, two new factors are added to the problem; for man possesses two new qualities,—reason and the social instinct. Nevertheless the law of competition is not suspended. Among savages, among primitive tribes and barbarous peoples, among the nations of antiquity and



those of the Middle Ages, we see the struggle for existence proceeding with unrelaxed intensity. In our modern civilisation its keenness is not diminished: on the contrary, it continues with unabated vigour, both as between the Anglo-Saxon and inferior races, and as among the individuals of the superior races themselves. The two leading features of the century, in civilised communities, have been the advance toward more equal conditions of life, and the increased severity of the rivalry for existence. It is evident that under the biological law quoted above, this rivalry must continue indefinitely; or at least, as long as progress continues to be made. Yet progress under such conditions involves, and always has involved, the certain failure of large numbers to reach the ordinary possibilities of life. Therefore at any given time it would have been the interest of the generation then in existence, could they have known it, to suspend among themselves these onerous conditions, which render failure inevitable for large numbers of individuals. The conditions of progress might have been suspended at the same time, but from the standpoint of pure reason this consideration could not affect the action of the existing generation, because progress inures to the benefit of generations yet unborn, with which the present generation can have no reasonable concern.

It has been said that at the point where human evolution begins two new factors present themselves. The first of these is the social instinct. As man can only reach his highest development in society, his development as an individual becomes subordinate to his development as a social creature; that is, subordinate to the development of the social organism of which he is a part. The effect of this is, by making the inevitable conditions of progress still more onerous, to strengthen his motives for rebellion against those conditions. The interests of the individual and those of the social organism are inherently antagonistic, and the fundamental law of life renders it impossible that they should ever cease to be so.

But the second factor in human development is reason. As this faculty grows with the advance of evolution, it must sooner or later reach a point at which man will be able to perceive his interest, and to suspend the struggle for existence by regulating the population. How is it, then, that although the course of evolution is unceasingly developing reason to a higher and higher degree of efficiency, nevertheless man goes on submitting to the onerous conditions of progress, and progress continues unretarded? From the beginning of human society this conflict between the social instinct and the rationalistic self-assertion of the individual has been carried on, resulting in a vast series of phenomena, (religions,) which with their consequences constitute the chief subject-matter of history. What is the true nature of these phenomena? Mr. Kidd gives a list of current definitions of religion, no two of which are alike, and many of which have not a single feature in common. "It is evident," he remarks, "that authorities are not agreed as to the essential nature of the phenomena in question." But the contest is still in progress; and we are forced to the conclusion that man is in some way in conflict with his own reason, which he extols in every other relation, but rejects, even with scorn, in this.

Reviewing the foregoing considerations, Mr. Kidd concludes that it is the function of religion to furnish an ultra-rational sanction for that class of conduct in the individual which is necessary to the progress of society but which has not, and never can have, for the masses of the people, any rational sanction. He examines a variety of religions with a view to showing that they all contain a super-rational or super-natural element, and that all are associated with social conduct. We now see, he says, why all religions appeal to emotion rather than to reason, and why all lay so much stress on the conception of sacrifice. Finally," he observes "that while some rational systems of ethics have called themselves religions, no one of them has proved itself a religion, for none, can



claim to have been influenced and moved large masses of men in the manner of a religion. In fact the rational ethical system explains the relation of the individual to society on a radically false assumption,—the assumption, namely, that the interests of the individual and those of the social organism are, or are capable of becoming identical, and that it is, therefore, possible to have a rational sanction for the social conduct necessary to progress. But since the relation of the individual to society is the basis of sociology, little can be expected from sociology as long as a fundamentally erroneous conception of this relation prevails. This is the reason why, in the hands of sociologists, the obvious likeness of the social organism to an organic growth has yielded so little in the way of suggestion or explanation, and why not even the nature and limits of the social organism have been defined. The resemblance is more than fortuitous, says Mr. Kidd; the social organism literally is an organic growth; but the entity which is to be so considered is not the state, the nation, or the race, it is the type of civilisation founded on a particular form of religious belief. The integrating and disintegrating principles in this organic growth are religion and reason: the life of the organism is conditioned upon the maintenance of the conflict between them, and upon the continued subordination of reason to religion. Through these social organisms natural selection acts upon the race. How to retain the highest operative ultra-rational sanction for conduct, and yet to allow the freest possible play to the intellectual forces of the individual, is the problem of civilization.

Regarding civilisation, then, as organic growths, Mr. Kidd proceeds to consider the nature of our modern western civilisation. He contrasts it with other civilisations, ancient and modern: enumerating as points of difference,—the enfranchisement of the lower classes; the restriction of the absolute power of the head of the state; the transfer of certain rights from the feudal lords to the land-owners, and from them to the capitalists; the restriction of these rights; the rise of the middle class; and the growth of the ideal of equality. From all this he concludes that the really significant feature of the development now in progress in modern society consists in its bringing the masses of the people into the rivalry of existence on conditions of equality of opportunity. Such equality, he maintains, by no means interferes with the law of natural selection: on the contrary, the fuller and fairer the competition, the more fully will natural selection operate. On examining the nature of the evolutionary force which is carrying on the development of modern society, it is found to be not a rational, but an ethical force.

The history of our civilisation begins with the Christian era. Roman civilisation at this period had already begun to decay, following the decay of the ethical system upon which it was built up. The birth of Christianity was signalized by a tremendous outburst of vital energy—an energy whose amorphous vigour was so great that two or three centuries had to pass away before its direction began to be perceptible. The new religion possessed two characteristics of the highest importance in evolution: it provided for conduct the strongest ultra-rational sanction the world had ever known and its ethical system was better adapted than any the world had yet seen to promote the social efficiency of the peoples coming under its influence. The distinguishing feature of early Christianity was its altruism: and though this was subsequently overshadowed by the growth of the super-natural conceptions associated with it, it never really disappeared.

The history of Christianity, and of the civilisation formed upon it, naturally falls into two divisions. Up to the time of the Reformation, Christianity was employed in perfecting an ultra-rational sanction for the constitution of society. Under the European theocracy of the fourteenth century this sanction had reached a strength never before known: the integrating element, religion,

had almost extinguished the disintegrating element, reason. The Reformation represents the effort, of reason to reassert itself—a movement which occurred inevitably and naturally at this point in the development of the social organism, and which, in those countries where it was forcibly obstructed, can never recur. It was the function of the Reformation to liberate into society the altruistic feeling that had generated by Christianity during the so-called ages of Faith. This liberation was accomplished through the deepening and softening of character produced by the doctrines of the Reformation,—by its emphasis upon individual responsibility, and by its tendency to bring the individual into closer contact with the life of the founder of Christianity, which embodies the highest altruistic ideal the world has yet known. Among the social consequences of the Reformation, Mr. Kidd mentions: first, the abolition of slavery, which as he says, is mainly the consequence of two doctrines, that of salvation and that of equality before God, both essentially ultra-rational: second, the retreat of the power holding classes, a movement which both in France and England, has been brought about not by the strength of the masses, but by the yielding of the power holding classes themselves, which again is the result of increasing humanitarianism, itself a product of Christianity; and third, the revolt of labor, also due to the religious and political doctrine of equality, which, as Mr. Kidd remarks, has no sanction either in reason or in experience.

Our modern social development, then, is not the product of the intellect, but of altruistic feelings which are themselves the product of the Christian religion. And to whatever extent the conditions of the social rivalry for existence may be humanized by altruism, its final result has been to raise that rivalry to a continually higher and higher degree of efficiency, by admitting the masses of the people to a more and more nearly equal share of opportunity in the struggle. Their political emancipation is almost completed, but it has proved insufficient; and their social emancipation which is already beginning, is obviously the next step in the forward path. But this step involves state interference; and the party of progress, whose watchword has so long been *laissez-faire*, recoils from the apparent inconsistency. The only class of thinking men, says Mr. Kidd, who may be said with any truth to have grasped the situation, or to have comprehended, even partially, its import, are the socialists. But from the point of view of science the solution proposed by socialism is inadmissible. True socialism, as defined by Mr. Kidd, "has always one definite object in view, up to which all its proposals directly or indirectly lead. This is the final suspension of that personal struggle for existence which has been waged, not only from the beginning of society, but, in one form or another, from the beginning of life. Now, in any fulfilment of the Utopian ideals of socialism, one of two things must happen: either the population will be allowed to increase unchecked, or it will be artificially restricted. In the first case, the foundation of the socialistic structure disappears at once: for under such conditions the fundamental law of life renders impossible any suspension of the struggle for existence. In the second case, progressive degeneration immediately begins, and the society constituted on such a basis soon disappears before others better fitted to survive. The socialists have made little or no attempt to reply to these arguments: but on the other hand their own arguments have been hitherto unanswered, and are in all probability unanswerable. For it is unquestionably the interest of the present generation to suspend the struggle for existence, whatever may happen in the future. While the scientist and the altruist regard the matter from the point of view of the future, the socialist takes his stand upon the interests of the present; and his aim is really to exploit in favor of those interests that fund of humanitarian feeling, which constitutes the motive power in a social development largely favoring the interests of generations yet to be born. The connection between socialism and rationalism, which has sometimes been

noticed is not therefore the result of chance, but is indicative of a deep-seated relation between the two.

Admitting that the tendency of modern civilisation is to raise the rivalry of existence to the highest degree of efficiency, that its motive power is altruistic feeling, and that this feeling is the product of religion, what guarantee have we, in view of the wide spread movements of modern rationalism, and the apparent undermining of the foundation of Christianity by rationalistic criticism, that the development now in progress will continue? Mr. Kidd answers that the evolution of society is not primarily intellectual but religious in type; that religious character is its primary product, intellect only a secondary product; and that religious influences do not now, any more than they have done in the past, derive their strength from the intellect. Nay, more; the possession of intellect without more important social qualities tends to further lower the social efficiency of a people, by leading them to sacrifice the interests of the social organism to their own individual interests. Religion is the only force capable of controlling reason in the interests of social evolution. It follows that when man became a social creature his progress ceased to be primarily in the direction of the intellect. The "preponderating element in the type of character which the evolutionary forces at work in human society are slowly developing, would appear to be the sense of reverence. The qualities with which it is tending to be closely allied, are great mental energy, resolution, enterprise, powers of prolonged and concentrated attention, and a . . . simple-minded and single-minded devotion to conceptions of duty." The book concludes with a chapter of miscellaneous remarks upon various corollaries to the main line of thought.

Mr. Kidd is often accused of being a socialist. According to his own definition of the word, he is not one: but he makes no secret of the fact that he advocates state interference with a view to "strengthening and equipping at the general expense the lower and weaker against the higher and wealthier classes of the community." His object in doing so, however, would be to extend rather than to suspend or extinguish the operation of those natural laws on which the evolution of society is based.

The most obvious objection to his theory as a whole is that it is based entirely on a hypothesis. The indissoluble nature of the bond between the continuance of the struggle for existence and the continuance of social evolution, depends altogether on Weismann's modification of Darwin's theory of natural selection. Weismann's formulation of that theory is at this moment the subject of a fierce controversy among biologists. Where scientists differ, it would ill become the layman to decide: but it is surely hazardous, to say the least, to build an elaborate system upon an unverified assumption. Mr. Kidd admits that if qualities acquired by the parent through education or otherwise can be transmitted to the offspring by inheritance, "then we may venture to anticipate a future society which will not deteriorate, but which may continue to make progress, even though the struggle for existence be suspended, the population regulated exactly to the means of subsistence, and the antagonism between the individual and the social organism extinguished." In that case Mr. Kidd's hypothesis may still be interesting and suggestive, and parts of it may be accepted independently as plausible explanation of puzzling facts: but the cogency of the whole as a demonstration completely disappears.

In any event, a philosophy so new and so open to attack is sure to be severely criticised. It is not to be expected that the rationalists will look favorably upon anything so disparaging to themselves and their pretensions; nor are the orthodox likely to be much better satisfied with having religion treated merely as a "phenomenon," which has a "function" to perform. On the other

hand, Mr. Kidd's theory possesses a clearness, a coherence, and a simplicity, a breadth of view and firmness of grasp, which satisfy a very natural instinct of the human mind, and which presuppose a large endowment of scientific imagination. It runs lines of cause and effect through facts hitherto apparently disconnected; it enables the reader to grasp long trains of events by bringing them under widely-operating general laws; in short, it offers just that illuminating and unifying explanation of a complicated mass of details which is so seductive, and often so misleading.

At all events, the book is eminently suggestive, thoroughly impartial and dignified in tone, easy and lucid in style, and remarkably free from technical terms. We commend it to all readers interested in the subjects of which it treats.

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## ESSAYS IN LONDON AND ELSEWHERE. BY HENRY JAMES.

THE unfortunate reviewer who has been looking forward to a new book by Mr. James is predestined to some disappointment and to accumulated mortification. He experiences the last the moment he takes up the volume, unmistakably of English make, with its curious pink cover and thick, yellowish paper, and wonders for the fiftieth time why we can never produce the like. Before he has cut a dozen pages and glanced over them in cutting, he has realised that the author, by his invariable disparagement of America, is quite as unmistakably of American birth. Finally, when he has reached the latter part of the book, finding his craft characterised as "a practice that in general has nothing in common with the art of criticism," and himself described as "blundering in and out of the affair as if it were a railway station," he drops it, declaring to himself that Naaman was a pretty fine fellow after all, and much better off in the temple of Rimmon than if he had remained in Samaria to go regularly up to the high places. For one not a reviewer by profession, nothing can wholly destroy the charm of these essays, or the delightfulness of the fact that, whether he will or no, their author is American, a source of pride to us and an object-lesson to himself and all such as he.

Some to whom Mr. James has given in such stories as *The Middle Years* and *The Lesson of the Master*, a keener delight than any of his novels could arouse, will find here the qualities they chiefly value. From the very first line, where the definite phrase—he begins with "a certain evening"—strikes out a picture, the story-writer is present. There is description of landscape equally vivid with that of character: "across the wintry ocean . . . the strange, dark, lonely freshness of the coast of Ireland;" "a prouder nature never affronted the long humiliation of life." The whole personality of Fanny Kemble is as carefully wrought out as a figure in a novel. A sure sense for what is picturesque and dramatic, it is needless to say, controls both the choice of topics and their treatment: Mrs. Kemble (to refer again to the most delightful of all the portraits) is between Lowell and Flaubert, and Browning elbows the brothers de Goncourt. The obtuseness to dramatic possibilities everyone must now and then notice in the power that orders the world, is nowhere so noted, so commented on as in the essay on Flaubert:

"His great originality was that the long siege of his youth was successful. I can recall no second case in which poetic justice has interfered so gracefully. He began *Madame Bovary* from



afar off . . . as a premeditated classic, a masterpiece pure and simple, a thing of conscious perfection and a contribution of the first magnitude to the literature of his century. There would have been every congruity in his encountering proportionate failure and the full face of that irony in things of which he was so inveterate a student. A writer of tales who should have taken the extravagance of his design for the subject of a sad 'novelette,' could never have permitted himself any termination of such a story but an effective anti-climax. The masterpiece at the end of years would inevitably fall very flat and the overweening spirit be left somehow to its illusions. The solution in fact was very different."

Speaking above of all the portraits I meant—what perhaps I had no right to do—to exclude the opening essay, *London*. Although we are told that Mr. Pennell's drawings at first accompanied this essay, we are unable to perceive any lack of them, so full is it of vivid, of pictorial phrase, and, in lieu of color, exactly the black-and-white effects of that artist. Besides the careful detail which gives a vision that, it would seem, no illustration could heighten, there is present what no draughtsman could convey, the huge, symbolic but living figure of London herself, much the same sort of creature as the ogress, as she figures in the history of Hop o' my Thumb. It is, indeed, in connection with the image of this half-kindly Titaness, and in this essay alone, that something appears which, even more than the supercilious tone toward things American, must chill the reader and will perhaps sicken him. Some of us may recall the piteous story of a Russian exile in a recent *Yellow Book*, or passages in *Esther Waters*, or General Booth's book, and the memory rises in the throat on finding that while the poor indeed appear, it is only on either side of the strip of red carpet across the pavement; or that the city of awful inhospitality to thousands is described most adequately as follows:

"The romance of a winter afternoon in London arises partly from the fact that, when it is not altogether smothered, the general lamplight takes this hue of hospitality. Such is the color of the interior glow of the clubs in Pall Mall, which I positively like best when the fog loiters upon their monument staircases."

The impression of the essay is as if the author stood by one of John Burns' meetings in Hyde Park, humming a waltz, his hands in his pockets—very white hands, with finger-nails delicately pointed and polished.

Of the essays on writers, those on Lowell and Ibsen are peculiarly satisfying; the first as a charming portrayal of an altogether charming man, the second as a fine and critical appreciation of a frequently misjudged writer. In the course of the latter occurs the most forcible and at the same time the most amusing of the many and entertaining remarks on criticism with which the papers are thickly sown.

"That Mrs. Tesman," he says, "is a perfectly ill regulated person is a matter of course, and there are doubtless spectators who would fain ask whether it would not have been better to represent in her stead a person totally different. The answer to this sagacious question seems to me to be simply that no one can possibly tell. There are many things in the world that are past finding out, and one of them is whether the subject of a work had not better have been another subject."

Throughout the book great stress falls not only on criticism but on style; the quality is always conspicuous in the writers treated, though under vastly different aspects. Mr. James' ideal is clearly summed up: "Agreeable, uncontemporary, self respecting English, as idiomatic as possible and just as little common." We do not venture to question the adequacy of this description: that it is attained none can deny; but it is with a shade of vanity, almost too airy for comment, that the successful author shows how he can transmute where others would blunder at translating, "*je suis Anglaise, moi—la plus Anglaise des Anglaises*," becoming "not only intensely English, but the

model of the British Philistine." Nevertheless, for a style which does not claim to be either profound or highly wrought, the movement is extraordinarily slow.

Notwithstanding the air of finish about the whole, the peculiar elegance with which the book appeals to the eye and the mind, it contains a few striking evidences of carelessness. It is almost unpardonable that we should be forced to accept *small* for *shall*, and *Boucher* with a little *b*. I am, moreover, unable to guess why the essay on the de Goncourts, written in 1888, with its frequent tentative allusions to Flaubert, should not have preceded the long and complete study of the latter writer dated 1893. Perhaps Mr. James wished his reader to begin at the end, and after reading by way of preface the *Animated Conversation*, and for introduction the essay on criticism, to proceed in inverse order through the discussions of various writers, finding the spirit of the whole summed up in the article on London, and in a single sentence there, "How great we all are and how great is the great city which we may unite fraternally to regard as the capital of our race."

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## GREEK STUDIES. BY WALTER PATER.

IT has been said by a recent critic that Mr. Pater in the essays collected after his death under the title *Greek Studies* has treated his material too subjectively, so that the value of his work lies rather in its own inherent beauty than in any new light it throws on Greek art or mythology. Since Mr. Pater was, however, not an antiquarian, but avowedly an æsthetic critic, it may seem somewhat unfair to quarrel with him for following the method of his school. In making his own impression and interpretation of the confused mass of early Greek myths and the scanty remains of early Greek art, the starting point as it were for a new literary creation, coloured of necessity by all his previous experiences,—by his intimate knowledge of early Tuscan art for instance, or by his love for sacred places and solemn religious rites,—Mr. Pater did but follow himself the treatment he advocates for Greek sculpture. Not limiting himself to "the bare presentation of what actually remains of ancient work," he has sought to fill out the deficiencies in order that the whole may render to the observer a pleasurable and satisfying impression.

The two series of essays combined in *Greek Studies*, though treating the one of Greek mythology, the other of Greek sculpture, are yet based on one fundamental idea. Mr. Pater's object is to trace the development of the myth from the "world of vision unchecked by positive knowledge in which it is begotten among a primitive people," to the projected expression, in art and poetry, "of the ways and dreams of this primitive people, brooded over and harmonised by the energetic Greek imagination." The first series begins, therefore, with that early phase of Greek life of which we catch glimpses in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the early life of the vineyard. Dionysus, born of fire and dew, the centre of a hierarchy of delightful "creatures of water and sunlight" is the incarnation to this primitive people of all the forces of the physical world. He is the *spiritual form*, "the actual person in whom, somehow, all the impressions of the vine and its fruit as the highest type of the life of the green sap had become incorporate." His worship forms "a little Olympus outside the greater," is a full and sufficient interpretation to his followers of the whole of life.



To this joyous conception of Dionysus as the god of the vine, there enters from the mountains of Thrace the gloomier conception of Dionysus Zagreus. This sadder element in the myth Mr. Pater has treated in the essay on the *Bacchanals of Euripides*. It forms also a connecting link with the study of *Demeter and Persephone*. As Dionysus is, originally, the joyous life of the earth as personified in the vine, so Demeter is, in the first place, the same joyous life of the earth as personified in the corn. Later, however, to her myth also, there enters an element of sadness, of the "Worship of Sorrow." Demeter becomes connected, even at times identified, with Persephone, the goddess of death, who presides over departing summer. The central expression of this stage of the myth is the Homeric hymn to Demeter, in which the goddess searching through the world for Persephone, appears, says Mr. Pater, as "the weary woman, . . . our Lady of Sorrows, the *mater dolorosa* of the ancient world, but with a certain latent reference, all through, to the mystical person of the earth."

The last essay of the series is an exquisite re-telling of the old story of Hippolytus. Once again Mr. Pater dwells on the love of home and the religious observances of boyhood, so strong in Hippolytus, that not even the beauty or pleasures of Athens can alienate him from the ruined village on the borders of Attica, where "the white, paved waggon track, a by-path of the sacred way to Eleusis, zigzagged through sloping olive-yards, from the plain of silvered blue, with Athens building in the distance, and passed the door of the rude stone-house, furnished scantily. On the ledges of the grey cliffs above, the laurel groves, stem and foliage of motionless bronze, had spread their tents. Travellers bound northwards were glad to repose themselves there, and take directions, or provision for their journey onwards, from the highland people, who came down hither to sell their honey, their cheese, and woolen stuff, in the tiny market place. At dawn the great stars seemed to hilt awhile, burning as if for sacrifice to some pure deity, on those distant, obscurely named heights, like broken swords, the rim of the world. . . . Racing over those rocky surfaces, the virgin air descended hither with the secret of profound sleep, as the child lay in its cubicle hewn in the stone, the white fleeces heaped warmly round him."

As in the mythological studies Mr. Pater has confined himself in the main to the earlier stages of Greek myth, so his essays on art deal with the Pre-Pheidian period. "Immature art," he says, "has its own attractiveness in the naïveté, the freshness of spirit, which finds power and interest in simple motives of feeling and in the freshness of hand which has a sense of enjoyment in mechanical processes still performed unmechanically, in the spending of care and intelligence on every touch." The charm of such early-aged simplicity and sincerity, "found even in the beginnings of craftsmanship," and especially in metal work, is distinctly æsthetic, and appeals primarily like all plastic art to the intelligence through the eye. This sensuous, material side Mr. Pater thinks too much neglected. For a complete criticism he would have Greek art approached, from the side of the intelligence indeed, but also from the sensuous side, and for a background to the highest Greek sculpture, he would study the "minor works of price," "the lovely products of skilled fingers," that have, in their delicate finish and exquisite beauty of detail, an æsthetic value all their own.

Beginning his study, therefore, with the Heroic Age, whose only power was for "exquisite tectonics," Mr. Pater finds the central expression of the age in the descriptions of the shield of Achilles and the house of Alcinoüs,—descriptions that are "like dreams indeed, . . . a child's dream after a day of real, fresh impressions from things themselves, in which all these floating impressions reset themselves." Already in the Heroic Age there are traces of that sense for order and fitness in beauty, which, later, together with the sense for "minute and curious loveliness," is to produce

the human form. In the historic period these two forces are clearly at work, the one, the Ionian, of which Hephæstus is the *spiritual form* delighting in mere material splendour, the other a restraining, simplifying Dorian or European force, seeking to embody in a beautiful form an intelligent soul, and to perfect both by "reasonable exercise or *ascêsis*." This second force, of which Apollo is the *spiritual form*, attains its true value first in the marbles of Aegina, and its fuller development in that age of whose art the *Discobolus* of Myron and the *Diadumenus* of Polycleitus are the highest expressions.

Here, with these two figures, perfect types of a beauty merely physical, perhaps, but with the "shadow of great things upon it, from which it shrinks," *Greek Studies* ends.

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## THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF. BY THE RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

MR. BALFOUR bids us take the differences of thinkers as a token of the rich complexity of truth. Whoever is thus taught to look without irritation or dismay upon the hardy hostilities, the weltering chaos of controversy, will find his faith put promptly to the test by the utterances which Mr. Balfour's book itself has called forth. Hailed by a multitude as the deliverance of a philosopher, and patronised by the philosophers as the diversion of a statesman, the discussion of its contents no sooner begins than the book finds itself between two fires. For, broadly speaking, it is an endeavour to do the work of Berkeley with the tools of Hume; to silence the enemies of religion with the arguments of a philosophic scepticism. Accordingly the sceptics attack his conclusion and the defenders of religion censure his method; and the guns of the recent reviews are still smoking from a twofold professorial bombardment. THE LANTERN is not minded to contribute to the controversy and the confusion; but it detects meanwhile in Mr. Balfour's volume the taste of a rarer intellectual quality than marks even the most learned of his critics. Of the great writers in English of this century who have addressed primarily the intellect probably no one else save Newman has had so delicate and exquisite a sense of his reader's mind; so sensitive an appreciation in each sentence, each moment, of difficulties, of implausibilities, of what is shocking to common sense and what is repugnant to reason—of every cross-current and eddy of probability and improbability that play about the thought, which is nevertheless in its essential burden borne steadily forward. This fine intellectual sensitiveness, this consummate intellectual perception is perhaps Newman's most important literary trait. Mr. Balfour has it in no inferior degree, but he differs from Newman by a superior repose, by a freedom from the anxiety and eagerness that hasten and agitate the movement of the other's style. Dignity and sympathetic judicial equipoise—qualities, to our sense, in themselves akin—have seldom been more admirably combined. The lesson and value of Newman's life, except to the members of his own communion, was rather in temperament than in performance. Different as are Mr. Balfour's life and pursuits the same may be said of him. Thus far, both in philosophy and in politics, he is notable, not so much for achievement as for a singular distinction of character and mind.

## THE SAUPPE LIBRARY.

FROM the very beginning of the revival of learning, probably the most important factor in the development of the world's civilization has been the collection and the preservation of knowledge in the form of books. At the various University centres, libraries have gradually been formed, which, growing with the progress of years, have marked by their expansion the widening of human perspective, the increase of human knowledge, the eagerness of human study and research. These various libraries have, of their very nature, been the sources whence inquiring students have drawn the material of their own development, for it is not possible for an investigator to make intelligent progress until he is acquainted with what has been already done; and while the growth of scientific investigation has opened up new fields of research and new subjects of inquiry, it has been found that the advance in any subject has been measured by the books in which it has been contained, and that that science must be very rudimentary indeed which has as yet no appreciable literature. Hence even in those sciences which are popularly called experimental, the library equipment is always as important as the equipment in apparatus. How much more is this the case with those branches of learning where the library must be not merely the record of past achievement, but the laboratory of present research and future progress. And nowhere is this more true than in the study of the classics.

The great difficulty in the collection of a library that will adequately represent the literature of the subject, is that it requires years of careful observation and judicious selection; books that have been long out of print have often to be sought for with persistent care, and acquired at great expense; and even with the means ready in hand, the purchase of the book desired is by no means an assured fact, when it has been out of the regular circulation for any time between twenty and four hundred years. Consequently in the foundation of new institutions of learning, no matter how lavish the endowment or how energetic the management, the library is apt to be for many years a source of worry to the instructors and of exasperation to the students by reason of unavoidable gaps in many departments and the impossibility of filling them except by long and continued effort. Bryn Mawr has been no exception to the rule; and despite the generosity of the Trustees and the kind assistance of helpful friends, the library has had the experience of other institutions in being the absolutely essential, and always improving, but still faulty instrument of study.

This has been especially true of the classical departments, for here the literature of the subject covers the whole period from the appearance of Petrarch's edition of the Letters of Cicero to the most recent study in textual criticism, and the books in this field were numbered by thousands as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century. There is some tendency nowadays to take one's stand upon the accuracy of present careful research, and to look back with some degree of condescending toleration upon the earlier centuries, when men studied with much less method, and when their conclusions were often faulty, by reason of the narrowness of their horizon. But nothing could be more alien to the nature of the true scholar, nor contrary to the judgment of the fair critic than such a position. For, leaving out of account the fact that the scholars of the present day with their minute learning and scientific, but often very unimaginative

accuracy, may consider themselves very fortunate if they be found worthy to have their names written in the same list with those of the Scaligers, Erasmus, the Stephani, Casaubon, Lipsius, Bentley, Porson and many others who are equally famous in the annals of Philology—leaving this, I say, out of consideration, a student has a very imperfect and one-sided view of the classical field who does not appreciate how the advantages that he now enjoys are but the outgrowth of the painstaking labours of men, whom he may hope to imitate, but not to attain unto, and who, by furthering the cause of learning and of culture have furthered the cause of civilisation and all that it implies, and have thus made the world their debtor for ever. Every firm bit of ground in classical Philology to-day is the result of centuries of searching and seeking by many of the brightest minds that the world has known, and no student can adequately comprehend his own position until he has learned how that has been created. And for this he must have books, and many and old books at that.

Accordingly, when in the fall of 1893, we were informed that in Germany there was for sale a library, the collection and envied possession of one of her best-known scholars, whose long life connects our age with that of the giants of the century's opening years, with Wolf and Von Humboldt, the Hermanns and Niebuhr, with Hegel and Goethe and Heine—a library which competent critics pronounced to be the best private classical library in Germany, an effort was at once made to acquire for Bryn Mawr this collection, whose purchase would give us nearly half a century's start in our attempt to catch up with the literature of classical philology. A generous friend of the college furnished the means, and fortune smiled upon our eagerness, so that we succeeded in concluding our arrangements for the purchase but a few days before a rival entered the field. As the books have been unpacked and added to the modern collection, which is the result of the careful selection of the last ten years, we are enabled to regard our equipment in classics with contentment and satisfaction. When we look about upon the shelves we see at first a large number of volumes in vellum or old leather, sometimes in antiquated paper bindings, and when we open them we find the title pages gorgeous with the old prints that are so unique and attractive to modern eyes; we see the black-lettered pages apparently as fresh as when they first issued from the clumsy presses that we have seen in old prints. We see poems printed in the flowing Italic or in the early Greek type, which requires considerable study before it is at all legible, bearing imprints that we have come to associate with all that is good in early printing—Aldus and Elzevir, Froben and Plantin; then Basel and Mainz. We can see the small beginnings of editions and mark the growth of a commentary. Take our old edition of *Plautus* (about 1495). We open the book and see of the title-page nought left but a small square slip, carefully preserved and bearing the names of the earliest editors, Hermolaus and Merula. As we turn over the well-preserved pages, worm eaten and patched with affectionate care, we can observe on the margins of some of the plays occasional notes printed here and there, usually very slight, and very scattered; often a long succession of pages with but the bare text, and then a few with a much thicker margin. It is from such beginnings as this that the labours of subsequent editors have brought the text and commentary to the compass that we see in the recent great editions of Ritschl and Ussing, where every scholar's emendation is credited to him from the time of Aldus to that of the most recent critic. We look with interest at the beautiful early folio of *Lucretius*, and observe the extensive commentary, bearing the name of a famous critic, Pius, and clustered all about the text, which seems, if we may use the simile, like a precious jewel in a broad setting of gold. Or we may open the old folio of *Livy*, published in Mainz in 1519, and observe how the text has grown as new manuscripts have been discovered, for here we find printed for the



first time the latter part of book XI., and also the latter part of book XXX, the early chapters of which were not to be discovered for another century, quaint old black-letter, with abbreviations and illuminated capitals. We become so thoroughly interested in this old book that we fall to tracing the worm holes, and mark how two friendly worms started in at the front cover to digest the whole of Livy, how they work their way harmoniously together, through page after page, true yoke-fellows, nearly one-half inch apart; as we turn the leaves we watch and wonder how their strength will hold out, and when one of them begins to fail at the 575th page and gives up entirely with an expiring dot at the 589th, we feel a regret that is not appeased by the triumph of the other who pushes forward bravely and finally emerges through the latter cover.

But these old books which could tell us stories if they could speak, of hands that have handled them and of minds that have pondered over them, and in many of which we find interesting dedications and comments in sixteenth century handwriting, are not our only possession. For we have many modern works and can often trace through a long succession of editions up to the present time the textual development of an author. And when we get tired of looking at authors and their editions we can turn to works about these authors; early attempts at dictionaries, in which the skill as well as the knowledge of the compiler were often both exceedingly faulty, but all condoned by us for the good-will with which he worked; or early grammars, so different from modern ones, in which forms were everything, and the whole syntax could be treated in seven rules, of which the seventh alone dealt with the verb and subordinate clauses; or treatises on style that seem strangely rudimentary when compared with our modern extended works on that subject. Nor need we stop even here; we may turn to our periodicals and general books on antiquities, philosophy and similar subjects, and we shall find a large collection upon our shelves—not yet complete, to be sure, but one that we feel can be made reasonably complete without great difficulty.

Not all of our rejoicing is confined to our view of the classical shelves. The great scholar was also interested in many matters besides classics, especially in the literature of his own country. A gymnasial director in Weimar for a number of years, he came into intimate association with many who had known and loved Goethe and his circle; and he followed not only his natural tendency as a book-lover, but also his literary affiliations in collecting about Goethe and his friends all that his eager hands could gather. The Goethe collection is, therefore, no inconsiderable part of the library, and will add materially to the resources as well as the enjoyment of those students who devote their attention to the study of the great German master.

Altogether, then, we have reason to be proud of our acquisition, and we feel that Bryn Mawr may easily make good her claim to the possession of one of the best classical libraries in our land, one that will become every year a more complete and perfect laboratory for the study of classical Philology and Literature. We hope, also, that this is not to be the last of such acquisitions, but that all other departments will soon be put upon the same plane of completeness in library equipment.

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## COLLEGIANA.

THAT women have no capacity for organisation and transaction of business, is an opinion which, though still heard, is gradually being dispelled, in the minds at least of those at Bryn Mawr, by the practical workings of the many associations under which we range ourselves for different purposes. Students from elsewhere, and other aliens, have indeed been heard to comment unkindly on the amazing number of such ties, and to call us no better than busybodies. Certainly it is an undeniable fact, but also, we hold, a glorious privilege, that every Bryn Mawr student belongs as fatally to at least three confraternities as to the United States and the human race. There are, moreover, countless societies to which she may ally herself if she so desire, ranging in scope and ease of admission from the Social Science Club to the Temperance Society, from the Alumnae Association to the Euterpe: we propose merely to report, as hitherto, the progress made by some of them. Foremost and chief of all our college organisations, whether we regard the daily affection in which it is held, or the extreme excitement to which it is liable from time to time, is, of course, the Self-Government Association. Excepting for the regular meetings required by the constitution, we have seldom, this year, been called upon to give up an afternoon. The few changes made necessary by changing conditions happen to be quite unimportant and only connected with matters of practical detail. A committee appointed to consider the subject of Minority Representation as well as the simplification of our general elections submitted its report, which was accepted. This provided for the opening of polls in every hall, by which the ballot for the regular officers and the Executive Board could be more easily cast; and as THE LANTERN goes to press the elections are in progress. Later in the spring the members of the different classes, voting on different days, will elect to the Advisory Board (of which mention was made last year) two members apiece, and the graduates will similarly elect two representatives. This change in procedure, and the admission of alumnae to the gallery at meetings, are the only events to be recorded.

The Undergraduate Association, that curious league with no visible business but the electing and appointing of officers of all sorts and the shouldering of financial responsibilities, has been unusually active. After the death of Dr. James E. Rhoads it resolved to raise in his honour a memorial fund, to be expended in the purchase of books for the new Archaeological Department. Through it, also, the shares in THE LANTERN were floated and *The Fortnightly Philistine* was licensed. The last, while in one sense a private venture of a few students, is in another more exclusively the nursling of the Undergraduate Association in that whereas THE LANTERN would, but cannot, be chiefly an undergraduate magazine, the new journal is in fact nothing else, besides being limited in circulation by the boundaries of the campus. The Athletic Association in its various branches has little to note. It had neither tennis tournament in the fall nor even record-marking in the spring at the annual gymnastic drill. The match games of basket-ball have not yet come off, but there seems little chance of the wild enthusiasm with which the playing was followed last year. We regret that we are unable at the time of writing even to predict the winning team: freshmen and sophomores are both in training and we have daily seen the former class running down to the pond



and back. The sophomores have had one run at hare-and-hounds; there was a little golf in the fall and a good deal of tennis; skating was diligently practised while the ice lasted, and the swimming pool is never deserted. In short, though there are fewer events than usual to be enumerated, the individual work has probably been quite up to the standard of former years.

The *Christian Union*, founded in the fall, with the object of "promoting the individual Christian life of the students and aiding them in its active expression," is an organisation supported by voluntary contributions, equally independent of all churches and of other colleges. It is devoted at present to supplying means of systematic Bible-study and opportunities of hearing speakers from the outside world. One of these ends was served by the organisation of Bible-classes and the delivery, by Mr. Robert E. Speer, of a series of *Studies in the Character of Christ*: the latter, by discourses from Mrs. Ballington Booth, Dr. Hall and Dr. Rainsford, and two ladies from the Deaconesses' Training School in Philadelphia. The Union has taken charge of the Sunday morning meeting, but it has no connection with the Temperance and the Missionary Societies. The former met once, to listen to Miss Cummings from Africa; the latter, besides its monthly meetings, has had addresses from Mr. Speer, Mr. Wishard, Mr. Luce, Miss Cobb of Vassar and Dr. Carleton of Umbala, India. It has paid its share towards supporting Miss Orbison in India, and at Christmas sent a barrel, with books and thirty-eight dollars to an Indian School in Montana.

Of the Sunday evening meeting there is, by its very nature, but little to say. It has been unusually pleasant to those attending it. Individual meetings have differed as widely as the individual students who led them, and while some were essentially religious in tone and some markedly ethical, none were without the spiritual element, which is the quality most earnestly desired in them. The College Settlements Association held two public meetings, at the second of which Mr. Harry Lloyd spoke upon *Trades' Unions and Strikes*. None that heard him—and in the audience all shades of feeling were represented—are likely to forget the enthusiasm of Mr. Lloyd. It is probably associated in most minds with the other impassioned speech of the year, Mr. Kiretchjian's, on *The Armenian Question*. Besides the gentleman last named the De Rebus Club has been addressed by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner on *American Literature*, Mr. Copeland of Harvard on *Hamlet on the Stage*, Mr. Salter on *The Chicago Strikes*, and will probably have heard several other speakers before THE LANTERN is in the reader's hands.

Of the other regular college clubs, the Glee Club deserves first notice for its courage in again reorganising on still another basis. It contains now sixteen picked members, singing four parts, only those being admitted whose voices have been severally tested. Preferring to work alone, with Miss Hosford for leader, they have not attempted any very difficult music, but toward the end of the winter assisted at an entertainment and expect before June to give a concert. Beside the informal fortnightly meetings the Graduate Club has held four evening receptions, at which addresses were delivered by Dr. Findlay on *Pedagogy*, Mr. J. F. Kirk on *Macbeth*, Mrs. Rhys Davids on *Women and Buddhism*, and Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin on *The Transformation of Energy in the Retina*. A conference of graduate students from the following Universities and Colleges was held in New York in April: Barnard, Brown, Bryn Mawr, California, Chicago, Clark, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Leland Stanford, Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Radcliffe, Vanderbilt, Western Reserve, Wisconsin, Yale. Miss Hardcastle and Miss Emery went as delegates from Bryn Mawr.

At one informal meeting of the Philosophical Club Miss Coleman made a report on *The Society for Psychical Research*, and at the two formal meetings Professor Palmer of Harvard spoke

on *Ethics and The Law*, and Professor Royce read a paper on *Some Anomalies of Self-Consciousness*. The Social Science Club, composed of persons peculiarly anxious to study present conditions of labour and capital, meets fortnightly. The President is Miss Pierce. The meetings are conducted usually by Dr. Keasby, otherwise by Dr. Andrews. Although the membership is chiefly limited to graduate students and members of the faculty, the undergraduates offer their cordial greetings to this most exclusive of all the associations at Bryn Mawr.

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**M**R. MORTIMER LAMSON EARLE, B. A., Columbia College, 1886; M. A., Columbia College, 1887; Ph. D., Columbia College, 1889; Prize Fellow in Letters, Columbia College, 1886-89; Student of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, 1887-88; in charge of excavations at Sicyon, December, 1887, and again, July and August, 1891; Studied Greek Archæology at Berlin (Museum), 1889; Tutor in Latin at Columbia College, 1886-87; Tutor in Greek, 1888-90; Lecturer in Greek, 1894-95; Instructor in Barnard College, has been appointed Associate Professor of Greek and Latin.

Mr. Paul Elmer More, B. A., Washington University, 1887; M. A., Washington University 1891; M. A., Harvard, 1893; Assistant in Sanscrit, Harvard, has been appointed Associate in Sanscrit and Classical Literature.

Mr. Richard Norton, B. A., Harvard, 1892; studied at Berlin, 1893; American School at Athens, worked at excavations, 1893-95, has been appointed Lecturer in Archæology.

Mr. Alfred L. Hoder, Harvard, 1890-91; Morgan Fellow, Harvard, 1891-92; Freiburg, Berlin, 1892-93, has been appointed Lecturer in English Literature.

Dr. Florence Bascom, B. S. and B. L., 1882; B. S., 1884; M. S. and M. A., 1887; University of Wisconsin; studied at the Johns Hopkins University, September, 1891 to June, 1893; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, June, 1893; Instructor in Geology in the Ohio State University, 1893-95, has been appointed Reader in Geology.

## STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

RUTH WADSWORTH FURNESS, '96.  
President.

PHOEBE SHEAVYN,  
Vice-President.

ELIZABETH BUTLER KIRKBRIDE, '96,  
LUCY BAIRD, '96,  
MARGARET PARSONS NICHOLS, '97,

CLARRISSA WORCESTER SMITH, '96,  
Secretary.

MARY PECKHAM, '97,  
Treasurer.

## GRADUATE CLUB.

FRANCES HARDCASTLE,  
President.

(Florence V. Keys, resigned December, 1894.)

ESTHER FUSSELL BYRNES, '91,  
Vice-President.

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

FRANCES LOWATER,  
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## THE LANTERN

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JANE BOWNE HAINES, '91,  
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LEAH GOFF, '89,  
Recording Secretary.

MARTHA GIBBONS THOMAS, '90,  
Corresponding Secretary

## DE REBUS CLUB.

EDITH PETTIT, '95,  
Chairman.

THE appointments to Fellowships in Bryn Mawr College for the year 1895-96 are as follows:

Florence Leftwich, *European Fellow*;

B. A., Bryn Mawr College, 1895.

Edith Hamilton, *Mary E. Garrett European Fellow*;

B. A. and M. A., Bryn Mawr College, 1894.

Fellow in Latin, Bryn Mawr College, 1894-95.

Eleanor Purdie, *Fellow in Greek*;

Newnham College, Cambridge, 1890-1894, 1st class, 3d division; Part I., Classical Tripos, 1st class; Part II., Classical Tripos, Student University of Freiburg, on Marian Kennedy's Studentship from Newnham College, 1894-95.

Jennette Atwater Street, *Fellow in Latin*;

B. A., University of Toronto, 1895.

Phoebe Sheavyn, *Fellow in English*;

University College of Wales, Sherystywyth; Scholar, University College of Wales, 1887-89, and 1892-94; B. A., University of London, 1889; M. A., University of London, 1894; Member of Governing Court of University of Wales.

Minna Steele Smith, *Fellow in Teutonic Philology*;

Newnham College, University of Cambridge, England, 1890-94; Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos, First Class, 1893.

Eleanor Louisa Lord, *Fellow in History*;

B. A., Smith College, 1887, and M. A., 1890. Instructor in History, Smith College, 1890-94. Newnham College, University of Cambridge, England, 1894-95.

Emilie Norton Martin, *Fellow in Mathematics*;

B. A., Bryn Mawr College, 1894.

Eva May Clark, *Fellow in Chemistry*;

B. L., University of Michigan, 1891. Instructor in Chemistry, 1892-95, Wellesley College.

Clara Langenbeck, *Fellow in Biology*;

Ph. G., Cincinnati College of Pharmacy, 1890. B. S., University of Cincinnati, 1895.

The George W. Childs' Prize Essayist of this year is

Edith Pettit;

B. A., Bryn Mawr College, 1895.

## LEVIORE PLECTRO.

## APRIOLETS.

## I.

When I bent to you, love,  
 'Twas an April day.  
 If the day you me, love,  
 When I bent to you, love,  
 Clouds give place to blue, love,  
 Off, then, and away!  
 When I bent to you, love,  
 'Twas an April day.

## II.

Oh, April gift, my dearest and my own,  
 I hold thee close and closer to my heart!  
 I joyed to have thee, now am wiser grown,  
 Oh, April gift, my dearest and my own,  
 For all my laughter sorrow shall atone,  
 I gladly pay it, smiling at the smart;  
 Oh, April gift, my dearest and my own,  
 I hold thee close and closer to my heart!

*L. S. B., '93.*

## AMBITION.

When thou, dear love, dost plead with me  
 That I may strive for fame,  
 Thy sweet faith almost tempts me to  
 Win laurels for my name.  
 But, while I have my way in this,  
 I'll leave my fate to thee,  
 Content to live and die enshrined  
 In thy dear memory.

*R. W. F., '96.*

## FROM THE FRENCH,

## PAUL VERLAINE.

It rains in my brains  
 As it rains in the town,  
 What are these dull pains  
 That are piercing my brains?

O sweet in the street  
 And on roofs is the rain!  
 For a heart's weary beat  
 O the rain-song is sweet!

It rains without reason  
 In the heart heavy-hearted.  
 What! naught of treason?  
 This grief hath no reason.

It is sorrow's worst weight  
 In no wise to know why,—  
 Void of love, void of hate,—  
 My heart bears such weight.

## BALLADE OF DEAD PLAYERS.

*(Inscribed to Miss Kathryn Kidder.)*

Tell me, pray, where the players are,  
 Those that pleased us yesternight,  
 Of Momus' mask, and of Thespis' ear,  
 For whom the world was a stage by right:  
 Laberius, that goodly knight,  
 Who tyrant Cæsar's revenge betrayed;  
 Plantus—many a Roman wight?  
 Their lines are spoken, their exit made.



Where's she, the woman who could not mar,  
 For all she strove in Love's desp'ite,  
 The splendor of that quenchless star  
 France's glory, that Poquelin light?  
 Nell Gwynne, th' adorable Irish sprite?  
 Where have Oldfield, Woffington, strayed,  
 And Siddons, Muse of the tragic rite?  
 Their lines are spoken, their exit made.  
 Where's old Ben, of the sullen war,  
 With Will of Stratford and Kit sunbright?  
 Or Barton Booth, that rose afar  
 On Alleyn's, Betterton's, Tarleton's sight,  
 Or he, to them aserne to kite  
 Who Garrick,—Kemble,—no less outweigh'd,  
 Even that Edwin, Time's delight?  
 Their lines are spoken, their exit made.

ENVOY.

Princess, yonder in clear white light,  
 Play and gladden us unafraid,  
 Long years ere thou to the rest take flight  
 Whose lines are spoken and exit made.

G. G. K., '96.

WHEN ANNIE SWEEPS.

When Annie sweeps, with anguished prayer  
 I trust my treasures to her care,  
 Knowing too well her brawny arm  
 And capabilities of harm;  
 She reck's not of the frail and fair.  
 That vase of old Bohemian ware  
 She cracked last week, to my despair.  
 There's nothing here that bears a charm  
 When Annie sweeps.  
 To her the rarest of things rare  
 Are but as trifles, light as air;  
 I hear each thud in dire alarm,—  
 (There goes my cast, I'll bet a farm),—  
 Alas! it is no slight affair,  
 When Annie sweeps.

M. H. R., '95.

MY MECHANICAL MUSE.

I.

A damsel wooed the deities of Spring  
 In picturesque, quaint, Middle-English wise,  
 For the traditional clear May-day skies,  
 Et-cet'ra praying;  
 To mediæval rites she fain would cling,  
 And hie her forth at dawn across the lea  
 To gather dew from off the Hawthorn-tree,  
 In short,—she'd go a-Maying.  
 But May-day dawned upon a soggy lea,  
 No larks were singing, as you may surmise,  
 Chilly the winds and lachrymose the skies,  
 The gloomy scene surveying.  
 When only *rain* drips from the Hawthorn-  
 tree  
 And maids must gather May in mackin-  
 toshes,  
 Umbrellas, and—ah Romance!—and *goloshes*,  
 Tell me, *is* that a-Maying?

II.

I sought the comic muse for inspiration,  
 Since that I needs a lyric must indite,—  
 A jocund strain, withal, in manner light,  
 For your perusing,—  
 But, cruel muse, for all my supplication,  
 And vain appeals and breathless, bootless  
 chases,  
 Instead of smiles, she turned me but gri-  
 maces,  
 Her aid point-blank refusing.  
 So I was forced to seek in desperation  
 Aflatus from one *Roget's* exemplary  
 "Thesaurus," and a Rhyming Dictionary,  
 My brains well-nigh contusing  
 In efforts to evolve some scintillation  
 Wherewith to grace these lines. When one  
 perforce  
 Must go a-musing to so low a source,  
 Tell me, *is* that amusing?

C. R. F., '95.

## A PREVISION.

Sooner than we sometimes think, the morning  
comes.

Though faint the moon, and few the stars  
and long the weary night,  
Yet at the entrance of the east the darkness  
paler grows;

A waiting hush is over all,—the heart of  
heaven knows  
The chariot of the conqueror, his triumph-  
train of light,

A soft wind stirs, a bird awakes,  
Over the sea the sunlight breaks  
The morning comes!

Sooner than we sometimes think, the spring-  
time comes.

The winter winds that wrestled long reluct-  
ant own defeat;  
A gentler, but a mightier touch has warmed  
the barren hills,  
And all the valleys sing with streams, with  
life the woodland thrills,  
That secret life that stirs the rose to part her  
petals sweet;

The blue-bird carols wild and loud,  
Under our feet the violets crowd,  
The springtime comes!

Sooner than we sometimes think love enters  
life.

The half-read prophecies of years shall find  
fulfilment soon;  
Though thou hast laid thy best-born hope  
upon God's altar-stone,  
A voice shall stay thy lifted hand and give  
thee back thine own;  
The long discordant chimes of life peal forth  
in perfect tune;

All rarest lights of earth and skies  
Slowly dawn in thy watching eyes,  
Love enters life!

*L. F. N., '95.*

## TRIOLET.

TO R. F.

O shepherdess with tuneful quill  
The LANTERN'S fire burns warm and  
bright.  
The winds without are piercing chill,  
O shepherdess with tuneful quill,  
Most editors would use you ill,—  
The LANTERN greets you with delight.  
O shepherdess with tuneful quill  
The LANTERN'S fire burns warm and  
bright!

## WITH STAGE SETTING.

I saw my love dressed all in rose,  
With feathered hat and dainty gloves;  
Thus in the morning forth she goes  
To tend the garden that she loves.  
Upon a fuzzy mossy bank  
Pensive and graceful did she lean.  
Carelessly thrown where down she sank—  
A hoe reclined beside my queen.

Now scarcely had I time to start;  
Falter "'Tis she;" advance a pace;  
Sigh, with my hand upon my heart;  
Stand tensely silent for a space;  
The while she breathed melodiously;  
"Henry, and here!" just as she should,  
When loud there rang and joyously  
Voices from out the left hand wood.

Ah well! what matter who that came  
To babble in our solitude?  
Others than she are much the same.  
Sweet, playful sister, brother rude,  
Proud father, jovial uncle, yes,  
Sweet sister's funny fiancé;  
They all were there and more, I guess.  
She fled and whispered only "stay."

Oh haste, ye lagging minutes five,  
 That still must pass ere night be here !  
 Ere that most welcome moon arrive  
 To tell me that my love is near.  
 Do, pretty waterfall thy part,  
 Nor slacken thine effective stream.  
 She'll come again ! so speaks my heart ;  
 Come when the neat-edged moon shall  
 beam.

*F. H. B., '97.*

Cold little hands are knocking,  
 Pitiful, bold ;  
 " Sweet, I'm afraid of the darkness,  
 I am so cold !  
 " Open and let me nestle  
 Close in thy breast ;  
 Here is but night and tempest,  
 There warmth and rest."

*G. G. K., '95.*

#### A LITTLE LOVE.

What can I say to thee, princess,  
 Unsaid before ?  
 What, but that Love is knocking  
 Here at thy door.

Out in the mire and wet,  
 The snow and the sleet,  
 Trailing and weary his pinions,  
 Naked his feet.

#### TRIOLET.

*To E. B.*

I asked you for tea  
 And you generously gave it :  
 You were busy, I see,  
 But I asked you for tea :  
 The fault were in me  
 Had you frowned, but I brave it,  
 For I asked you for tea  
 And you generously gave it.





























